

October 14, 1939

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Colliers

NATIONAL WEEKLY



**OUR OWN
WAR BIRDS ARE BEST
BY W. B. COURTNEY**

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COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE
AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME
COMPANION—THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

ROBERT OREID

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OCT. 14, 1939

How to make a Four Roses highball.... without Four Roses



1. Search until you find (if you can), *several* of the most magnificent straight whiskies ever distilled. One renowned for its delicate *aroma*... another unequalled for its full, rich *body*... still another whose satisfying *flavor*... or mellow *smoothness*... simply can't be matched.



2. Capture, if you can, the knowledge and skill with which we, here at Frankfort, combine just such whiskies as these—a skill born of 74 years' experience in making America's finest whiskies. Then—and only then—mix these separate whiskies together... so that *all* their individual qualities are subtly merged in *one* whiskey that's finer still!



3. Pour 1 jigger of this whiskey into a glass—add ice and soda (or water).

If you *could* do all these things, you'd come close to achieving a Four Roses highball. But why should *you* go to all this trouble—when *we've* already bottled just such superlative whiskies for you!

4. We suggest that, before this day is ended, you get a bottle of that glorious combination of whiskies known as Four Roses, and make yourself a highball.

And as you sip that deep-flavored, mellow Four Roses highball, think—have you ever tasted any other whiskey that offered *all* the virtues you find in Four Roses?

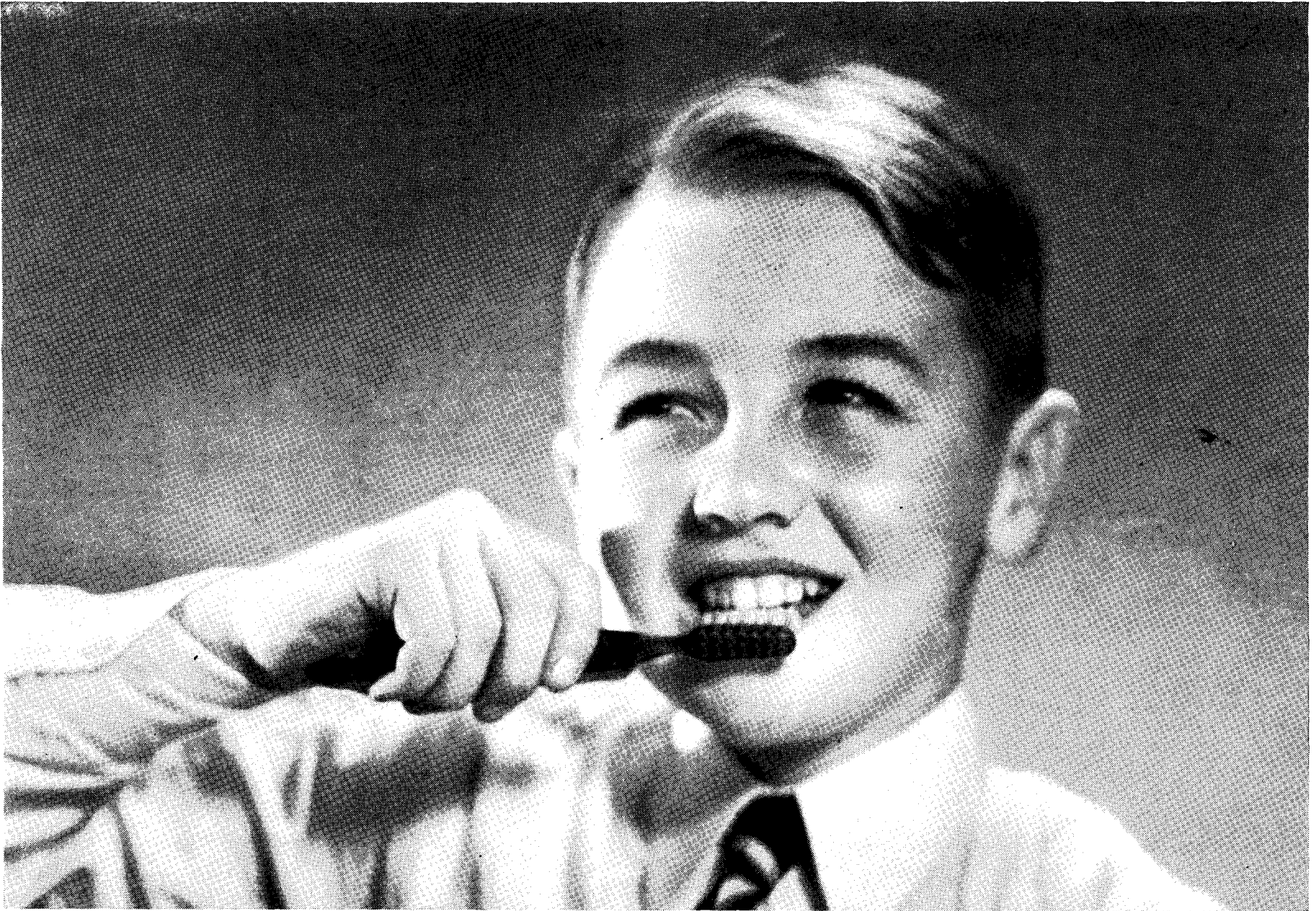
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old

Still in Grade School—but he knows Gum Massage helps guard a Bright Smile!



**Don't ever let "Pink Tooth Brush"
threaten your own bright smile!
Help guard your gums with
Ipana and Massage**

THIS MODERN DENTAL knowledge put young Ed away out front—ahead of most grown-ups! For he has learned a lesson in dental hygiene that many adults have still to learn. Already he knows the importance of *massage* to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth. He knows enough not to ignore the warn-

ing signal of "pink tooth brush," too, with its threat to a bright and winning smile.

And he's only one of the thousands of lucky children who are being taught the danger of today's soft foods. Because creamy foods are prone to deprive our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for health, gums all too often tend to grow flabby and weak—to flash a warning tinge of "pink."

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

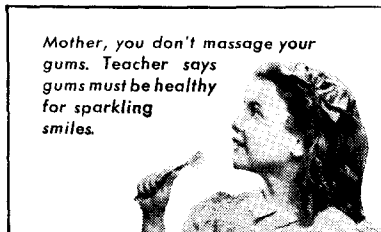
If *your* tooth brush "shows pink," it's an indication that you should *see your dentist*. It may not mean serious trouble, but only your dentist should decide that. Very

often, he'll tell you it's another case of gums grown lazy from lack of exercise—gums that, as many dentists suggest, will benefit from "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as to clean teeth thoroughly. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation wakens in the gum walls. Gums tend to become firmer, stronger.

Take a sensible dental health hint from this smart young man. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Help to keep teeth brighter, gums firmer, for a smile of winning charm.

Try the Ipana Way to a More Attractive Smile!



Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush —The brush with the TWISTED HANDLE (see above). Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
 Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
 Editorial Director

Collier's

October 14, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
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JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

"THE SOUND OF SILK," by John August, is the story of Dan Bagby, war correspondent, back from the far corners of the map to seek peace, a home and the girl whom he had remembered across seven seas and two years. It's the bright romance of a bewildered stranger in a changed world where memories are short and all the women seemed to be wearing Great-Aunt Harriet's clothes.

FRANK FENTON tells you about Daisy Siders, who was "A Respectable Woman," and her chronically unemployed husband Orlie, and what happened when Daisy left home—for good. It has a happy ending because there's hardly anything a man won't do when he can't sleep.

"THE LEOPARD'S MOUNTAINS," is the story of brothers—one stanch and content in the tradition of his rugged lands and family, and the other bitter and seeking fuller satisfactions. And of the things that happened to them and to the girl who was their only tie. It's a strong and moving story by Helen Hedrick.

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER writes the Short Short Story; there is additional fiction by Wilton Matthews and by Thomas McMorrow. And there are the serials by Kathleen Norris and by John and Ward Hawkins.

"EVERY CAR HAS ONE" is an article by Quentin Reynolds, and what every car has is a driver. You, in fact. We've been discovering the little second-nature tricks that enable men who make their living behind wheels to come up smiling after 500 miles of road or ten hours of city traffic. In short, comfortable driving is good driving, and here's how.

"LIVING ON LIVER," by Hannah Lees, presents the exciting facts about the conquest of pernicious anemia, the once dread killer that has been chained in one of the most brilliant research achievements of our time.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER'S "Unhappy Fishing Ground" is the account of the struggle to survive that we've handed our Northwestern Indians by ruining their salmon fishing with dams and laws, and what they want to do about it.

IN ADDITION, there are articles by Jake Wade, on football, and by Robert Minton, who reintroduces you to Miss Bea Lillie.

This Week

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DANIEL FUCHS

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RICHARD ENGLISH

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WILL F. JENKINS

Old Flame. A forgotten affair rises to confront Captain Stedman. Page 20

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

A Man of Parts. A kiss and the drastic penalty thereof. Page 32

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A Dollar Bill, by Pat Frank. Page 21

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KATHLEEN NORRIS

The World is Like That. The fourth of twelve parts. Masquerade party. Page 14

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We Will Meet Again. The third of eight parts. Can murder be fixed? Page 17

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W. B. COURTNEY

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JIM MARSHALL

The Japanese Invasion. Canada, with both hands full of trouble. Page 16

SUSAN AVERY JONES

Girl with a Voice. Gloria Jean, child songstress of the movies. Page 22

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Official Business. Tom Thorp, man of decisions. Page 52

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Keep Up with the World. Tiny truths. Page 6

EDITORIAL

Germans Are People, Too. Page 66

COVER

ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

WE ARE the last of all the extremely minor prophets worthy to criticize the tablecloth tacticians. But we've been hanging around Washington and have seen and heard the Georgetown generals fight it out with reckless disregard for Europe's lives and limbs. As we get it, Mr. Hitler will demolish Poland before winter, then dig in until spring. About April 15th he will merely tell England and France to run off home and stop making faces at him. We didn't argue. All we said to the salon soldier who gave us the information was that we hoped he wasn't a propagandist. And he told us that he dealt in facts, not propaganda. "All I'm interested in," said he, "is justice for Germany."



WHEN we've finished this chore we shall forward to Marian Simms, who wrote "A Sweet Prospect" in a recent issue of ours, a letter that doubtless will be of high importance to her. Mr. Manuel Gonzales Ybar of Havana, Cuba, and Miami, Florida, is the writer. Writes Mr. Ybar to Miss Simms: "I make the honor to say myself to you, a stranger. I am Cuban baseball player and I have read in the Collier where you have write the story of Cuban baseball player and how he love the American girl. I am educated Cuban, the best baseball player in North America and some day I shall be very rich indeed, yes. I know in my heart you are beautiful fruitful woman and I adore you. I think you are not a little muchacha who have not had any experience so you will know what I mean. I am very tall strong man and I think you will like me more than that. If you think so write in Collier to say so. I will then come to see you."

AND another female author—Mildred Cram whose "Pioneer Lady" appeared lately in these polished pages—is approached on the offside by a male reader. "I suggest," says Mr. Robert O. Anderson of Lodi, New Jersey, "that Miss Cram either obtain for herself a husband or a man friend who will tell her how a gentleman dons his dress clothes. Did you ever hear of a man who puts on his dress shirt and tie, then his pants, then a tail coat, then his shoes and socks and lastly polishes his hair? He calls himself a gentleman. If he was a gentleman he ought to have a pair of slippers in-

stead of walking around dressing and pressing his pants in his bare feet. No wonder he had so much trouble persuading the girl to share his ranch."

MALE authors, too, can be in error. This we learn from Mr. Albert T. Blanford of Los Angeles, California, who failed properly to digest Paul Schubert's story, "Liberty Party." Without rancor, Mr. Albert T. Blanford informs us that "sailors on the West Coast do not tuck their tomatoes' purses under their arms to show that sailor and tomato are together. It is for the much more practical purpose of seeing that the tomato does not take a powder on the gob after he has paid for the requisite refreshments."

IT WAS while we were pondering these weighty matters that we ran into Mr. Ben Dan Jessup of Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Jessup is no longer a young man, looking every day of his ripe years. Nevertheless, he was in quite a state and was bound, he told us, for a store where a reliable mirror might be purchased. Under his arm there was a flat package. "It's a cheap little mirror that's been hanging in my office," explained Mr. Jessup. "I'm going to bury it. It makes me look sort of green and sickly and every time I looked into it, it said to me, 'Jessup, you might as well give up right now because tomorrow I'm going to make you look worse—if you're still here tomorrow.' So I said to my secretary," went on Mr. Jessup, "'Do I look like I was on my way to my own funeral?' And she said I looked fine and it was all the fault of that cheap mirror."



WELL, there is considerable clatter in these offices. Apparently hundreds of otherwise sensible ladies and gentlemen are demanding that we send them to Europe to report the war for us. Some of them go so far as to send their photographs along with their applications for the job. One of these is Captain George Listenbee of Chicago, Illinois. The captain's portrait shows him with a vigorous beard. He advises us, however, not to be "influenced one way or another by my whiskers. I can," says he, "shave them off at will."

BETTER evacuate them anyway. W. D.

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Why fight fire this week?

This is Fire Prevention Week. It is the annual organized effort to make the Nation realize that most fires are preventable.

Thousands of lives and millions of dollars are lost yearly. Yet, three-quarters of this appalling sacrifice can be prevented if every citizen will be inspired habitually to exercise reasonable care about his home, his place of work, everywhere . . . to nullify the causes of fire. Sound fire insurance will indemnify the individual for his loss, but it cannot restore lives nor burned property to the collective wealth of the Nation.

The best time to put out a fire is *before it*

starts. With the co-operation of civic officials, fire departments, builders, electrical and heating appliance manufacturers, school authorities and others, 200 capital stock* fire insurance companies have for years been waging a campaign to eliminate causes of fire. Their success is indicated by the fact that in the last 30 years the average fire insurance rate has been reduced by 40%. Calling all citizens! Fire Prevention pays.



THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 John Street, New York • Established 1866

CALLING ALL CITIZENS



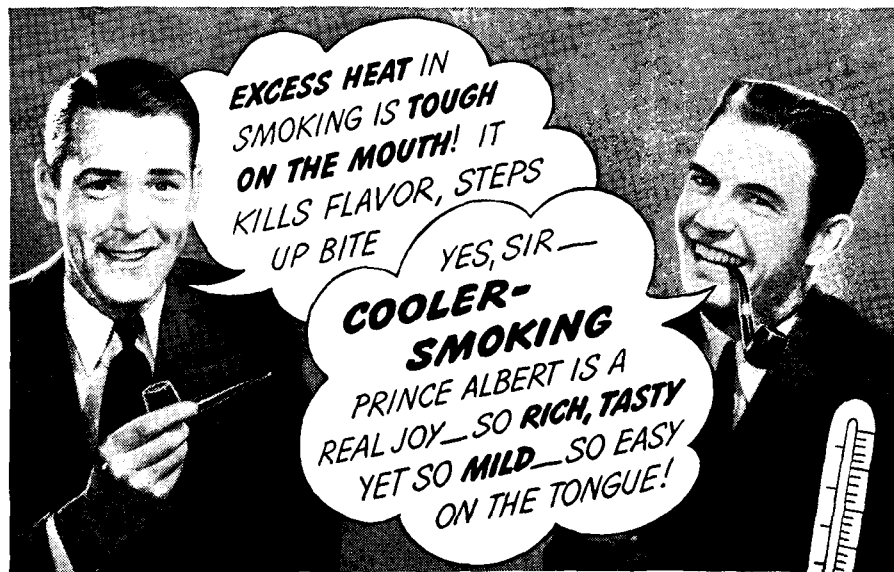
**FIRE PREVENTION
WEEK • October 8-14**

*CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY FIRE INSURANCE

provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

Your local insurance Agent is a friendly counsellor to whom you can go for help . . . to obtain the best protection for the least premium outlay . . . and in time of trouble he will help you present your claim to assure you of prompt payment.





THIS CHOICE, "CRIMP CUT" TOBACCO

**BURNS
86 DEGREES
COOLER...**

than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested...coolest of all!

SCIENTIFIC men who go for pipe-smoking, don't go for the "bite" and flatness of over-hot smokes any more than other pipe fans. An independent group of experts set out to find the COOLEST-SMOKING tobacco. And they did — by impartial laboratory tests on 31 of the largest-selling brands. In automatic smoking and heat-registering machines which found and printed the results, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested... coolest of all!

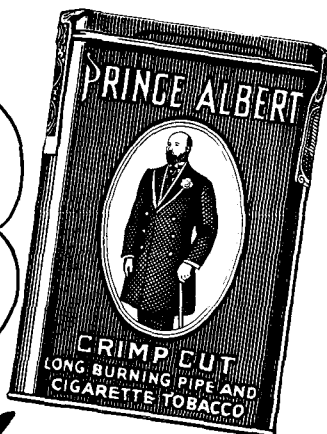
You, too, want MOUTH COMFORT and TASTE PLEASURE in your smoking — without parching, "bite," due to excess heat! Get REAL SMOKE-JOY with P.A.'s rich, fragrant, yet COOL-SMOKING tobaccos — "crimp cut" and "no-bite" treated! (That's a tip to "makin's" smokers too.)

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS—



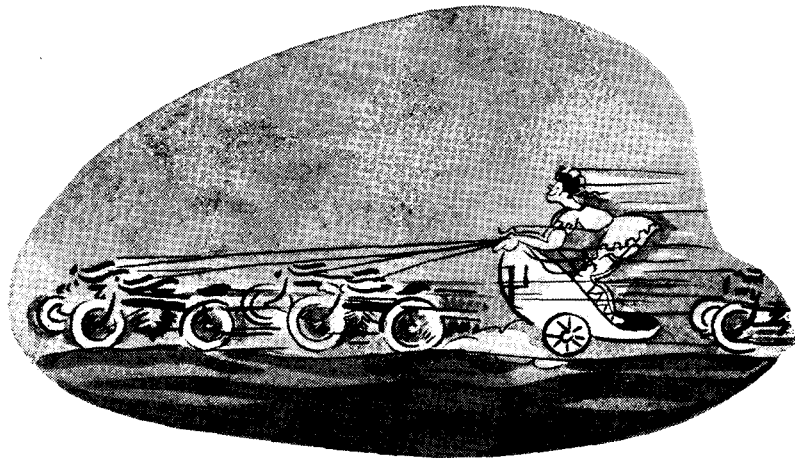
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A. FOR THE PLEASURE OF CHOICE TOBACCOS AND THE NO-BITE COMFORT OF COOL SMOKING!



Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The chief feature of a recent sports festival in Germany was a chariot race in which motorcycles took the place of horses. Each quartet of riderless cycles was held upright and apart from one another by crossbars and steered from the chariot by reins attached to their handle bars.

About fifty thousand families, one third of which live in New York and Los Angeles, have secret telephone numbers that are not listed in the directories and cannot be obtained from the telephone companies. Such a subscriber can be reached in a case of emergency, however, but only after he has consented to take the call.

A study of wages in a number of representative American industries reveals that, in comparable occupations, women are paid about forty per cent less than men.

The seeds of some flowers, such as certain species of petunias and begonias, sell for ten or more times their weight in gold.—By Paul S. Beshgetorrian, Kingston, New York.

During recent years, courts of law in various states have held that railroad cars are buildings, asses are cattle, bicycles are animals, dentists are mechanics, death by lynching is an accident and baseball is labor, not a game or sport. Even the Supreme Court of the United States ruled in 1931 that the airplane is not a self-propelled vehicle.

There are approximately seven hundred submarines in commission in the navies of the world today, ranging in size from the giant French "Surcouf" with a surface displacement of 2,880 tons down to the little Finnish "Saukko" of only ninety-nine tons.—By Frank Butler, Walla Walla, Washington.

Every twenty-four hours, the air you breathe weighs from four to five times as much as combined food and liquid you consume during the same period.

Many characters in animated movie cartoons are drawn with only three fingers and a thumb on each hand because the omission is rarely observed and saves considerable time and labor.—By Mrs. Adolph E. Sterling, Chicago, Illinois.

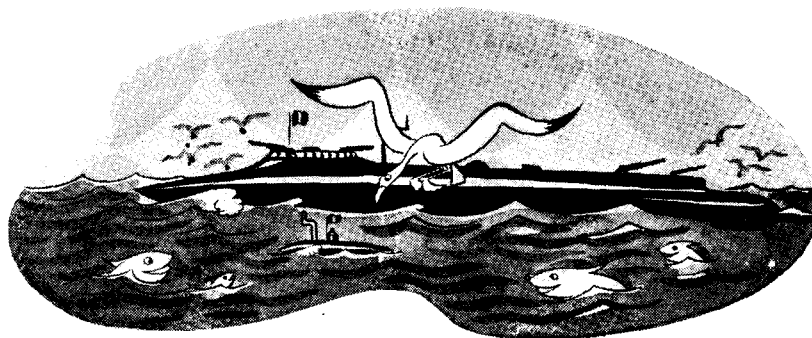
At the Pasteur Institute in Bangkok, where poisonous snakes are raised for their venom, which is made into serum for snake bites, a Siamese named Suttram has been bitten more than a hundred times. But today he treats snakes with respect. The cost of his injections are now deducted from his wages.

When Edward Green, son of Hetty Green, died in 1936, the claims for death taxes by the federal government and the four states in which he held property—New York, Massachusetts, Florida and Texas—totaled \$37,727,213 or \$1,589,877 more than the value of his net estate.—By Paul Noelke, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Several kinds of oil will not float on water, among them being those of sassafras and wintergreen.—By Jane Howell, Meridian, Mississippi.

In New York City, about ten persons a year get themselves so entangled in a turnstile or a revolving door that they have to be extricated by the police.—By James B. Whitum, Edgewood, Pennsylvania.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



YOU NEVER SAW SUCH STYLE AND ROOM IN ANY LOW-PRICED CAR



And never such luxury! The 1940 Plymouth is the low-priced beauty with the Luxury Ride! New Sealed Beam Headlights give 65% more road light... greater vision through bigger, new safety glass windshield, windows... huge, concealed trunk...and Steering Post Gear Shift standard on all models!

THE 1940 PLYMOUTH is bigger all around... has brilliant new styling... the great *Luxury Ride!* Inside, outside, it's an *all-time high in value!*

Step into this low-priced beauty. Notice the new *spaciousness*, the new richness of interior appointments.

Take the wheel... enjoy the luxurious feel of the big Floating Power engine—*Superfinished* in vital parts for money-saving, long-life smoothness!

Shifting is a luxury, too, with the new design transmission and clutch. And the big, precision-type hydraulic brakes have *Superfinished* drums.

Oil filter is standard on all models. Running boards are optional. And *above all*, don't miss Plymouth's delightful *Luxury Ride*. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY with THE LUXURY RIDE
1940 PLYMOUTH!

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD ARE SPEAKING TO YOU *Listen!*

THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY... *are receiving news through their radios and newspapers at every hour of the day. With the best information in the world, it is of the utmost importance that each one of us keep in touch, be informed and think things through!*

THE NEW 1940 PHILCO SHORT-WAVE RADIO BRINGS YOU THE NEWS DIRECT

"YOU are the most enlightened and best informed people in all the world," as the President said in his historic address at the outbreak of war in Europe. Be informed, keep abreast, tap *all sources* of information . . . that, today, is the duty of every American!

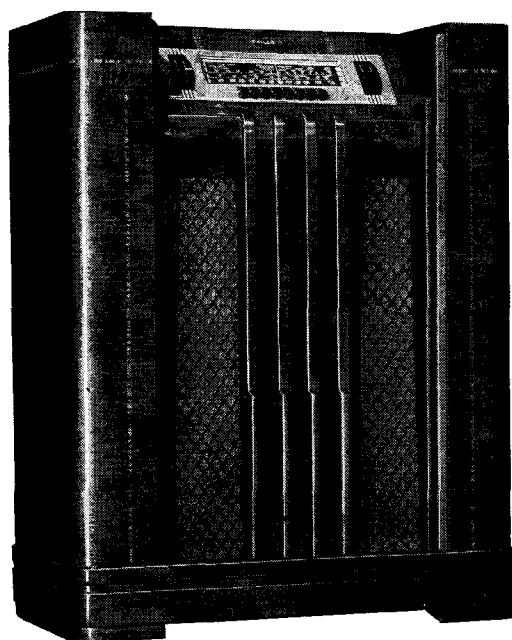
More than ever, your radio is a vital part of your home. More than ever, now, it should be a new 1940 *American and Foreign* Philco, with the latest improvements of modern radio science. Not only does it bring you the dramatic, up-to-the-

minute reports of the great news-gathering services, but Philco's newest developments have *vastly improved* your opportunity to hear and enjoy short-wave broadcasts *direct* from the capitals of Europe.

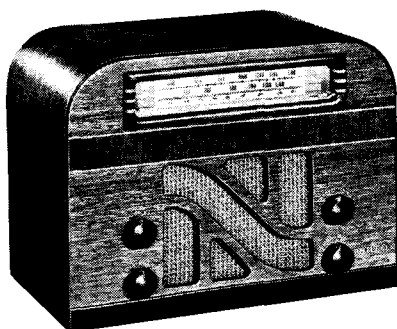
Surely now is the time to trade-in your present set for an up-to-date, efficient radio. Philco for 1940 brings you new inventions, new radio advantages you have never known before. For American and Foreign reception, *you need no outside aerial or ground*. Just plug in any-

where, like an electric lamp, and play . . . no installation, no bother or expense. And you get purer, clearer tone . . . greater freedom from power line noises and man-made static, even in noisy, difficult locations. All this is yours through the Built-In Super Aerial System, an *exclusive* feature of the 1940 Philco.

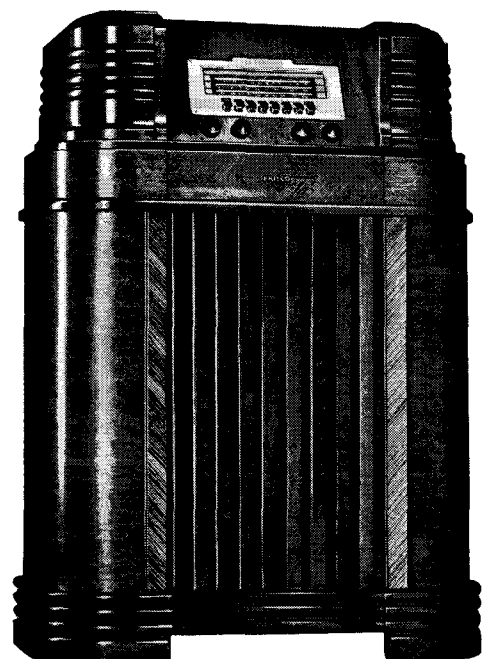
Visit your nearest Philco dealer today. See the new 1940 Philco "Anniversary Specials," the greatest values in Philco history. *Liberal Allowance for your old radio . . . the easiest of monthly payment terms!*



PHILCO 195XX. Powerful 10-tube American and Foreign receiver. Yours for only \$10 down.



PHILCO 140T. One of many powerful American and Foreign table models at amazing low prices.



PHILCO 180XF. American and Foreign reception. Impressive walnut cabinet. Only \$6.95 down.

PHILCO
A Musical Instrument of Quality



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS GROENHOFF

Our Own War Birds are Best

By W. B. Courtney

Here, based on honest figures and hard facts, is a comprehensive appraisal of America's ability to fight in the air—if she has to. It's a reassuring picture, and the promise is better than the fact

Basic arm of American air defense is the long-range bomber called the Flying Fortress. It carries a crew of eleven, with living quarters, and eight guns

NOW, at last, the great questions which have caused bitter controversy among the world's military experts since 1918 are under fire. What is the value of air force? The influence of air power? The place of the airplane in major warfare?

Peacetime campaigning, tablecloth tactics, have a way of turning out silly. War remains its own and only proving ground; and this bloody laboratory still holds many answers. But whether the ground soldiers and the battle-wagon advocates are clinging to a moldering past,

or whether command of the air is the new chief military yardstick, the important thing for you at home in America to know is whether our war birds are ready for trial by battle. Are they as good as those of other first-class powers? Are their beaks and talons sharp, their wings sturdy?

Can the American aviation industry behind them do a job?

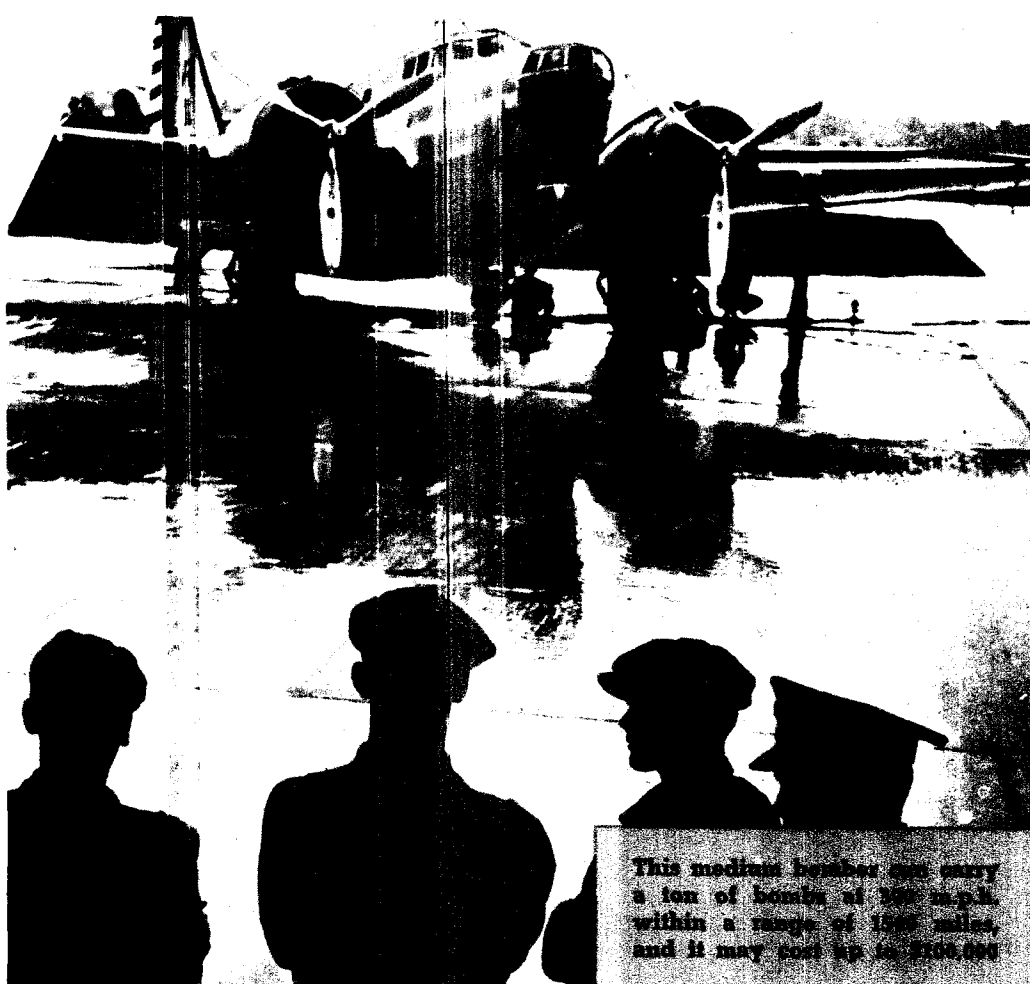
You have at least a partial answer in Europe. Britain and France in the air are the United States in the air, too. Hundreds of their planes were desper-

ately imported from the United States before the Neutrality Act bar fell. Nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of the sinews of air fighting came to the Allies between the first of the year and September—pursuits, bombers, observations, engines, parachutes.

You have heard that the United States is behind or that it is ahead in the air. You have heard that our two foremost allies—the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans—have deserted us; that this time foreign bombs will fall in our streets. We know several nations have

bombers—still experimental, but they won't be for long—capable of nonstop round trips over the Atlantic. You have seen the so-called dictator states make the airplane their own.

This is only partly due to the fact that air forces are cheaper than old-line military establishments. Russia's air power, despite some unflattering reports, is still the dark horse behind world powwow tables. Italy's planes blew away Ethiopian resistance before Badoglio's dust sloggers came up. The inside story of China's inefficient resistance is that



This medium bomber can carry a ton of bombs at 150 m.p.h. within a range of 1,500 miles, and it may soon be modified.



Chief of U. S. Army Air Corps is Major General H. H. Arnold, "Happy" to his staff. The model is of an early Army biplane.

Japan's planes break up all her attempts to organize large-scale ground counteroffensives. Hitler's jump-off in Poland was via air, mechanized units following, infantry last.

So were the first British and French strokes. You saw two of the world's greatest capitals evacuated, deserted, life at a standstill underground; whole nations equipped with gas masks. You saw the world's strongest military powers feinting at one another with curious softness—as if afraid of the retaliations a heavy punch would bring. You saw England's antiaircraft gunners so jittery over threats of air raids they were shooting down their own planes.

England grows only enough food each year to last her population six weeks. She must import 50,000 tons a day to fend off starvation. In the last war U-boats had her on the edge. Now Germany is weaker in submarines than England; far weaker than France. But she is stronger in the air; and her sky raiders of 1939 have replaced her sea raiders of 1914. That is why British merchant ships left New York, even before hostilities began, with sandbags around their navigating bridges. They knew what was coming.

If this war goes on, each side will have to exploit its full air power: a major test will be inescapable. If we unhappily get involved, submarines might carry death to our factory yards. Submarines, air experts know, will carry—partly on deck, partly below—unassembled planes to within short distances of our shores.

Such a plane could be bolted together quickly. Without markings, it might easily slip across our long shore line, mix with airway traffic, and, if no ground observer's suspicions were raised, come over one of a hundred military objectives in the great "critical industrial area" of the United States; which is, roughly, the triangle from Boston to Chicago to Baltimore.

As war clouds piled up we appropriated \$300,000,000 for the Air Corps alone, exclusive of Navy and Marine corps aviation; raised its personnel strength until it was one fifth of the entire Army. This is more than we used to appropriate for the entire military establishment, sea and land, up to the last war. It is 300 times as much as we appropriated in 1912, the first year of direct allotment for aviation, under the Signal Corps, as part of the regular Army. It is almost half as much as we

appropriated in wartime 1918. And it carries the hard promise of continuing burdens; for preparedness matches the greed of its first cousin, war.

This program is regarded as a minimum peacetime basis. Unless peace comes soon and brings general disarmament you can look for a billion-dollar Air Corps budget—as much as the total national debt was in 1914.

Therefore, for nothing more than motives of practical interest in the investment of your tax money in national defense, now seems a good time to review your Air Corps: to consider our air power, our aviation standing among nations of this angry world. Numerical strength on the sea is frankly—indeed, proudly—admitted by all great nations. Jane's directory of "The World's Fighting Ships" tells all.

America Comes Seventh

The attempt to publish a similar guide to numerical strength in the air has been a failure. This may be partly because it is not simple to hide battle-ships and partly because sea power, in the Mahan theory, is a threat rather than an active factor; something to be conserved, to be held for a sure-thing chance, and meanwhile used to scare the enemy merely by its existence.

Air power on the other hand is easily concealed, and it is an "all out" factor in war. You conceal your figures because air attack has riches in the fundamental elements of surprise. You shoot the works because airplane losses are more easily replaced than sea losses.

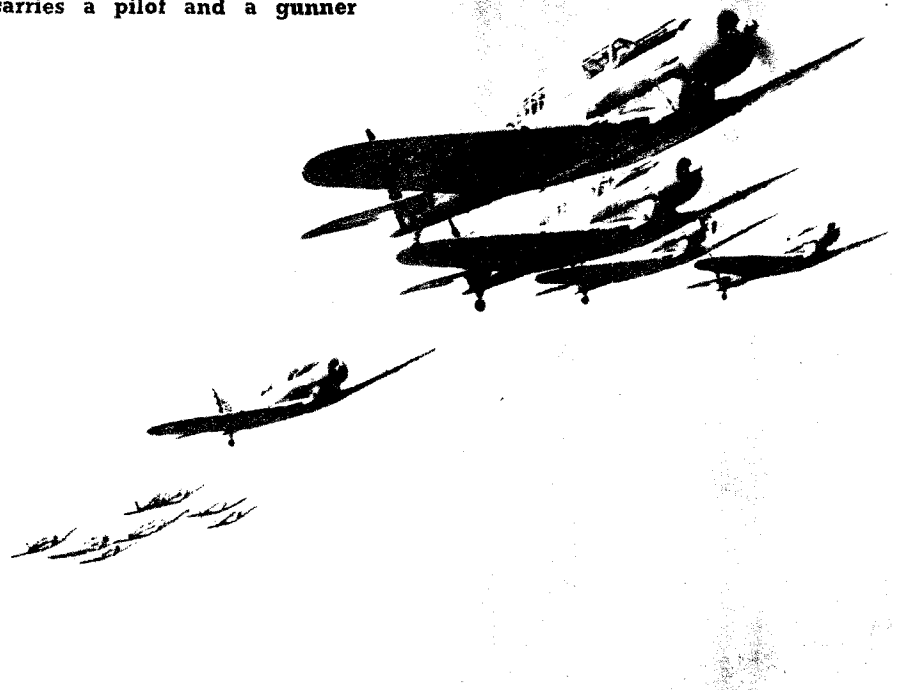
The United States in many respects is the world's Number One sea power; at worst, it shares first place with Great Britain.

For a variety of reasons—based on a variety of sources—this is at least a reasonable picture of how Europe faced off in the air on September 3d:

Germany	12,500	planes
England	6,000	"
Russia	6,500	"
Italy	6,000	"
France	4,100	"
Japan	4,000	"
Poland	500	"

The United States is in the cellar of the aeronautical league with a combined total, Army, Navy and Marine, of about 3,900 military ships, it is in seventh

Pursuits make up 22 per cent of our air forces; their speed is secret. This attack-pursuit plane carries a pilot and a gunner.



place as a world military air power. On the other hand, the United States has more active commercial planes probably than all those nations combined. We have more than 10,000—most of these would be useful for transport, instructional and even courier purposes in war. Thus, in actual, flyable airplanes we are far ahead of any other country.

But figures lie in aviation. They mislead, chiefly, in three phases:

First, it isn't the number of planes you own that counts—but the number ready to fight, and their types. The foregoing totals include first line, reserve, transport, obsolete and training planes. In order to give you a dependable idea of how much air pressure each power was able to bring to bear at once in actual fighting, the above table would have to be broken down into ages as well as into types. Experts believe that for pure combat readiness Germany was in best shape. Virtually all her ships were new because of Versailles Treaty restrictions that kept her for many years from building military planes.

Air figures lie in a second way:

It isn't so much the number of planes you have, but the number of trained pilots you have for them, and the gasoline supplies you control and can spare for training purposes. Flight surgeons and teachers are convinced that it requires 1,000 hours to turn out a combat pilot skillful enough to handle modern high-speed planes. Also, that no pilot can absorb more than one hour of instruction a day. Time over that is wasted. His nervous organization, his brain and muscle co-ordination won't take it in.

Pilots Make an Air Force

The United States, most generous of all with flying time, gives its military pilots an average of 265 hours a year. There go more than four years before the young American pilot has what his superior officers consider adequate experience for efficient combat work. Italy gives her pilots 125 hours a year. Figures for Germany are not available; but while few experts question either the number or the excellence of German

aircraft, nearly all are skeptical of Germany's ability to have turned out experienced pilots as fast as she has turned out airplanes since 1935, the year her air renaissance began.

It is true that in the last war many youngsters were sent to the front with little more than ten hours of solo experience. The great Richthofen, in all his career, didn't have half as much flying time as you must have today before you can get a job as a co-pilot on any American air line. That is why in 1917-18 they were killing students at the rate of one a day at such training fields as Kelly. And those ships were only in the sixty-to eighty-mile-an-hour speed class. A ten-hour solo man today wouldn't even be allowed to sit in a modern 400-mile-an-hour airplane with an instructor—because of possible disaster to them both!

Moreover, there is a practical reason why Germany and Italy cannot give their young pilots what American officers believe is absolutely minimum essential training time. And why the United States is most favorably situated of all nations to do so: gasoline.

The United States produces sixty per cent of the world's petroleum: a billion barrels a year. Germany's rock-bottom peacetime requirement of fuels is more than 6,000,000 tons; her own production

of these only about a million. Her wartime needs are figured at 20,000,000 tons. You see here reasons for the covetous eyes on Rumania (and her oil fields) and the loving embrace of Russia (and her oil fields).

It takes about half a million pounds of gasoline to give one pilot 1,000 hours of training.

Most young pilots in this war are not going to have 1,000 hours of training, of course. They are being taught intensively; trained in mechanical flight faster than man, a land animal, can learn it; turned loose with a barest minimum of experience—loose for tragedy and ineptness. The British alone, in training and maneuver accidents, killed more than one man a day from the first of this year to the beginning of hostilities. The result is not a fair test of air power as it could be applied by completely trained flyers. It is an example of the falsity of conventional air-strength comparisons.

Replacements Mean Superiority

Those figures lie again, in a third and perhaps more important factor.

It isn't the number of planes you have when you start to fight, but the speed with which you can build replacements and new types. The speed, that is, from

the very first day of war onward. For the mass-production lines of the automobile industry have not yet been proved feasible in aviation; fabrication problems are different. It would be at least *nine months* before a spurt and expansion in production would begin to show on flying fields.

Meanwhile, combat losses must be made good or your air superiority vanishes. There have been fantastic estimates of what losses will be. Some authorities calculated 100 per cent in the first 30 days. This, of course, would have practically put all the warring nations out of the air. Figures are not yet available on this war; but those from the Spain and China wars point to a far more reasonable estimate. Franco's losses from all causes—enemy aviation, anti-aircraft, accident and wear and tear—were only ten per cent. Washouts in this greater conflict are proportionately larger—perhaps twenty per cent. It is believed all the powers, therefore, are not only quite capable of keeping their original forces intact but of increasing them.

Thus, productive capacity *from the beginning* of fighting might represent success or disaster. Despite England's furious efforts since Munich, military observers know Germany still had the production lead on September 3d with

200,000 skilled workers in her aircraft factories and a total capacity of 2,000 planes of mixed types a month.

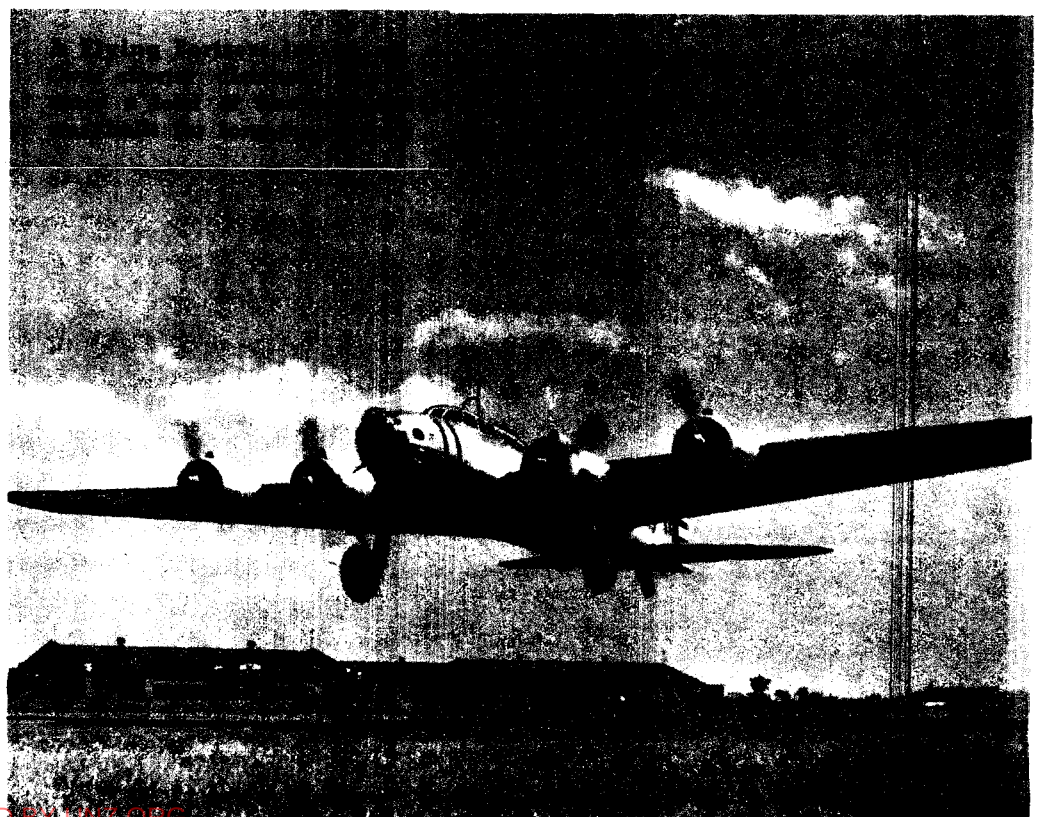
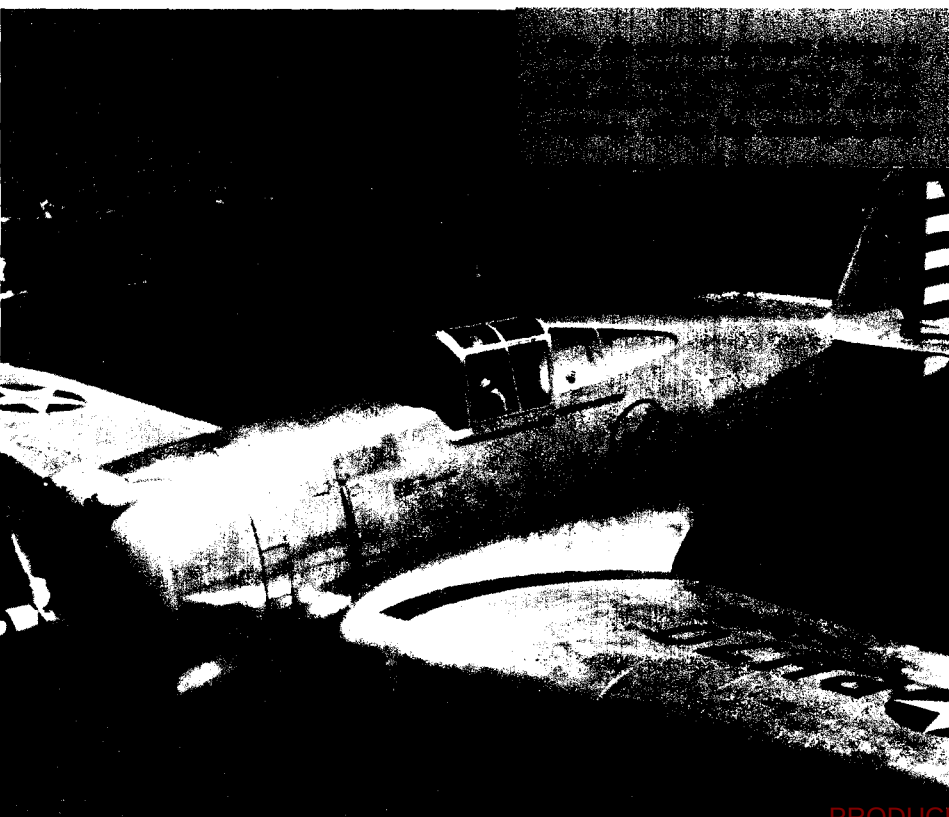
American aeronautical engineers, estimating wartime productions of the fighting nations, tell me they expect that if the war lasts more than a year Germany will eventually get her output up to 3,500 planes a month; England, 2,000. In four years of the last war, England built 56,000 planes. England hasn't as much labor man power to draw on; moreover, the upkeep of her great navy takes too many of her skilled workmen.

Our World War Lesson

Without "reasonable preparedness," say our Air Corps experts, "it is a matter of several years before a nation can make itself felt in aviation in proper proportion to its wealth and strength." That was our lesson from the last war.

We allotted \$640,000,000 for aviation as soon as we got in; another \$760,000,000 the second year. Our production had reached high pitch by the Armistice; but only 1,216 planes of our own manufacture got to the A.E.F., and only 628 American-built ships got to the battle-front.

We, too, have great plans for increased output if we are drawn in. "Put to it," (Continued on page 63)





All or Nothing

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Romance interposes an insurmountable barrier on the royal road to this career of crime

WHEN they came to the restaurant, Basher stopped at the entrance and awkwardly put his hand on the younger man's shoulder. He had a rough, broken-in face that had seen all sorts of ugly work in its time, but he really liked the boy and now he didn't know exactly how to handle himself.

"Listen, George," he began, rubbing his jaw with his other hand to avoid looking at him, "suppose you take a little time to think this over. You could back out, you know. Listen. You're in the dumps. You feel disgusted. Don't be in such a big hurry to get yourself all mixed up."

"Well, it's seventy bucks," George Honas said calmly. He looked straight at Basher, trying to seem hard and sure of himself. Tall and slender, his ath-

lete's body standing well, balanced on his two feet, he wanted to convince the old man that he knew just what he was doing, but he wasn't fooling anybody. He was still a kid no matter how much he had been knocked around. "It's dough," the boy said. "It's a chance to get started. You work for Pulsey yourself, don't you? What makes you so anxious for me to back out?"

"Oh, with me it's an altogether different story," Basher said unhappily. "Don't compare me to you. I don't care what I do. I don't care what happens to me."

"Come on," Honas said, and they walked into the dining room.

After the bright sunshine on the sidewalk, they had to blink their eyes in the gloom, and it took Basher a few moments before he could see Pulsey

Laughing couples swung through the packed streets,
gay and yelling to one another with excitement.
But George would not let his mind think of them

to break in with a man like Pulsey. "I'll take care of Wallace."

"Yes, but you're a new man to me," the racketeer said. "I can't risk it if this mutt Wallace gets a brain storm out there in Coney Island and decides to open up his mouth to the cops. I could use a new man on the job, but I need a good party, somebody I can rely on."

"Say it straight out," Basher interrupted, unable to remain quiet. "It's dirty work. It's a job to hit, to slug."

THE frown on Pulsey's face deepened until he almost looked sick with disgust. "Shut up," he said softly. "Why the hell do I have to know exactly what he does to him in Coney Island?" He paused and then turned back to George. "Just make sure Wallace leaves town. Find him out and scare him so he keeps his mouth closed. That's all I have to tell you. The rest is up to you. Are you afraid? Have you got doubts on your mind? Are you particular what you do?"

Basher was looking at the boy, silent but asking him with his eyes to refuse even now. It was his last chance to stay clear.

George coughed to clear his throat. "I'll deliver," he told Pulsey. "I'm not particular what I do, no more. If it pays good, I'll do anything."

"Finished," Basher groaned helplessly. "All over. That's the end of him. I know. I'll have it on my conscience the rest of my life for sucking that kid into this. I won't sleep good at night."

"Stop, stop," Pulsey rasped. "You're breaking my heart. I'll cry my eyes out over you."

"I'm hungry," George spoke up. "I ain't had a decent meal in a week."

"Charlie," Pulsey called to the waiter up front. "Charlie, bring the boy eats. He's hungry." He lay back in his chair, relaxed now that the deal was over, and his face grew loose with self-pity and the thought of his troubles. "They got district attorneys," he said. "They got cops and judges. All these people can't stand around on salary just doing nothing. So they pick on me. Everything that happens, sure, Pulsey did it. I'm innocent of all those rackets," Pulsey suddenly protested, his voice turning into a miserable whine. "I'm no big-shot gangster like it says in the papers. I got no fortunes. If everything they say about me is true, then why, in my whole life of terrible crime, why can't they find a single witness to show up against me?"

He wasn't being funny. He actually was able to believe the words he said. George watched him as he rose from the table and slowly walked out of the restaurant without looking back or saying another word. What was he kicking about? He was coining it hand over fist, George thought. He was able to buy himself anything he wanted—cars, houses, clothes, jewelry. He ate at all the best spots in town, went to musical shows, played the races and didn't care how much he lost either. He had worked himself up from nothing and had made good. George couldn't understand what the racketeer was crying about but he didn't waste time thinking about it. The waiter had brought a basket of rolls and the boy began eating while he waited for the first course.

Basher had his head resting in his hand as he looked down at the tablecloth. "Two years ago," he muttered in the gloom of the restaurant, "I got laid

up in the hospital with stomach trouble, serious.

"By rights I should never've survived. 'Brother,' the doc told me after the operation, 'brother, every day for you from now on is pure gravy.' So the way I look on it, I don't care what happens to me one way or the other. I got nothing to lose, no matter what, but you're different, George. You're a strong, good-looking kid. You got your health, dammit. You can have a decent future and it's a shame to see you throw everything away with one dumb move." He stopped and waited anxiously for George to answer.

The boy had hardly listened. He felt satisfied with himself and his prospects. This was better than fifteen-dollar bouts in New England factory towns, better than the liniment and sweat stinks of cellar dressing rooms, better than ward beds when you got banged up, better than all those days and nights when you had a couple of nickels in your pants pockets and wondered how you were going to live and eat the next day and the day after that.

"Talk," he told Basher, wiping crumbs off his mouth. "Be a preacher. Go ahead, try and reform me. Spit into the ocean."

IT WAS early evening by the time they left the Stillwell Avenue station. With the sun gone, the throngs had left the beaches and now pressed densely through the narrow streets of Coney Island. Caught up in the pushing crowds, George walked alongside of Basher, his face preoccupied and grim. He heard the coaxing cries of side-show barkers. The storekeepers raised a merry clatter as they banged their counters with spoons, selling potato chips, frozen custard, pizzeria and sticks of chocolate-covered ice cream. George saw the laughing couples—boys and girls his own age—swing through the packed streets, arm in arm, gay and yelling to one another with excitement. But he would not let his mind think of them or the fun they were having. He had no part in it. He wasn't out here on any holiday.

"People," Basher was mourning to himself. "Thousands and thousands of them. Does anybody here know me? Does anybody here give a damn about me? I'm all alone. I ain't got a friend in the world."

"Save it for company," George said. "Where is this place Wallace owns?"

"It's on the boardwalk," the old man answered. "See, it only goes to show. A person never knows when he's well off and when he ought to stay out of trouble. Wallace had a nice little business there, but he got ambitious too. He had to join up with Pulsey. Now he's got his belly full and he wants to go back to his own little business in peace, but it's not so easy. Once you get yourself all dirty, you can't wash yourself clean so quick."

George didn't answer and they walked along in silence until they reached Wallace's place. It was one of those open-air cafeterias that were beginning to line the boardwalk. Four or five middle-aged counterwomen were busy handling the customers, but George could tell the girl sitting in the cashier's booth ran the establishment for Wallace. She was young, but she seemed wide-awake, competent and reliable. You knew at

(Continued on page 26)

sitting by himself at a corner table. He led Honas over and took a seat.

"Okay," he muttered to the racketeer. "This is him."

"Sit down," Pulsey told George. "You boys certainly took your time." He was a fat, sloppy-looking man in spite of the expensive clothes he wore. As he stared at Honas, sizing him up, he kept frowning and sucking air through the cracks between his teeth. He was nervous. Well, George thought, you got nothing for nothing in this world and if your nerves bothered you a little the money was still worth it.

"Basher tells me you're an old-time prize fighter," Pulsey said. "You look kind of young to me."

"I'm old enough," George said. "I can handle the job. I had my first fight in the ring when I was sixteen."

"Well, then, why don't you stick to the fight game? What makes you want to change?"

"Boxing five years smells," George said. "I'm broke. I'll never make out in boxing. I'm looking for real dough from now on."

"He's ambitious," Basher grumbled. "He's got hopes. He wants a million dollars quick."

"Shut up," Pulsey said. "Maybe he's getting smart. Listen," he went on to George. "I got to be sure. You're a kid. I'm out on bail, you know, but the district attorney might take it into his head any minute to throw me back into the can. I can't take chances with any witnesses around."

"Don't worry," George said. He kept his voice cool, wanting to sound experienced and confident, but he was eager

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

IN SAN FRANCISCO, Kent Dunham, a commercial artist who is none too happily married, and Jocelyn Britton, a stenographer for a law firm, meet, fall in love. Not relishing the idea of divorce, they simply drift along for two years. Then Dunham tells Jocelyn that, since he is going to Portland, they must abandon all hope of future happiness together.

Jocelyn is shocked, hurt. But, in the course of a final interview (in a little cabin near Piedmont), she suddenly realizes that she no longer loves Kent Dunham. And she leaves the cabin, abruptly. It is night; a storm is raging. Her car becomes unmanageable. When day breaks, a passing motorist picks her up, drives her to the nearest town.

A short time later, Philip Fordyce, one of her employers, makes her a tempting offer. Fordyce, married and divorced, is wealthy. He has a daughter, Norma, who, having run away from a school in Italy, is on the way to join him at his beautiful estate, Hill Acres, in Burlingame. Norma is a "modern girl"—harum-scarum, uncontrollable. Will Jocelyn, Mr. Fordyce wants to know, undertake the job of keeping an eye on her, advising her, guiding her, protecting her from—herself?

Hesitant at first, Jocelyn finally agrees to cooperate. Whereupon, to her amazement, Dunham comes to her and says that he wants to marry her. Lilian, his wife, has promised to give him his freedom by divorce. Jocelyn resists his advances; she insists that Dunham stand by the woman he has married. . . .

Hill Acres is an enchanting spot. Enconced there, Jocelyn meets Fordyce's mother—a lively, pleasure-loving woman who might pass for her son's sister. And presently Norma arrives. She is charming, clever, pretty. But she cares for just two things: excitement and a "good time."

She does not relish the idea of being chaperoned. But she takes an instant fancy to Jocelyn. On the way to the country club—where she and one of her rich friends, Jean Kimberley, are to lunch together, under Jocelyn's watchful eye—she turns to Jocelyn. "Do you know the Kimberleys?" she asks. Jocelyn smiles. "Just the name," she replies. Norma lowers her voice. "She's divorced, you know," she says, "and she's trying to marry my father. And Nita Royce is after him, too."

Jocelyn laughs, in desperate amusement. "What's the matter?" Norma demands. Jocelyn hesitates. Then, "Nothing. Just that it's curiouser and curiouser," she says lightly.

IV

THEY went to the country club for lunch. It was a spacious building set in sloping lawns, with shining cars ranked under the trees all about it; gardeners doubled up over loamy borders; white clouds billowing across a blue sky overhead. Scattered groups of men and women were moving over the green; three girls and a man, mounted on shining bays, galloped measuredly along the bridle path.

Inside was warm, scented air, much pink and green chintz patterned in ropes of flowers, wide doorways and arches opening in every direction, and chairs set in half circles near the roaring open wood fires and the sun-flooded southern windows. A heartening and delightful

atmosphere, Jocelyn thought, and as the girls were at once enveloped in welcomes, her responsibility for their enjoyment was for the moment lessened, and she could relax and enjoy herself too. Another girl and a young boy, Johnny Kimberley, joined them for luncheon. The boy, home from Lawrenceville for the Christmas holidays, seemed a nice, quiet little fellow, but between the three girls, of whom Norma was the youngest, a conversational rivalry began that bored, surprised and amused Jocelyn equally.

Norma was the youngest, but Norma held the cards. Whatever they said she could top with something even more enviable and brilliant; she had not, like Meggy Brice, been presented at St. James's, but Lord Bullhaven had mentioned it to Gran. She had not, naturally, been to any of the embassy balls in Paris; but she had been the guest while there of the ambassador. Jocelyn realized that the young, innocent boasting was going beyond all bounds, but could think of no effective way of stopping it.

"Of course we were on the Matthews' yacht, so we didn't have any trouble." "My uncle's name let us in ahead of everyone." "Walks up to me and presents me with this adorable diamond—imagine." "Always stay with Lord and Lady Pierce." "Fabulous." "Purescent." "Perfectly fabulous."

As foolish, as vapid a conversation in which three pretty girls in their teens ever had indulged themselves, Jocelyn thought. They were not interested in the food they were eating, or one another, or the sparkle and beauty of the scene around them. They were flushed, eager, almost savage in the race for distinction. They had selected their own lunches from a buffet table loaded with platters of food: chicken, ham, turkey, cold beef, corned beef, salads, stuffed eggs, cheeses, sandwiches, but they hardly touched them. They smoked many cigarettes, and indulged in many side conversations with friends who leaned from neighboring tables or sauntered across the room and came up to talk.

THE luncheon had commenced with a brief passage at arms between Norma and Jocelyn, but Jocelyn had come off victor, and for the moment could feel herself fulfilling her obligations to her charge.

Meggy, who was in the debutante class, and was giving a large party on New Year's Eve, had ordered five cocktails as a commencement of the meal. But when they had arrived, and one had been placed before her, Jocelyn had placed hers and Norma's back on the man's tray and had said firmly, "Take those back, please."

"They were ordered," the waiter had said.

"They will be paid for," Jocelyn had assured him.

"Mother lets me," Norma had muttered. But without conviction. It was one thing to sneak a cocktail into her stateroom while Mademoiselle was asleep, or quietly to appropriate one when a great trayful came up to her mother's suite in the Waldorf; it was another to drink one openly here before her grandmother's—and what was more serious, her father's—friends. She had hesitated, and in that second been lost, for the man had actually carried away her cocktail, and Jocelyn had assumed a quiet air that seemed to say that everything was going quite as it should.

Jocelyn, to Norma's "Mother lets me"

had not returned "But I don't," but she might well have done so. Norma had given a glance full of patient long-suffering to the other girls, and the moment had passed without further event.

A group of older girls and young married women began to play poker immediately after luncheon, each with her cocktail glass and ash tray beside her beautifully manicured hand. The mild boy with whom Norma and the others had lunched observed that there was a fine movie in town, and it was immediately arranged that they should all go see it. His car would carry the three girls, he said, but it wouldn't be very comfortable for Miss—Miss—

"Britton," said Jocelyn. He must have heard the name fifty times at luncheon, but he was not a very bright boy, she reflected. "Then we will all go in our car," she said. Norma might rebel at any minute; make a scene, run away. She had run away from a good many situations. But until she did there must be no compromise. To let her get the whip hand now would be to lose influence over her forever.

Norma's grandmother had also lunched at the club, although they did not discover her until the meal was over. She was then seen to be at a bridge table in a corner room, furiously sweeping open a pack of cards for the cut. She looked approvingly at the little party as they passed by and said absently, "So glad you're having a wonderful time, darling!" and then, in surprise, to one of the women who made up the bridge quartet: "Didn't that child only get here this morning? Good Heavens!" After which she observed, "You, Harriet. Mine was a club. Blue pack. No bid," all with the swiftness and definiteness of a flash of lightning.

Jean Kimberley's mother was also at the club—a handsome woman of thirty-five or -six; she had come up to the girls, turned a dramatic, intense concentration upon Norma, asked her a dozen affectionate questions, and finally come around to the subject of Phil. How was Daddy? He'd been in New York. Tell him Aunt Jane was glad they both were home.

Jocelyn studied her with great interest as she talked, remembering that Norma had said this attractive grass widow was interested in Philip Fordyce, and when Nita Royce came running down the club steps after them she looked at her too with a little stir at her pulses. She was another who wanted to marry Phil, was she? She was hardly distinguishable from Jane Kimberley, equally animated, reckless in speech, sensationally pretty. But indeed, Jocelyn thought, all these women were pretty.

THEY went into town in the big Fordyce car, and saw a picture of which Jocelyn had but a vague impression. Life itself was too thrilling at the moment to leave any room for the story of a handsome young policeman who was suspected of playing the gangsters' game until the very last moment. He was actually in jail with every prospect of being sent to the chair, and his delightful comic old mother had been in tears for at least half a reel, when it turned out that he was commissioned by the chief of police himself, just recovering from a severe attack of amnesia, to play that very part.

Afterward they went to a hotel to dance, the girls apparently much amused but, Jocelyn suspected, deeply

chagrined at having with them only one young man. However, they picked up two other young men who went to the same prep school as Johnny Kimberley, and after that things became hilarious again. The others had cocktails; Norma had tomato juice and looked sternly at Jocelyn; but Jocelyn, who was beginning oddly to enjoy herself, shook her head at the cocktails and only went so far as to promise Norma that if her father permitted them she should have them the next time.

AT SIX they dropped the others and went on alone, and then Jocelyn spoke seriously to Norma:

"Children your age shouldn't order cocktails in public places like that."

"Children! But my dear," Norma said, dragging the last word into two syllables, and taking the tone of a woman of forty, "you're dating yourself! I mean everyone does it, and everyone goes on being quite decent and I mean what's the harm?"

"I don't think you should, and I'll be surprised if your father does," said Jocelyn.

"Oh, Dad!" Norma said with a pitying laugh. "But he's not, after all, any better judge than Mother," she said innocently.

"She knows there's no answer to that," Jocelyn thought. Aloud she said, "But you're with him, now. And I think it's for you to set the example, Norma," she added, after a moment. "You're a natural leader; if you set a fashion they'll follow it."

She could sense that Norma was pleased; a vaguely gratified look came over her sulky little face; she said in a mollified tone: "I'm not even out yet!"

"That wouldn't matter. You're a gentlewoman," Jocelyn said adroitly. "You've been places; you've had advantages that these other girls haven't. And your position will make you important, no matter where you go or whom you marry. Anyway," Jocelyn finished, "while you're with me I don't want you to drink cocktails. And if you're not with me, who will you be with?" she finished, smiling. "Miss Sanderson is all ready to take up her duties. She feels that I am not qualified to act as chaperon to a girl of your position."

"Who said she did?" Norma demanded, startled into sudden interest in something other than her own affairs.

"She did, herself. She called on me soon after I arrived here. She asked me if I spoke German and French and how much I had lived abroad, and I don't think I made a very good showing." Jocelyn's mouth widened into a smile; her eyes were still serious.

"Well, the old busybody!" ejaculated Norma.

"You see, you are a very precious little package, Norma," the other girl said. "You'll marry in a few years, and then it will be late for us to do anything about it. But meanwhile everyone who loves you wants to be sure that you won't make any mistake that you'll regret."

Norma made no comment upon this. She had been looking out of the car window at the landscape moving by, and she continued to do so. But that she liked this new view of herself and her responsibilities, or possibly this old view worded differently and coming from a new source, was evident when she jumped out at her own doorway.

"Do you mind if your precious little package gets out first, Miss Britton?"

Otherwise you'll have to climb over my legs."

Mrs. Fordyce's voice and Philip's voice could be heard coming from one of the big rooms upstairs, and Norma went in to them at once, leaving Jocelyn to proceed to her own room, to take her bath and get into dinner clothes. It was after seven o'clock when she crossed the upper hall to see if Norma was ready.

On the way she heard Mrs. Fordyce's voice again, raised high with resentment and impatience:

"If I marry him, Phil, then I'm in for all that trouble I had with poor Ferdy! He would give me a divorce and he wouldn't, and it took weeks of hanging around Reno to get anything straightened out! If I merely go off on this Catalina trip I *do* get a good sunburn out of it, and I'm horribly white—"

Jocelyn went hurriedly on, opening Norma's door cautiously, for she had advised a nap before dinner.

The trunks and bags were gone from the sitting room now, and the place was in perfect order.

Jocelyn went cautiously on and noiselessly opened the bedroom door; immediately she stepped in, her face flushing.

The room was striped with tiers of drifting cigarette smoke; Norma was at the dressing table with her gypsy mop of silky, smoky black hair in a tumble, and her talonlike little hands rubbing something into it from a bottle.

"Mattress is at dinner," said Norma of her maid. "And my head was itching. I think I have lice."

The other person in the room laughed huskily at this, without changing his

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM



Jocelyn was quite unnoticed in the uproar of enthusiasm that greeted the artichoke and the fish bowl when they went in

The Japanese Invasion

By Jim Marshall

THE little white church—it was really a Buddhist temple—shimmered in the hot sunshine of the Fraser River Valley in southwestern British Columbia. The dim interior was almost filled with brown-skinned Japanese, soberly dressed in Western style, most of them past middle age. In some of the cars outside lounged younger Orientals, reading newspapers. No longer believing in the old religion but held by the tradition of respect for their parents, they had driven the old folks to church from the valley farmsteads and were waiting to take them back after the services.

It seemed strange, there in the little Buddhist temple, so far from the Orient, to hear Japanese voices singing, to an old Christian tune—

"Buddha loves me, this I know . . ."

The old religion had been poured into new forms, just as the old life and the old traditions of Japan had been remolded.

Leaving the temple, old Kenji Watanabe and his fat little wife joined their grown-up children, Jimmy and Mary, waiting for them in the car. Jimmy started the engine and the car rolled over the highways five miles to the neat thirty-acre berry farm where they all lived.

Kenji's wife—Jimmy's and Mary's mother—had been a picture bride, a year after Kenji had come from faraway Fukuoka prefecture in Nippon, in 1898. His parents had chosen her from the village girls as their son's mate, sent her photo to him, received his consent and dispatched her, steerage, to enter Can-

ada as his wife. It was a common practice in those days.

When he arrived in Vancouver, Kenji had about \$100, a fair education and some experience in farming. He got work in a sawmill on the Fraser River, making less than a dollar a day. Out of this he saved more than half and in five years had enough to make a down payment on a brush patch farther up the river. This patch he cleared laboriously, mainly by hand, getting some little assistance from the Japanese Farmers' Association, which in turn had the blessing of the Japanese consulate.

On each small new area of clearing, Kenji planted strawberries and, later, loganberries, raspberries and asparagus. The children came, a year apart. Often, in the early days, there was hardly enough to eat. But each year they made a little more until in 1919, at their peak, the family income was almost \$7,000. It has never been more than half that since. But this has been enough to build a fine big home and buy a good car. There is a refrigerator, telephone and washing machine; a radio for Jimmy and Mary, and for the old folk, a Japanese newspaper from Vancouver. They have never learned to read or write English, though old Kenji can make himself

Is British Columbia, where every thirteenth person is an Oriental, slated to be Japan's population outlet?

understood. His wife knows only a few words of English. Around the home, Japanese is the language.

"We are neither Canadian nor Japanese," Jimmy explains bitterly. "We want to be Canadian but the white Canadians won't let us. If we take the other road, and become Japanese, we are accused of disloyalty to the empire. We pay taxes, but we have no vote—which is what you Americans call taxation without representation. And it looks as if our children's children would be in the same fix."

Canada has been thoroughly bedeviled by the ideas and ideals of the three chief opponents of democracy: Japan, Germany, Italy. The provincial government of French-speaking Quebec is semi-Fascist, with free speech and free press denied. Out on the prairies where bad crops, low prices and incredible schemes of social salvation have about wrecked three provinces, there was, at least until Canada found herself in a war with Germany, some Hitler heiling among German colonists, and Bundsmen until recently marched about saving Canada by Nazi methods.

But the biggest domestic headache is the perennial "Japanese menace" that haunts what the alarmists and most

politicians refer to as "Canada's Oriental Province"—British Columbia. There is no political angle to this menace, save from the white side. The Japanese have no intention of trying to cajole Canada into adopting the Japanese form of totalitarian government or letting out *barzais* for the Mikado. They have no marching clubs, erupting politicians or mass meets.

Having no vote, the Japanese and Japanese-Canadians have no political power. In theory a Canadian-born Japanese may become premier of the confederation, but he cannot be elected dogcatcher for the humblest British Columbian hamlet. In the Pacific province, although by Canadian law he is a British subject, by provincial law he is barred from getting his name on the voting lists—though not on the tax rolls. It is the economic domination of the province that British Columbians fear. Gloomiest view of the situation is taken by Captain MacGregor Macintosh, of the legislative assembly. He declares the Japanese not only will control British Columbia economically within a few years, but that in time they will outnumber the whites, due to a much higher birth rate coupled with a normal death rate.

Captain Macintosh says that many Canadian-born Japanese youths go to Japan for military or naval training and return to Canada as reservists—presumably to spring into action on M-day when the Japanese transports appear off Vancouver Island. He charges that scores of Japanese are smuggled into

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Japanese woodworkers, father and son, who are part of the Oriental colony in Steveston, near Vancouver, British Columbia



A fisherman's family, Steveston. License requirements, forced by the whites, have restricted the Japanese in this profession





"I see!" Paula said coldly. "You didn't trust him, and so you offered him a job"

We Will Meet Again

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

YOUNG Freddy Bascom is arrested, charged with robbing a store. Peter Kincaid, a lawyer, takes the case—at the time of the robbery, he had happened to see the boy at a point some twenty miles from the scene of the crime!

Freddy tells a curious story. Shortly before the robbery, he says, a man had hired him to deliver a package to a West Side address. Unable to find the address, he had opened the package—and found a wad of newspapers.

Franklin Calhoun—who, with Dave Farmer and Max Sandstrom, has been running the state politically—is murdered. While the police are investigating, Sandstrom invites Peter to dine with him—and bring his wife. Peter is puzzled, but accepts the invitation.

Sandstrom—an ex-convict—is a genial host. When the dinner is over, he asks Peter if he will drop all of his legal practice and help him purchase a "certain property."

Following the dinner, a little dark man—Joe Hicks, a deputy sheriff—follows Peter constantly. Peter cannot shake the man off. Then while Peter is in the taproom of the Stanton Hotel, Hicks approaches him and offers him three thousand dollars, if he will so conduct the

Bascom case that the boy is convicted! An altercation ensues; and Peter (who is very angry) knocks the man down.

An hour or so later, Peter is arrested for the murder of Joe Hicks. Peter's bail is set at five thousand dollars. He posts it. Released, he has a talk with Freddy Bascom. "You said you could find the man who gave you that package," he says. "Right?" Bascom is uneasy. "I said I thought I could," he replies. Then: "Did you find him?" "I wouldn't be surprised if I had," Peter says slowly.

III

PETER KINCAID stopped long enough to make a phone call. They went on again, and a little later they drew to a stop in front of a white building set low in a smooth carpet of lawn. Freddy saw the neon sign and grew white.

"Man!" he whispered. "That's an un-

dertaker's joint. This . . . this guy ain't a stiff?"

"Yes," said Peter. "Will you go in?"

"Me?" Freddy Bascom swallowed hard. "Sure . . . sure, I'd just as soon. A dead man can't hurt nobody."

A short man with pink cheeks and a soft mouth met them at the door. Peter Kincaid said, "We'd like to see the body of Joseph Hicks." And as the short man's doubtful glance fell on Freddy, Peter added a lie: "This is police business."

The short man said, "Of course. This way, please."

He led them through the building to a white-walled room far in the rear. And he stopped beside a table where a covered figure lay. He turned back the cloth.

Freddy Bascom went forward slowly.

His small face was pale; his eyes were alive and nervous and afraid. He looked down for a full moment before he spoke.

"Sure! That's the guy that—" and he stopped. A flush came into his cheeks and his eyes flicked from the still figure to Peter's face, and back again.

Peter Kincaid said, "Well, boy?"

Freddy Bascom wet his lips. "I—I ain't sure," he stammered. "I—I thought it was the guy for a minute but—but without clothes an' all, it's hard to tell. I don't want to—tell you wrong."

Peter's mouth turned down. "Let's go."

And on the way back Freddy Bascom seemed unable to sit still. He looked again and again at Peter and finally he blurted, "You ain't sore, are you?"

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Ding-Dong Gives

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Putting ummph into love scenes with strange women was not Ding-Dong's idea of relaxation



Ding-Dong stared at her, thinking how pleased Angela would be if he turned into a Robert Taylor with clarinet. "I'll do it," he said

MR. DING-DONG WILLIAMS, as befitted the King of Swing, ran more toward soul than brains, and at times it could be very upsetting. This was one of those times. His fiancée, Miss Angela Jones, had been coaching him all the way to Palm Springs and now, as they entered the city limits, Mr. Williams still had that vague look in his eyes. He was huddled in one corner of the roadster, absently fondling his clarinet. Being a true artiste, he was never parted from his licorice stick.

Angela glanced at him, filled with mingled love and despair. If she could only make him understand how much this meant to her!

It wasn't, she told herself, just the prestige and the money, though the latter would buy that little honeymoon house on Toluca Lake. It was more than that. It was the security and permanence they would have. No bride-to-be wants her wedded life to be a series of dance-hall dates and one-night stands. If he were to settle in Hollywood—

"Ding-Dong," she said. "Ding-Dong, have you been listening?"

He nodded, feeling on the schmalz side as he always did when he looked at that pretty blond hair peeking under the kerchief, that cute turned-up nose and the clear blue eyes that just matched the smart gabardine suit.

"I've been listening," he said gravely. "You don't need to worry, Angela. I'll act real bright."

She forgot the traffic then and impulsively leaned over and kissed him. So he had realized what it meant to her! Half of Hollywood had already been tested for the lead opposite Mona Hardwicke in American Symphony but not until yesterday had the screen's latest authentic genius, Dr. Gustav Folke, finally consented to interview Ding-Dong. Dr. Folke was not only the director of the picture but the exotic Miss Hardwicke's—well—boy friend.

They parked the car before the El Miradoso and Angela, trailed by her dutiful upbeat, went in to the desk, seeking Dr. Folke. They were informed

the director and Miss Hardwicke were in the plunge and Angela, never one to waste time, went out there after deciding to leave Ding-Dong in the lobby. There was no sense in taking any chances he might fall in the plunge.

Presently Ding-Dong stirred, unhappily aware that the tourists were staring at him and his famous clarinet as if they had never seen one before. When Angela didn't come and didn't come he rose and slid through the side door, intending to wait in the car.

IT WAS another half-hour before Angela returned, accompanied by the director and star. Dr. Folke, she had learned, was a large, guttural party addicted to a monocle and striped blazer, and he had resolutely refused to budge until his protégé, Miss Hardwicke, had left the plunge and the admiring glances of the young men. The star, now sleek and sultry in her rose-colored shorts and blouse, was obviously Mammoth's answer to Dorothy Lamour.

Angela stared about the lobby, vainly seeking her betrothed.

"He must be out in the car," she said nervously. "He has to be!"

But he wasn't. The car was quite deserted.

"So?" the director asked heavily. "So maybe he don't want to meet me, yes?"

"Oh, no!" said Angela. "It's—it's just that he sometimes gets lost."

Miss Hardwicke sniffed.

Angela ignored her, giving the director her best smile. "He's probably just down the street," she said. "I'm sure we'll find him. He couldn't have gone far!"

"You find him," said Miss Hardwicke. "I'll be in the hotel."

They covered the four business blocks, the soda fountains, and as a last resort, the pet stores, but no one had seen anything of a small man with a clarinet. Dr. Folke mopped his bald head.

"I go back to the hotel now," he announced. "No more time can I waste!"

Angela nodded miserably. She was still trying to think up just one more excuse when a police car roared past them, its siren screaming, and lurched to a halt before the El Miradoso. For the first time then, she noticed the mob fighting to get into the hotel. She let out a little cry and sped after the police, leaving the outraged director surging in her wake.

The lobby was jammed with people—stars, residents and tourists alike—all struggling to press their way toward some unseen center. Angela's ears confirmed her most horrible fears when she heard the sudden wailing cry of a ride clarinet.

Desperately she fought her way forward then, until she could see Ding-Dong happily holding down the center of the lobby, sharing the guest spot with a moth-eaten burro and a blanketed In-

dian who stared stonily upon the crowd. "Ding-Dong!" she wailed.

Mr. Williams waved her forward. "Look, Angela," he said eagerly, "an educated burro!" Then, before she could stop him, he lifted the clarinet to his lips, carving a hot pattern, two wailing licks and a riff. After due consideration the burro tilted back his head and gave out with three brays, two shorts and one long. Far back in the crowd a woman fainted.

The manager was tugging wildly at Angela's elbow. "Do something, lady!" he begged piteously. "This has been going on for fifteen minutes. You have to do something!"

There in the crowd she could see Mona Hardwicke's wide, fascinated gaze on Ding-Dong and, over her shoulder, the unstrung countenance of Dr. Gustav Folke. She had only to look at his face and she knew Ding-Dong's screen career had already died a horrible death.

"I'll do something!" she told the manager wildly. "I'll do it right now!"

She had already twisted the ring from her engagement finger and now she thrust it at Ding-Dong. "You can have it!" she said brokenly. "You can have it and your burros and your swing music! I don't want any of them!"

She was crying as she fought her way out through the crowd.

IN THE week that followed, the Palomar ballroom was treated to such jam sessions that the sanity of Los Angeles and suburbs was permanently impaired. Mr. Ding-Dong Williams was ensconced there and he arrived each evening looking more desolate than the night before. Angela had not only refused to see him but had left town without even a message, going to visit her aunt in Seattle. Permanently.

So each night Mr. Williams found his only relief in going far, far out of the world, accompanied by some three thousand frenzied jitterbugs. From nine until one that wailing cry of a clarinet seeking its mate called forth the cats and alligators.

It was on Friday night that Ding-Dong noticed Dr. Folke and the exotic Miss Hardwicke in the blur of faces jammed around the band shell. Miss Hardwicke's eyes glowed and she watched Ding-Dong with the look that she usually saved for her best close-ups. The ones that worried the censors.

When the group was finally over, Ding-Dong sank down on the divan behind the stand, dreadingly contemplating a future that was minus Angela. He looked up after a while and observed Dr. Folke and Miss Hardwicke bearing down on him.

"Go way," he said. "I wanna be alone."

Dr. Folke froze at that but Miss Hardwicke was not so easily thwarted. She nudged the director. "Tell him," she ordered.

Dr. Folke removed his monocle. "We haff decided!" he said ominously. "It iss you who are to play opposite Mona!"

Ding-Dong closed his eyes, wondering why people wouldn't let him alone.

"You see?" Mona demanded triumphantly. "He's so overwhelmed he can't even speak!"

Dr. Folke was watching him, hoping fervently that his Mona had not been mistaken. For six days now she had insisted he give Ding-Dong the lead in American Symphony. "Don't you see?" she had raged. "If you make an actor

out of him, then the critics will admit you can do anything!" She had neglected to add that, personally, she was growing a little tired of open-throat juveniles. She gave best when her interest was aroused.

"I don't wanna be in pictures," Mr. Williams said unhappily. "I just wanna be left alone."

Dr. Folke almost dropped his monocle at this treason.

"Why don't you want to be an actor, Ding-Dong?" Miss Hardwicke asked gently. "Is it that you don't like me?"

"No, ma'am," he said haggardly. "It's just that I got enough worries already."

She got the whole story out of him then, and when he had finished she laughed gaily.

"Why, you poor dear!" she exclaimed. "Don't you realize this is the part she was trying to get you? Think how she'll feel when she hears you got the part yourself! Think how proud she'll be!"

Ding-Dong's eyes widened slowly at that. He stared at her, thinking how surprised and pleased Angela would be if he turned into a Robert Taylor with clarinet.

"I'll do it!" he said solemnly. "I'll become a real actor with fans and everything!"

Ding-Dong more than lived up to his pledge. Nothing was too much trouble if it would square things with Angela. Each morning he dutifully presented himself on the set, sometimes even remembering to wear make-up.

Leaving the projection room where they had viewed the first week's rushes, Mr. Ancil Steinberg, the producer of American Symphony, laid a fatherly hand on Dr. Folke's shoulder. "Mine boy," he said huskily, "you have done it again! Sometimes even smart he looks!"

Miss Mona Hardwicke was not so happy about the whole thing. Ding-Dong had persistently evaded all dinner- and cocktail-party invitations, had even refused to be enticed into her dressing room for afternoon tea. After another teatime refusal she studied him with a smoldering gaze.

"What is this?" she demanded. "Are you afraid of Gus or are you still carrying the torch?"

Ding-Dong stared at her. "It's not that," he said finally. "It's just that I don't drink tea."

MISS HARDWICKE was not appeased at this stalleroo. "You would think I was something out of the old maids' home," she said bitterly. "You don't even put any ummph in our love scenes! . . . But it's all right, Ding-Dong," she added. "I like my men hard to get."

Mr. Williams quivered. The next day he arrived on the set reinforced by his faithful piano, Mr. Chris Ketridge, who, armed with copies of Downbeat and Variety, took a place on the side lines. He was still sitting there in the weeks that followed as Ding-Dong heroically worked his way up the ladder of fame, as per script.

From a down-south boyhood (including a production number aboard a showboat) Mr. Williams presently emerged as a young composer ham-and-egging it in a suds-palace ork. It was there that he met the beauteous Miss Hardwicke who, conveniently enough, was an entertainer. They clashed, were reunited and just when Ding-Dong dolefully realized that some heavy slush stuff was coming up, war was conveniently declared.

His relief was only temporary. He arrived on the set the next morning in a state of despair. It seemed he had been up all night reading the rest of the script.

"Ach!" Dr. Folke cried bitterly. "So four reels I must shoot before my actors read the script?"

"I didn't want to know how it came (Continued on page 56)

Old Flame

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

CAPTAIN STEDMAN waited grimly for the Valerie to reach the northernmost point of her beat across the harbor mouth of Ciudad Viejo. It was Corpus Christi night of 1740. There were a few lights on shore, but not many. There was a little breeze, but not much. There was even a ground swell—though a small one—to which the ships of the squadron yielded gently, their topmasts swaying among the stars. And over all the world hung a completely deceptive peacefulness.

From the Valerie, indeed, the other war vessels looked like singularly innocuous ghosts upon the water, only vaguely outlined by starlight, with all their canvas spread to catch the wind puffs that barely gave them steerage-way. The only sounds to reach Captain Stedman's ears were the slow wash of water past the frigate's sides, and the occasional, separate creakings of some isolated spar aloft.

One of the great forms which were British warships came close; quite silently. Captain Stedman watched it sharply. Then a voice swore quietly but very passionately on the other ship, and there was a creak of wheel and rudder post, and the nearing shape changed course and went slowly by. . . .

The Valerie neared the end of her beat across the harbor mouth. Captain Stedman gave orders in a low, dour tone. There was a stirring as they were carried out. The captain's barge wobbled behind the ship, towed there. It was a

small thing, normally used only in harbor, but it had been taken out a dozen times since the squadron was first baffled by the forts and the boom before Ciudad Vieja harbor. The water was as smooth as oil; as placid as an estuary. There was no hope of wind to drive half a dozen ships of the line plunging upon the boom to break it down by sheer weight. So there had been conference after conference on the ships, and always the conferences ended in nothing whatever. After the last one, Captain Stedman had curtly ordered his barge towed astern. Which was an extraordinary command.

NOW his later, still more extraordinary, orders took effect. Shadowy figures mounted the poop apologetically, carrying arms. They went one by one to the after rail and slid down into the nothingness that hid the little boat. The Valerie drew nearer to the northern end of her beat.

Lieutenant Brand said formally, "All ready, sir. But I beg you, Captain, to let me take the landing party. They'll be on the lookout ashore, still watching for that messenger one of our cutters picked up in a canoe."

Captain Stedman said with some asperity, "Mr. Brand, I speak the lan-

guage, which is something. But much more important, I was a prisoner of war in this town for three years, some twenty years ago. I know my way about. You will take the ship, sir, and I will go ashore."

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Brand. "You'll take no other officer at all, sir?"

Captain Stedman did not trouble to answer. He went to the after rail, swung over it and went down the rope. Hands seized his feet and guided them to a footing. He grunted almost inaudibly. He picked his way aft and sat down. The motion of the barge changed. It was free. The frigate swam away ahead into the night.

"Be sure your oars are muffled," said Captain Stedman shortly. "No noise, now! We don't want to be hailed by our own ships."

A huge vague shape which could only be the Valerie came up into the wind and went smoothly about. A few small slattings of sails. A few creakings. A few slapping sounds and a murmurous noise which was the tapping of the multitudes of reef points against canvas. That was all. The Valerie moved silently into nothingness.

The barge was suddenly enormously alone. The oars stroked and stroked. Time passed with burdensome slowness.

A quarter of an hour. A half. Three quarters. Then Captain Stedman steered straight inshore until the trees appeared. All this in absolute silence. Then he said briefly: "I'm going ashore alone. One man will land with me—a man who can swim. He will stay hidden in the brush. The boat will push off and wait till I come back or dawn breaks, whichever is first. If the sentry gives an alarm he'll swim off, you will pick him up, and head back to the ship and report to Lieutenant Brand. Who can swim?"

A voice said reluctantly, "Me, sir."

"Very good. You will carry me ashore, with a musket and half a dozen rounds. We're about to ground. Hold hard."

THE barge took ground startlingly, with a suddenness that shook half the men from their seats. Captain Stedman stood up firmly.

"Your musket and ammunition now," he warned, "and be careful not to get my feet wet!"

One man splashed overboard half up to his knees, his musket slung at an angle. Captain Stedman mounted to his shoulders.

"Push off and wait. Till sunrise. And no noise!"

His human mount went splashing ashore. He came out of the water, puffing. Captain Stedman slid to the sand and straightened his sword and adjusted the pistols in his belt.

"Wait here, in hiding," he said curtly.

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"No alarm!" said Captain Stedman unpleasantly. "I am alone. Had I wished to bring men in to capture the town I could have done it!"



A Dollar Bill

By Pat Frank

COULD you lend me a dollar, Mrs. Duffy?" whispered Ella Lipscomb, as her thin fingers riffled their way through a thick stack of currency with the deftness of a magician handling a pack of cards.

"Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred—no, I can't lend you a dollar," Mrs. Duffy grumbled. Then she suggested shrewdly, "You should know how to get a dollar, Mrs. Lipscomb. You've been here longer than I have."

This was true. Mrs. Lipscomb had been there longer than any of them, and she knew how to get a dollar. This was her twenty-eighth year in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and through her fingers had passed, literally, a number of millions of dollars. She counted old bills in Room 1258-K. She sat at a long oak table, elbow to elbow with Mrs. Duffy and four other women of a like age, and counted used dollar bills seven hours a day. None of them had ever stuck to her fingers.

There were torn bills, and ragged bills, and stained bills, and bills held together by stickers. They came from the banks in thousand-dollar lots, like bales of old paper, and it was the duty of Mrs. Lipscomb and the other women of 1258-K to count them and see that there was an even thousand in each bundle before they went to the chopper and the incinerator.

"I certainly do need a dollar," said Mrs. Lipscomb. "I came to town with only lunch money today, and I promised Joan—she's my granddaughter, you know—I promised Joan I'd buy her a pair of silk stockings. Joan's almost nineteen. She hasn't got a job, but she's keeping company with a young man in the Secret Service. He makes thirty-two hundred."

"Isn't that nice!" said Mrs. Duffy.

"Maybe they'll get married soon," said Mrs. Lipscomb hopefully. Ella Lipscomb supported Joan.

"With all the money that floats around this country it doesn't seem wrong that we should get one or two of these dollar bills," ventured Mrs. Duffy. "Why, after we've finished counting them they just destroy them. Let 'em do some good. That's what I always say."

Mrs. Lipscomb didn't answer, but she set to thinking. She thought how it was impossible to get a new bill out of the Bureau, because each sheet of paper that came in was accounted for. And she thought how easy it would be to get an old one.

When she got home this night Joan would ask for the stockings, and she'd have to say she didn't get them. Then the hurt look would creep into the child's eyes. She'd probably cry a little bit, and tell her grandmother it wasn't her fault she didn't have a job, and what would Ralph think of her, with ladders an inch wide in her stockings?

So Mrs. Lipscomb set out to do something that she hadn't even considered since her first year as a counter. Back in her first year the feel of much money had stirred in her excitement, and often she had held a fat handful of bills, and dreamed of the things they would buy. But after the first year the currency became like so many coupons, and dirty ones at that, and there was no romance in it.

She started on her second bundle of the day. It came from a bank in Phoenix, Arizona, and it counted \$1,001. She slipped a soiled bill into the palm of her hand, rolled it into a tight little ball, and tucked it into a pocket. Then she credited the Arizona bank with an even thousand dollars on the tally sheet, and the package was taken away.

She looked up at the balcony overhanging the room, then, and saw two men in the shadows. She wondered whether they were watching, and felt cold and panicky inside. But what if they were? She was going to return the dollar tomorrow.

When the lunch bell rang, Mrs. Lipscomb was first out of the room. When she passed the familiar guards at the Fourteenth Street entrance she felt their eyes upon her, and their faces were not smiling, as they usually were. For a moment she wanted to turn back, but the press behind caught her up like a frail reed in a swift stream, and hurried her to the street.

She walked up Fourteenth Street, crossed Penn-

sylvania Avenue and entered the little lingerie shop. She held tightly to the dollar bill in her pocket, and then brought it out and started to unfold it. Again she felt she was watched. There was a man in the door of the shop. He seemed to be staring at her.

"May I help you?" the girl behind the counter asked.

"No, thanks. I was just looking," Mrs. Lipscomb murmured, and hurried out.

She passed another window where there were stockings, but she could not bring herself to go inside, and when lunch was over she still had the dollar bill. She began counting her third package. It was from a Washington bank. Surprisingly, it counted three dollars over the thousand. Usually, the big banks didn't make errors. With one swift movement she brought out the dollar bill and added it to the pile. Then she credited the bank with \$1,004.

At three o'clock the men came. They were big men, grim and hard. They had a list of names. One of the men said, "Mrs. Duffy, Mrs. Johanssen, Mrs. Brown?" Three gray heads lifted. The man said, "Will you please come with me?" They took them out.

An hour later the man with the list came back. "Mrs. Lipscomb," he said, "you're wanted over at the Secret Service, in the Treasury Department."

Ella rose. Her legs carried her to the door. After a time she was walking into a big office. There were a number of men grouped around a desk. One of them was her division chief. He nodded gravely. Another was Ralph Frayne, Joan's friend. He looked worried.

"Mrs. Lipscomb," the division chief said, "for the last week we've been conducting an investigation of your bill-counting room."

Ella nodded, and tried to hold herself erect. In a few seconds they would ask her about the dollar, and she'd have to confess. She guessed they would send her to prison. It meant no pension, and she could understand what it would mean to Joan.

"We noticed a peculiar thing about the tally sheets," the division chief went on. "Whenever certain of the women in your room noted an error in the thousand-dollar bundles, it was always on the short side. It seemed that the banks never sent in a few dollars more than a thousand. If there was an error, it was always a few dollars less."

MRS. LIPSCOMB pressed her hand to her throat. She had guessed long ago that this would be the thing that eventually would trip Mrs. Duffy and the others. Now she was caught by it.

"The law of averages said the banks would make as many mistakes one way as another," the division chief explained, "so we concluded that whenever certain people in your room counted a bundle with a few extra dollars, or even a single extra dollar, they stole the surplus. So Mr. Frayne here was put on the job."

"He arranged to have special packages, which we had counted several times to eliminate any possibility of error, sent through your room. Each of these packages had extra bills in it. After they passed through the hands of the three women called from the room this afternoon, the extra bills were missing."

"What will you do with me—with them?" Ella faltered.

"We aren't prosecuting them. Thefts are too petty; and, after all, they are elderly women, and not too well paid. They're being discharged."

"As for you, Mrs. Lipscomb, we just wanted to ask you a question. Accidentally, one of those special packages came to your seat this afternoon. And it came out with an extra dollar in it. Where did that extra dollar come from?"

Ella smiled, and found she could stand erect again. "Maybe you made a mistake," she suggested. "The law of averages says that all of us will make one mistake in handling money."

"She's keeping company with a young man in the Secret Service. He makes thirty-two hundred. Maybe they'll get married soon"



Gloria Jean, the little girl from Scranton, Pa., who is being groomed to follow the Deanna Durbin footsteps. With her, Writer Grover Jones, who'll do her stories

Girl with a Voice By Susan Avery Jones



Being a star won't spoil Gloria Jean's sweetness and naturalness. The biggest thing in her life so far is the fact that she's met the great Deanna Durbin

THREE Wise Men were talking in a little restaurant on The Strip, a small body of land supporting the quaint and cockeyed offices of Hollywood's flesh peddlers—the agents. "The Strip's a lousy name," said Joe Pasternak, the first Wise Man. "Why don't they call it the Auction Block?" "When I was an undertaker's assistant up in 'Frisco," said Richard Wallace,

the second Wise Man. "I could tell you just how much embalming fluid you—" The diners at the next table got up and left.

"I ever show you my union cards?" asked Grover Jones, the third Wise Man. "I once belonged to the United Mine Workers, the Painters and Paperhangers and the I.A.T.S.E. I remember once—" The third speaker happens to be my husband, but at no time during this article will I be misled or confused by the misnomer Wise Man.

"Then you don't want to do my picture, huh?" said the producing Wise Man. "What picture?" came from the directing and writing Wise Men.

"The one I came in here to talk to you about."

"I hate children," said the writer. "They're good when you don't want company," put in the director. "I re-

member once I went to a fellow's house—"

"What's the story?" asked the writer. "It's by I. A. R. Wylie."

"Never heard of him."

"He's a she."

"Is, huh? . . . Women can't write."

"This one can. . . . She wrote your last picture," said the producer to the director.

"She did, huh? . . . What was my last picture? . . . Oh, yes, I remember now. . . . Say, last night I went to the ball game, and in the third inning—"

"I hate Hollywood mothers," grunted the writer.

"You'll like Mrs. Schoonover," said the producer.

"Who's she?"

"Gloria Jean's mother."

"Gloria Jean?"

"Yes—the child actress."

"Oh!" The writer lapsed into momen-

tary silence, then glanced at the director. "What happened in the third inning?"

Nobody met Gloria Jean and her mother at the train—nobody but Pasternak, a man from the publicity department and myself. When you're nobody, you're just nobody.

And there she was—a cherubic-faced, turned-eleven Cinderella. A trifle large for her age but quite graceful. Blue and twinkling eyes. Lovely reddish-brown hair, flecked with gold. She smiled when Pasternak introduced me as the wife of the man who was to write her first play.

"And where is he?" she asked. "He's home sharpening pencils." I informed her, "and, in all probability, is settling the world's problems with our pet parrot."

"Oh, have you got a parrot?" she inquired eagerly.

(Continued on page 30)



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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



America's **FOUR**



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FOURMOST

Years of World's Fairs

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 is characterized by a rare
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 are now so moderately priced
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The "Bond"
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PERVISION and the EMBLEM
 YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS



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Sigrid Gurie, star of the New Universal picture, "Rio", is...



...pictured getting the low-down on how paper is made. Many of the largest paper manufacturers are big...



...users of Sinclair lubricants to guard their costly machines against breakdowns. Your car is a costly machine, too. So why not take a tip from industry and...



...keep your car Sinclair lubricated. Your nearby Sinclair Dealer is featuring a special Sinclair-ize for Winter Service. It prepares your car for winter driving as its manufacturer recommends. Ask your Sinclair Dealer about his Sinclair-ize for Winter Service.

All or Nothing

Continued from page 13

first glance that she could be trusted completely.

"I don't see Wallace around," Basher said. "We'll just have to hang around."

"I'm going over to the girl," George said. "I'll see what she can tell me."

"You'll tip your mitt," Basher said. "She'll tell Wallace somebody's looking for him and then you'll chase him straight to the cops."

The girl looked too decent and straight to be mixed up with Wallace on this. She just had a job there. "I'll handle this," George said and went forward, leaving Basher behind him.

"Listen, sister," he said to the girl, "is the boss around? I'd like to see Mr. Wallace."

"He's not here," she said. The smile on her face as she looked at him was open and friendly.

"Well, when does he come around? Do you expect him soon?"

"I don't know," she said. "Mr. Wallace doesn't come here so much lately. He's not been feeling well lately, you see. Is it anything important?"

"Oh, no," George said, edging away. "I just wanted to say hello. I know some friends of his and they told me if I was ever staying in Coney to drop in and see him. But it's nothing important."

"Drop in again," she called out cheerfully. "Maybe you'll have better luck next time."

"Thanks, I will," he said. It surprised him to realize that he was somehow smiling too. He lost himself in the crowd, still feeling warm and good, but when Basher came up to him, he quickly dropped the smile from his face.

"We'll have to wait him out," the old man said. "I guess we better rent a room near by until he shows up."

George didn't answer and Basher, noticing it, kept quiet too. They went up the boardwalk along with the evening crowds. To their left, beyond the beach, lay the dark, constantly working mass of water, and they could hear the lonely hollow sounds of the bell buoys that lined the channel. But closer to them they felt the warmth that rose from the high-spirited throngs and from the

white radiance of the bright lights.

"A nice kid," Basher finally said. He looked carefully at the boy. "She's a fine-looking girl."

"Who?" George asked, frowning. "Who's a nice kid?"

"Never mind who," the old man said. The sheepish grin on his face made him look stupid. "You know who. You're no machine, George. You're human too, and you're young."

"You're crazy," George said. "What is this, the movies? Yes, I meet a beautiful dame and then she reforms me." He pushed Basher away from him. "Leave me alone," he said.

WALLACE'S place was on a corner plot and Basher was able to find a room directly across the side street, over a skee-ball alley on the boardwalk. It was convenient. From their window they had a clear view of the cafeteria and since it was open on both corner sides they would have been able to tell at once if Wallace came in. But the boss stayed away. Basher had to make trips into town to see Pulsey and on those times the boy was left alone. George would hardly be aware of the time as it passed. He would lie for hours, sprawled out over the bed, waiting for Wallace to appear and watching the girl in the cashier's booth.

The people below never stopped walking on the boardwalk, and as he heard the continuous clump-clump of their shoes on the wood he would let his mind fall into a sort of daydreaming haze from which it became hard to escape. With all those people around him, hearing their laughter and cries, George sometimes had moments when he felt alone, and then he remembered that he was only twenty, still a kid himself, and not so tough in spite of all the hard times he had gone through. At those moments he didn't feel so smart or so sure of himself.

It was funny about the girl in the cashier's booth downstairs. In his own way he thought a good deal of her. Looking at her all the time, he couldn't help it even though he realized it was



"Th' nickels an' dimes go in here!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

foolish. It got so that he knew everything about her—the chestnut color of her hair, her smooth, pink skin, the laughing look that always seemed to be in her eyes, the easy way she kidded the men who tried to get bright with her. Her name was Mary. He had even gone down to the place three or four times for a meal and had stopped to chat with her. He knew it would be safer for him to avoid the cafeteria altogether but he found himself willing to take the chance.

George was on the bed when Basher came in from one of his trips to see Pulsey. The boy rose to his feet and rubbed his eyes, pretending he had been asleep. He didn't want the old man to think he was lying around making up rosy dreams in his head about a girl he scarcely knew.

"It's getting monotonous," he complained. "I wish that guy would show up."

"Pulsey's getting impatient, too," Basher said. "He's more worried with every day that passes. He even brought in Whitey Hegel from Detroit. Now he don't call for guys like Hegel unless it's real serious." The old man sat down on the bed, still wearing his hat. He looked down at the floor. "George," he said, "Pulsey wants action fast. He says you got to fix Wallace tonight."

"How?" George asked. "We can't find this guy. We got to wait."

BASHER didn't take his eyes off the floor. He had to say it. "He's got a home, you know. He's got to have some place to live." He paused. "Pulsey says the cashier girl must know the address. He says you could find out from her."

"I know all that," George said impatiently, "but I like it better to wait. What's the girl got to do with it? She's a decent, respectable kid."

"All right," Basher said, "but I'm not telling you. Pulsey's telling you. You work for him, you know."

George turned his back, putting his hands into his pockets and staring out the window.

"See," Basher began softly from the bed, "if it was different with you, you could strike up a real friendship with that girl. You like her. I know. If you didn't have your head full of this million-dollar boloney, you could make a date with a girl like her—take her out and have a good time just like all these other kids out here. You could have fine sociable evenings together."

"Lay off," George snapped, flaring up. He turned around and faced him. "Don't hand that out to me. I kicked around long enough to know what I want and what I'm doing. All right, I'll take chances working for Pulsey and it's a dirty, crooked life. I know. But I'll make some dough for myself. You won't see me taking anybody out for a five-cent good time at Coney Island. I'm not going—" He broke off. "Ah, nuts," he said. "Nuts. What am I talking to you for? What do you know?"

"You're arguing with yourself, kid," Basher said quietly. "You're trying to talk it into yourself. You're smarter than you sound. You know better."

George looked at him for a moment, not knowing what to say. Suddenly he grabbed his hat and coat and ran down the steps to the street. He was angry at Basher and at himself too, and he was determined to find Wallace that night and get through with the job. But when he felt the cool air blowing from the ocean on his face, he had to stop and wonder how to go ahead. He could easily work some trick that would send Mary to Wallace's home and then he could follow her there, but he knew it was rotten to make her take the risks. If a gunman like Whitey Hegel went looking for Wallace and found the two of them together, there was no guar-

antee that the bullets wouldn't stray.

Oh, hell, George thought. What was this girl to him anyway? He didn't even know her. What was the matter with him? Pulsey wanted Wallace out of the way by that night and that was all there was to it. George made up his mind. He went down to the corner drugstore and got the cashier on the phone.

"I'm talking for the boss, Mary," he said. "Wallace wants to see the books right away. He wants you to bring them over."

The girl hesitated at the other end of the wire. "Are you sure?" she asked. "It's very unusual. I seldom go to his house."

"Yes, I know," George said. "He's leaving town, see. He's in a hurry."

"Oh, all right," she answered. "I'll start in a minute."

George went up the street again so that he could keep his eye on her, and when she left the cafeteria he followed a short distance behind. She led him directly away from the beach, toward Gravesend Bay, and went into a rooming house. She was inside only five minutes or so and then he saw her leave again. He waited until she was well out of sight and then went up to the rooming house.

An old woman sat rocking by herself on the porch.

"Lady," George said, "where does Mr. Wallace live? Could you tell me what room he's in?"

The woman took time to scratch her chin. "Are you a friend of his?" she asked. "Do you know him?"

"Yes, I'm his cousin."

"Good," she said. "Go up and see him then. He needs company. Take him for a walk maybe. He never goes any place." She kept on talking but George finally got the room number from her and went up.

He knocked on the door and after a moment a thin, nervous voice inside the room called, "Well? Well?"

"Open up, Wallace," George said. "It won't help to stall, come on and open."

HE WAITED until he heard the lock turn and then he pushed his way in. Wallace was a skinny, middle-aged man in his shirt sleeves, looking sick and wretched with his troubles.

"I knew it," he moaned. "I knew it the minute the girl came in with the fake phone call. Pulsey sent you, didn't he? Pulsey told you to come here?"

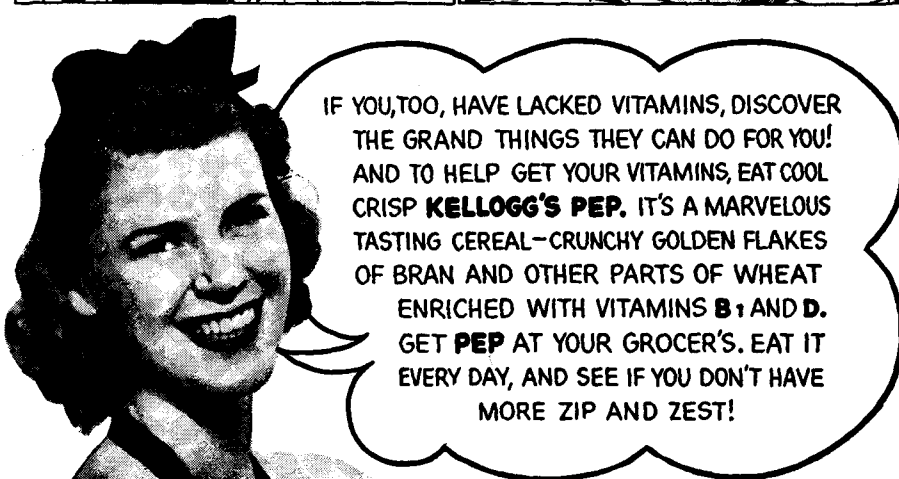
"Never mind Pulsey," George said. "What are you staying here for? Are you waiting for the cops to come and get you? Time's passing. You've got to blow—get away out of town. The farther you go from New York, the better we'll like it."

"I can't run away. See how it is for yourself. I got to make my living. I can't let the cafeteria go. It's a crazy puzzle, the whole rotten business. What good does it do if I run away? The police won't give me rest. They'll drive me every place I go. And if I stay here to watch my business, Pulsey gets after me with thugs and strong-arm men. I'm going out of my head."

"Blow," George repeated coldly. "What am I supposed to do? Break down and cry? Get away quick."

"I can't! Listen! Have a heart! I'm not a gangster like Pulsey. Just look at me. I went in with Pulsey by mistake and now all I want is to get out for good. Listen, I'm a family man. I got a wife and three kids." He was begging desperately. As he saw George remain motionless before his pleadings, he took heart and came close to him. He touched George at the elbow. "You're a young man, a boy yourself," he said. "You got a heart in you. You're no cutthroat. Put yourself in my place. What can I do?"

George roused himself. Still looking at the earnest face of the skinny man,



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Roll Roughshod

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MUDHOUND



DARWIN



BELMAR

WALK-OVER

he made himself bring his arm up and slam him with his open palm, sending him halfway across the room. Wallace stared at him, too startled and terror-stricken to think of shielding himself.

"Listen," he fumbled in panic. "You can't do this. It's not right to treat a person like that. Listen, we're all human beings together. We can't act like wild animals. Listen—"

George cut him short, unable to hear any more. Without uttering a word, he forced himself to go after him, cracking him on the face and head with his open hands. He had to do it. That was what he was getting paid for. He hit the little man without pity and he didn't stop until he slumped to the floor.

"Well?" George panted, bending over him. "Are you leaving town or do you want more?"

"All right," Wallace said, and his voice was now altogether dead and empty with despair.

HE MADE his way back toward the beach, feeling loaded down by guilt. He tried to shake the heavy weight from him by telling himself he was no Boy Scout hero; but it did no good. . . .

He found Basher waiting for him down in the street.

"How did it go, George?" the old man asked him. "Did you find him?"

"I found him. It's all finished now. He's getting out of town in an hour. Listen," he said and gave Basher the address of the rooming house. "Go there in an hour and check up on him so we'll know he really left. We'll see Pulsey tonight and get paid off. I want to finish this up tonight."

Basher nodded but didn't speak. He started to go back to their room, expecting George to go with him, but the boy swung away to cross the street. "Where are you going?" the old man asked.

"I'm getting a cup of coffee," George mumbled.

"Got a bad taste in the mouth?" Basher asked. "You don't like it when you see it close up?"

"Oh, go to hell," George muttered over his shoulder. "Go to hell and lay off me." He walked rapidly to the cafeteria, eager to get rid of the sight of Basher and wanting, too, to see Mary again even though he knew it would be only for a few minutes longer now.

The girl nodded to him when he entered but he couldn't bring himself to go up to her. A person like him had no business talking to a decent girl. He got some doughnuts and coffee at the counter and ate by himself, standing up at one of those tall tables they had in the place.

"You're very mysterious," she said, smiling. She had come up quietly, catching him by surprise. "You come and go and you never have much to say. You must be some movie star in disguise, I bet."

He looked at her for a while. The way he felt he couldn't think of anything bright to say but he tried to smile. "That's right. You guessed it, Mary," he finally said. "I'm Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in disguise."

She laughed and began moving away. "Wait a minute," he said and she turned back.

"What?"

"Say, listen," George began. "Listen, Mary, could you get the evening off? We might go out together tonight." He stopped. He hadn't meant to ask her—but the words had somehow slipped out by themselves.

She was laughing gently. "You're very bashful," she said. "Looks certainly are deceiving!"

"Well, what do you say?" he asked. "Can you make it?"

"I really shouldn't. I hardly know you, but all right. Look, Mr. Wallace called up. I have to go to his house right now

but I think I can get away for the evening when I come back. Suppose you meet me here in a half-hour, say?"

"Okay," George said. "That'll be fine. I'll certainly be here all right."

When she left, he couldn't bother to finish his coffee. He began to feel good, even a little lighthearted for a change, and he forgot about Wallace and Pulsey. As he ran up the stairs to the room he shared with Basher, he took his coat off and started unbuttoning his shirt so that he would lose less time getting ready to go out that night. But when he opened the door, he found Basher sitting on the bed, his face glum. There was a new man standing in the room. He had a thin, heavily lined face that seemed lifeless in color. When George closed the door, the man smirked at him by way of greeting.

"I was waiting for you," he said.

George stared. "Who's this?" he asked Basher.

"Hegel," the old man said. "Whitey Hegel."

"We don't need you," George said to the newcomer. "That's all over. Wallace is leaving town tonight, right now."

"Too late," Hegel said. "They put Pulsey in jail again. They got cops waiting to pick Wallace up at Grand Central, Penn Station, every place. We got to stop him first."

"What 'we'?" Basher asked. "The kid stays out of this. You stop Wallace by yourself, Whitey."

The gunman ignored Basher altogether but kept his eyes on George. "We're shorthanded," he said smoothly. "This old lunkhead is worse than useless. Pulsey says there's an extra two hundred bucks in it for you. What do you say? If you're smart, you'll come along."

Basher watched the boy's face. "You stay out," he told him. "You did your part. It was dirty enough but now you're through."

"Two hundred bucks, kid," Hegel said. "Two hundred bucks."

George slowly put his coat on again. "Sure," he said coolly. "Why not?"

Basher leaped off the bed and grabbed the boy by the shoulders. "It's murder, you dumb kid!" he cried. "Get that through your head. You go with Hegel, it's to kill!"

"Come on," Hegel said. "We got no time to lose."

George pushed away from the old man and then brought his fist up. Basher went stumbling backward until he struck the bed and fell down. In the silence that followed, the old man raised himself on one elbow and felt his mouth where George had hit him.

"You're rotten, George," he said quietly. "I thought you were a good kid going wrong, but you haven't got a decent streak in you!"

George slammed the door and followed Hegel down the steps.

THE farther they walked away from the beach the more deserted the streets grew.

"Perfect," Hegel said. "We get Wallace when he comes out on the street. Then we beat it back to the boardwalk and get lost in the mob. They'll never be able to pick us up there. It's a cinch."

"Sure," George said, "unless Wallace had time to get away already."

"He's not getting away," Hegel said. "Come on."

"We can wait here for him," George said and the gunman stopped. They had come to the cut where the Norton's Point trolley ran. It was called Railroad Street but it really was a dark alley between the houses and it served as a good spot for them to hide. From where they stood, George could see the boardinghouse clearly. There was a yellow light shining over the porch and he noticed the old woman was still

rocking there by herself. Time passed. "He's gone," George said. "We're waiting for nothing. We're too late. Let's give it up."

"Wait," Hegel said. "There's somebody coming out."

The screen door of the boardinghouse opened. It was Mary, not Wallace. George cursed under his breath. He couldn't wait for her to get off the porch and leave alone, but she remained there in the yellow light. Unaware of the danger she was in, she was chatting easily with the old woman. George began to perspire but the girl, less than a half block away, seemed as though she would never move. The pause lengthened and grew strained. Then the door opened again and Wallace came out to join her. The two walked down the steps together to the sidewalk and went up the street.

"All right," Hegel whispered. "We cross over and go to them."

"Hold it," George said. "There's a girl with him."

"So what? I can't worry my head over her."

He put his hand into his coat pocket to get his revolver ready but his fingers never reached the gun. George hit him flush on the jaw. It was a short blow, moving in a small arc, but the gunman's knees caved in and he slid to the ground. George bent over him to get the gun out of his pocket and he held it in his hand as he watched the two on the other side of the street go past him. At the corner Wallace turned left, on his way to the subway station, and Mary went on ahead, returning to the cafeteria. Then George took a few steps to the sewer,

dropped the gun through the grate and went back to the thug. He was stirring. "Beat it," George told him. "Get out of here before I crack you open."

HE FOUND Basher still lying on the bed when he got back to the room. As he took off his shirt and washed, he broke out into a whistle.

Basher looked at him in wonder.

"It's rotten," the old man said dully. "I really had a kind of liking for you, George. I figured you out for a good kid. You got no heart in you at all."

George threw the towel into the wash basin and picked up a clean shirt. "Don't mope," he sang out. "Nothing happened to Wallace. The cops'll have him soon enough." As he finished dressing, he told the old man how it happened. "I had to go with Hegel," he explained, "and it wasn't the two hundred bucks either. I knew Mary was with Wallace to bring him some money. I hoped they'd be gone by the time we got there, but the way it turned out I had to be there to take care of Hegel myself. I'm through with all that, Basher," he said. "I had all I want out of Pulsey and his kind. I'm getting out for good."

Basher was sitting up on the bed, a broad, happy smile on his seamy face now that he understood. "What about those easy millions, kid?" he asked. "How about the easy money?"

At the door George paused to blow a kiss. "I kiss it all goodbye," he told the old man as he left. "They can keep it. I don't want it."

He had a date. He was going to see the Coney Island sights with a pretty girl on his arm and he was in a hurry.

People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

1—The Conductor

This Backward Man, this View Obstructor

Is known to us as the CONDUCTOR

He beats the time with grace and vim

And sometimes they keep up with him.

But though they're eloquent and snappy

Conductors always seem unhappy.

Their strange grimaces on the podium

Suggest bicarbonate of sodium, May be, perhaps, the proper diet

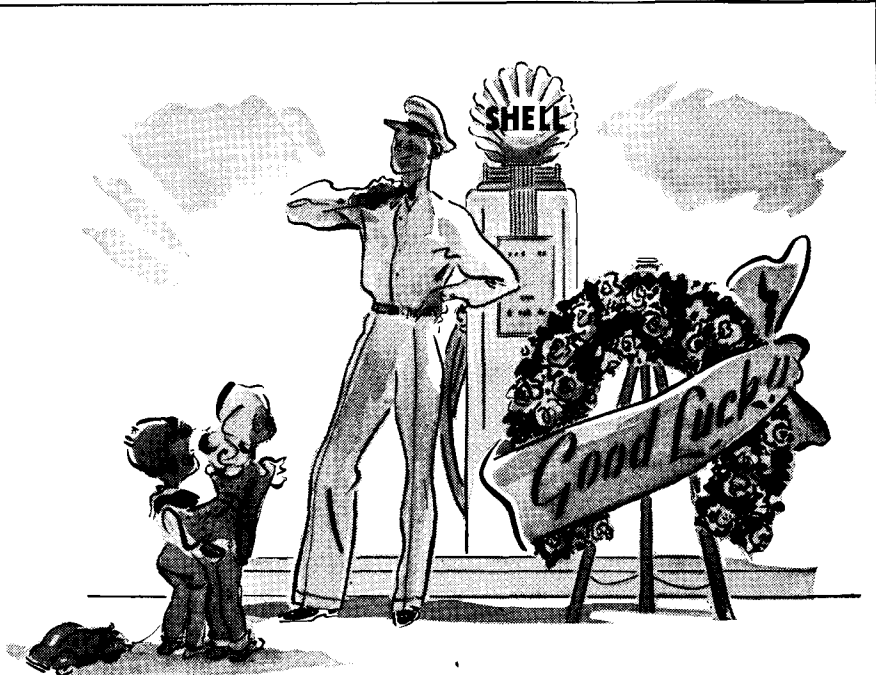
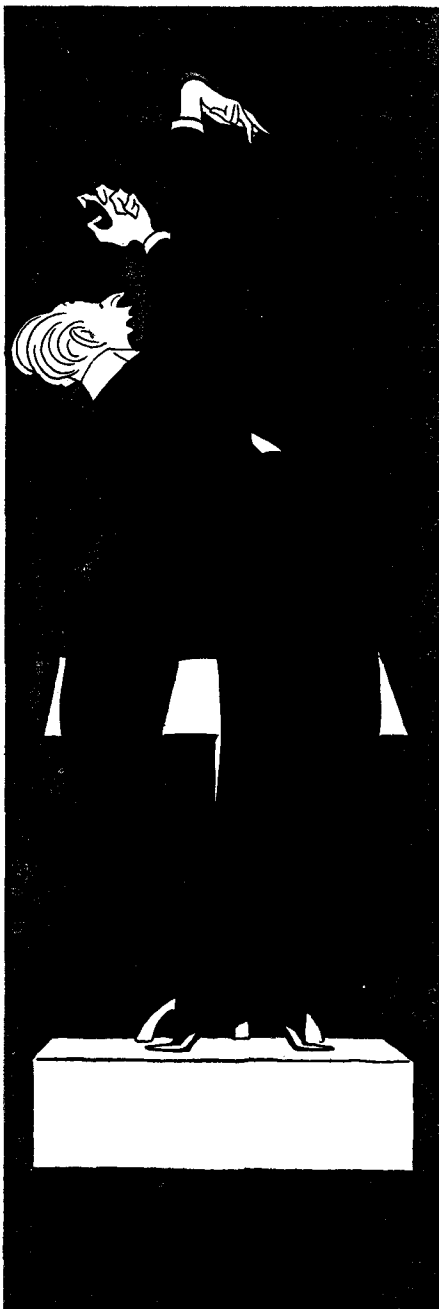
To keep their inner fires quiet. They have to think up countless capers

To keep them in the daily papers

Which help them in financial strictures

Or fit them for the motion pictures.

Conductors worry all the while That's why they bow, but never smile.



"It was Openin' Day"

Well, I opened my new Shell station at the corner of 6th and Main yesterday. Sure was a gala occasion.

If I say so myself, I cut a mighty handsome figure in my new uniform. It was a fine day, the sun glintin' on those brand-new pumps, an' that good-luck horseshoe of roses right out where everybody could see it. Maybe you don't think I was proud!

Then I started waiting for business to come in. I waited. *And* waited. Nine-ten-eleven o'clock—nobody came near me! I fidgeted an' polished things an' nearly went nuts.

Then all of a sudden they *came*. An' how—big cars an' little cars—new ones, old ones—for five straight hours I pumped gas, drained oil, wiped windshields, did grease jobs, an' cleaned the rest rooms between times. But I *still* was uneasy about *something*.

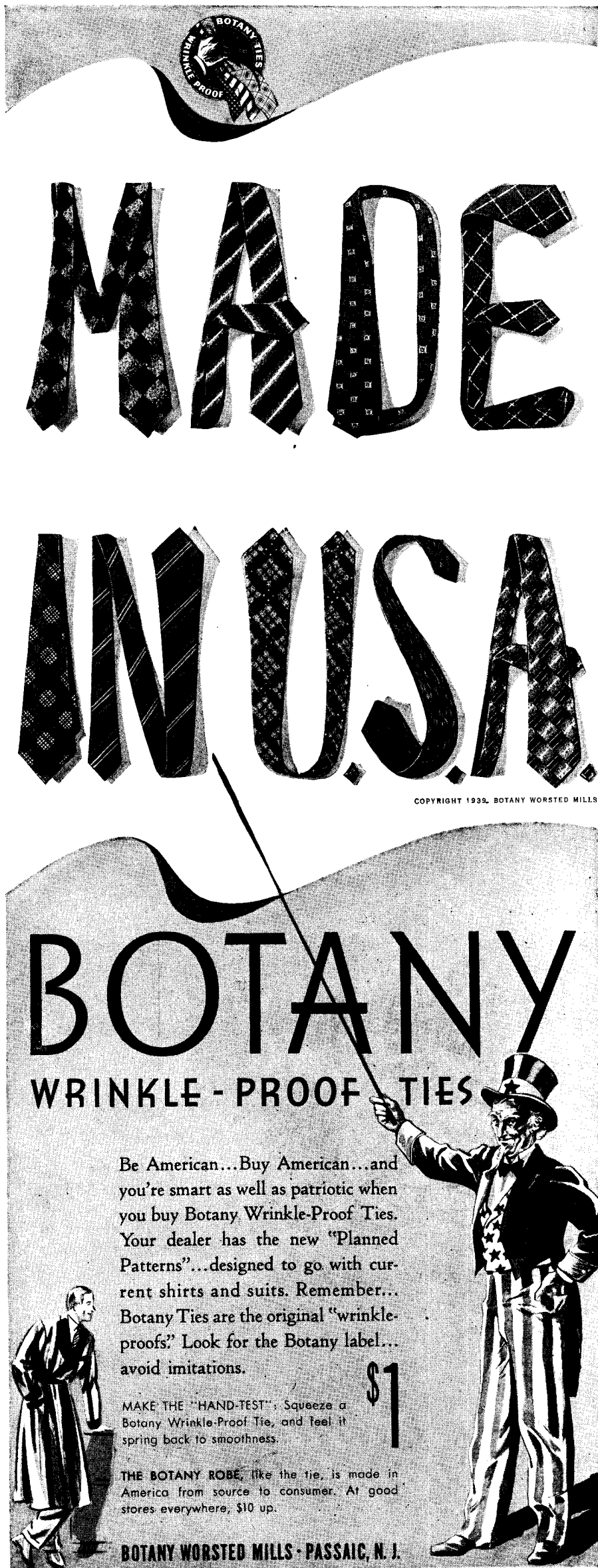
When the end of the day came, the horseshoe had wilted—my shirt was greasy an' I'd lost my cap. And, brother, I was *happy*—almost. I just couldn't *help* but feel I'd overlooked an important detail.

An' then, on my way home with my lunch box tucked under my arm, I suddenly remembered—I'd forgotten my *sales talk*!

I cured that though—50 times before I went to bed I wrote: "Golden Shell Oil is *fast-flowin'* an' *tough-bodied* an' a swell buy at 25¢ a quart." I'll never forget *that* again!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer



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Be American...Buy American...and you're smart as well as patriotic when you buy Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties. Your dealer has the new "Planned Patterns"...designed to go with current shirts and suits. Remember... Botany Ties are the original "wrinkle-proofs." Look for the Botany label... avoid imitations.

MAKE THE "HAND-TEST": Squeeze a Botany Wrinkle-Proof Tie, and feel it spring back to smoothness.

THE BOTANY ROBE, like the tie, is made in America from source to consumer. At good stores everywhere, \$10 up.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS - PASSAIC, N. J.

OTHER BOTANY PRODUCTS: SHIRTS, MUFFLERS, KNITTING YARNS, MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS

Girl with a Voice

Continued from page 22

"Yes, and three deer," I said. "Twenty-one dogs—birds—fish. Would you like to come to my home first, before you go out to the studio?"

Both Mrs. Schoonover and Gloria Jean would. I saw the publicity man's eyes brighten and knew he had a story: "Universal's new child star lives at writer's home so that writer can study her while he is creating that spectacular, that colossal—"... But I also knew the writer didn't even have an idea. If he had, why were his nails bitten short, and why was he always throwing rocks at the barking dogs?

Pasternak quickly assented. He embraced the child and walked away with the publicity man. I watched the little fellow get in his car and felt a glow of admiration creeping through my body. If Gloria Jean developed into a star, then the first credit must go to him. It was he who took Deanna Durbin, when a much more powerful company discarded her, and built her into one of film's greatest "box-office draws." He sensed she had it—and she did.

A Little Girl Talks

Gloria Jean, her mother and I sat in our barbecue, eating hamburgers. We had just returned from the studio and Gloria was flushed with excitement. ... The third Wise Man was in his office trying to put a caster on his desk chair.

"Well, Gloria," I asked, "how do you feel about the studio now?"

"I think Deanna Durbin's marvelous!"

I smiled. "And when you met her?"

"I had the funniest feeling. I didn't know what to say. So I just said, 'Gee, you're beautiful!' And she said, 'Thank you, dear.'"

"And then what happened?"

"Nothing. We just stood there and smiled at each other."

"Did you ever think you might be in the movies yourself?"

"Yes," returned Gloria frankly. "That's all I've thought about ever since I can remember. Mother used to say, 'If you'll study hard, maybe some day you'll be another Deanna Durbin.' So I studied hard."

"What are your favorite pieces?"

"Operatic. The Bell Song, from Lakme. The Last Rose of Summer. Really, I've lots of songs."

"Do you know your voice range?"

"Coloratura soprano."

"Do you like to read?"

"No."

"And your hobbies?"

"Horseback riding and swimming—but you can swim for nothing."

"Do you like to draw or paint?"

"I like to, but I can't—not very good, I mean."

"Do you play the piano?"

"A little—by ear. I compose little songs, sometimes. Not write 'em down, you know—I just remember 'em. Did mother tell you I was born in Buffalo, New York; did she tell you that?"

"I thought you came from Scranton, Pennsylvania?"

"We moved to Scranton when Gloria was six months old," said Mrs. Schoonover.

"Isn't that a mining town?"

"Yes, it is."

"Does Mr. Schoonover—?"

"No; he's a piano salesman."

"But he can't play a note," added Gloria Jean.

"Nor sing?"

"You should hear him."

Daughter and mother laughed.

"I sang in church," said Mrs. Schoonover. "And Gloria's Uncle Jack is a

professional bass singer. About all the music in our family, I guess."

"I've got lots of uncles," grinned Gloria Jean.

The third Wise Man sat at his desk writing.

PIP-EMMA

(Dives into her bag and comes up with photographs of her family)

My Uncles... I got gobs of 'em... This is Uncle Ed. He's with the circus.

CECELIA

A lion tamer?

PIP-EMMA

No—he just cleans out the cages... And here's Uncle Dan. And George. And Elmer. And Mike. And Uncle Jack. He's a mounted policeman. See that badge? He saved some people. And here's a picture of my Pop, right after he came out of the war.

"It was her Uncle Jack who discovered she had talent," said Mrs. Schoonover. "She was actually humming when she was only fifteen months old. He used to take her on his knee and sing different songs to her. When she was three and a half, he started to train her. She was on the stage in Scranton—local theaters, you know—and she became very well known on the radio."

"WGIB and WOAN," added Gloria. "You ever hear of 'em?"

"One day she was introduced to Paul Whiteman," continued her mother. "He wanted her to go on NBC. I was very happy about it until I was told she would have to make a tour, and then I just couldn't stand the idea of allowing her to go away from home. It didn't seem right for a child so young. You know what I mean?"

"You know what I like best?" asked Gloria Jean. "Ice cream. Walnuts are second. Did you ever turn a faucet on real hard to see how much water'll come out? Mom says a person is crazy who does things like that."

"Well, I don't know about the crazy part of it," I said, "but I've got a husband who does that very thing—only he forgets to shut it off."

"What kind of girl will I be in the story, do you think?"

"I'll find out," I replied. I picked up the house phone and called the third Wise Man. "Gloria Jean wants to know what kind of girl she'll be in the picture."

"Say!" growled the voice on the phone. "That damn' caster fell off again!"

Talent to Spare

Mr. Pasternak paced up and down in his office. He was talking about Deanna Durbin and her director, Henry Koster. The latter, a bespectacled and quiet-mannered young man, sat in one corner of the room. I sat opposite.

"Henry and I had an idea about doing pictures with young people, but getting the talent was the problem. Then we saw a test of two girls—Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin. We found we could get Deanna. We made a test of her. It was terrible—and we were broken-hearted. She was scared stiff. But Henry, here, has patience. He rehearsed her every day for a week, then we shot the test over. It was so good the company let us make the picture."

"And now you're starting out with Gloria Jean. Where did you find her?"

"In New York."

"You went there in search of a girl?"

"No—a vacation. I didn't want to see anyone or do any work. I did feel, how-

ever, that since Deanna was becoming a young lady, we might be able to duplicate what we had done with her with another little girl.

"Gloria Jean was brought to my hotel. I heard her sing and she impressed me with her simplicity. Obviously, she had been well-disciplined and controlled by her mother. You know, that is very important for any child who is to have a career.

"I believe that a child should depend upon her natural talents, but in the matter of singing, well, that's another problem entirely. It definitely calls for training. My ambition is to make Gloria Jean live her parts, not act them. She has a wonderful musical ear and is becoming adjusted to playbacks, which, as you know, are the hardest things for a beginner. Fortunately for us, Gloria wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth. This invariably gives plus values to the emotional qualities of any talented person."

White Slippers for Luck

The day of production begins on *The Underpup*: A set that duplicates a small New York church. Forty or fifty child singers intently watching the antics of Charles Previn, the musical director. Electricians pushing huge sun arcs across the stage. The set dressers scurrying about, adding a touch here, a touch there. Cameras rolling into position. A babel of many voices.

In a darkened corner sits Gloria Jean with her mother. I notice that she is unusually calm. She is humming the hymn that is soon to find its way to the film.

"Good morning," she smiles. "This is fun, isn't it?"

I nod.

"And you're not nervous—or anything?"

"Nope. You know why? I'm wearing my white slippers. When I wear white slippers I'm not afraid to do anything. Am I, Mother?"

Mrs. Schoonover smiled.

"Silly, but true. She won't take a lesson without wearing her white slippers. You see, she was wearing white slippers when Mr. Pasternak found her. Children are funny, aren't they?"

Over in another corner the three Wise Men are in a huddle.

"But there shouldn't be any boys in this thing," growls the writing Wise Man. "We set out to tell a story about girls."

"But these two kids, they're great!" comes from the enthusiastic producer. "They came in while Wallace and I were picking types. One plays a bull fiddle and the other an accordion. They'll kill 'em."

"But how in the hell—"

Wallace puts an arm around the writer. Together they look like the *World's Fair* trylon and perisphere.

"You go home and write some spot scenes for 'em. Even if we only use 'em to cut to, they're good for laughs."

"Okay," grumbles the writer. "But I'll bet you all the tea in China you're lousing the show."

But these kids turned out to be the surprise hit of the picture.

And so I leave little Gloria Jean to her career. The critics tell us her first picture is a smash. The child is deserving of success, because she's got what it takes. She's human and believable. True emotions and a voice that squeezes your heart and holds it ever so tight. That little bulge in her throat, so easily mistaken for a double chin: it puffs and quivers just like a bird's throat when it sings. Those funny little saw teeth which any producer not possessing the wisdom of a Pasternak would have hidden from the public's view with perfectly made jackets. Keen thinking ability. A natural sense of dramatic balance. An inherent sweetness, properly tempered with the common idiosyncrasies of youth . . . Gloria Jean Schoonover is most certainly not destined to be a "stick-candy actress."

Once more the three Wise Men meet. This time to discuss a second picture for the new star. The first Wise Man has taken off his belt and is showing it to the other two.

"I used to get fifty cents a gross for polishing these. Know how you do it? Put some spit on your thumb—like this. And then you do this."

"I buried a fellow once," says the second Wise Man, "that wore a belt twice that big. I remember once—"

"I gotta go home," says the third Wise Man. He holds up a bandaged hand. "Have to re-dress my mitt. Busted it trying to fix a caster on my desk chair."

"Every guest of mine is entitled to choose Wine"

says **BOAKE CARTER**



Wartime flier, world traveler, author, artist, daily newspaper columnist and outstanding radio news editorialist . . . prodigious Boake Carter leads a full life. Naturally he plays host to many of our most active people, and he likes to gratify their preferences

"Many people put in such strenuous days they need to unbend and refresh themselves. I find these the very ones who prefer moderate relaxation"

"I like my friends to drop in at my house often," Boake Carter says, "and I know how it is with them—I myself like to be moderate when I relax. I offer every guest a choice of beverages and find that a great many today would rather take wine."

Have you noticed it lately? More and more hosts, before dinner, give their guests a choice which includes glasses (cocktail size) of amber Sherry.

Hostesses, too, enjoy the praise they hear for the delicious Hock or piquant Claret they serve nowadays with the main dinner course.

And in the evening, they like the cheers they get when they set out cheese or sweet cakes with small glasses of rich flavored, fragrant Muscatel.

Famous hosts believe they know *why* so many people now prefer wine. Folks like to sip wine slowly—rather than to bolt it down. It's part of gracious, leisurely evenings when people really enjoy themselves.

Try doing as Boake Carter does. Next time you entertain, give everyone an opportunity to choose wine. You will notice it flatters your most important guests.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO SERVE WINE

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table wines*: (2) Wines for use with desserts or with refreshments, called *sweet wines*.

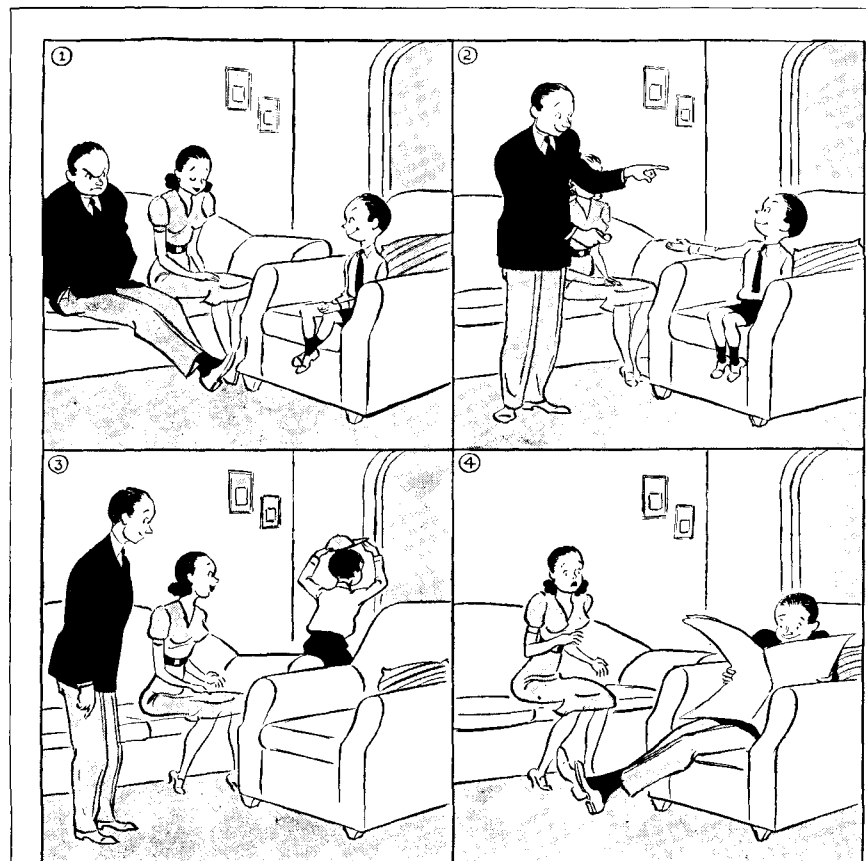
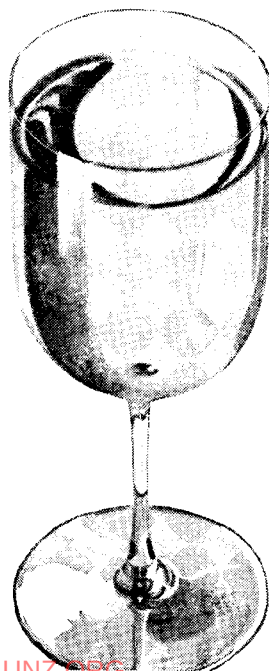
A much enjoyed white "table" wine is Hock, especially light, delicate of flavor. Offer Hock with meals in servings half the size of a water goblet.

A popular "sweet" wine is Muscatel, rich in flavor, full-bodied. Serve in small glasses with desserts or any time in the afternoon or evening.

The Wines of California: Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. Each is true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.



This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco



BEN ROTH

A Man of Parts

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

Joe Brazeal was mighty cocky.
But Cap'n Ned was wise. So when
Joe kissed the captain's wife—

WHEN that sudden gale caught the Mary Harvey with every stitch set a quarter mile off Cat Island and turned her topside downside, Uncle Willie Clogg, although he owned a piece of the schooner and would suffer by her loss, felt a pious satisfaction. For Joe Brazeal had been in the cabin at the time of the catastrophe. Counting noses in the longboat afterward, sure that only the mate was missing, Uncle Willie said briefly:

"Well, we c'n do 'ithout him, I'd say." They were all rowing hard, fighting to reach Cat Island. "Give her a good h'ist!" he adjured them. "He's gone, let him go, say I!"

Cap'n Ned Harvey lay there unconscious at his feet; but the Cap'n was all right, nought but a crack on the noggin! Everyone was all right except Joe Brazeal. Uncle Willie felt a secret gratification in the fact that it was indirectly he himself who had sent the mate below to his death. For Joe Brazeal that day had indigestion—and Uncle Willie was the cook aboard the Mary Harvey.

He tugged at his oar with a fervent vigor, and spat down-wird, and reflected virtuously: "He'd ought to know bet-

ter'n to git the cook down on him! Serves him right, I'd say." He felt himself an instrument of just vengeance, and was pleased. Then something moved under his boot heel and he looked down and saw that he was bracing his foot on Cap'n Ned's hand and that the skipper, coming back to consciousness, was trying to pull that hand free. Uncle Willie shifted his foot. He would be glad when Cap'n Ned came to. He had good news for the skipper; this news that the mate was dead, and so could not make love to Mary Harvey any more.

About them howled the gale. They came at last laboriously into the lee of Cat Island and so safe to shore.

CAP'N NED HARVEY was a man of parts. His two-topmast schooner, called the Mary Harvey after his wife, was manned by Port men, who had each a share in the schooner, and who trusted Cap'n Ned. He was a straightforward, simple, calmly single-minded individual; and he had been generally conceded to be a real sensible man till he married Mary Tribner.

Mary was years the younger, and in her teens she used to watch Cap'n Ned go to and fro about the Port with shy awe; till one day he saw that she had come suddenly to womanhood—and that her eyes were big upon him passing by. Nothing so wins a man as to discover that he is beloved; and as for Mary, she needed no wooing, being already won.

When they were to be married, Uncle Willie—he had been cook on Cap'n Ned Harvey's schooner for many a year, and so was privileged—told the Skipper that he was making a mistake.

"Mary's cute as Christmas, sure she is," he conceded. "But, Cap'n, there ain't any cuteness in you. She's as pretty and perky as a pansy; but you ain't much to look at. She likes dancing and such goings on. You can't dance any more than a pile driver. She's nineteen and yo're thirty-four. Ain't that reasons enough for you?"

But Cap'n Ned said mildly: "You'd think straighter if your head wa'n't all cluttered up with outside rubbish, Uncle Willie. Looks like we'll make out together."

"What's she going to be doing, with you off t'sea eight-ten months out of every year, and her t'home alone?"

And Cap'n Ned smiled and said: "If I'm as lumbbersome as you say—why then she'll be full as well pleased to get shet of me for a spell now and then. And all the more glad to have me for a change when I come home."

So they were married; and Cap'n Ned Harvey took Mary to the house that had been his father's and his grandfather's, and gave it into her charge. But for himself, he kept the sea.

UNCLE WILLIE was not alone in predicting trouble to come. Aunt Sade, his wife, for once agreed with him; and she made it her business to go often to the Cap'n's house to keep an eye on developments. She always came in through the kitchen. "I'm just back-door company," she used to tell Mary. "Don't pay any heed to me!" Her eye was sharp, and there was never a fleck of dust neglected on the old mahogany that she did not see—and mention; but Mary, with only the big empty house to tend while Cap'n Harvey was away, was glad even of critical company. At first

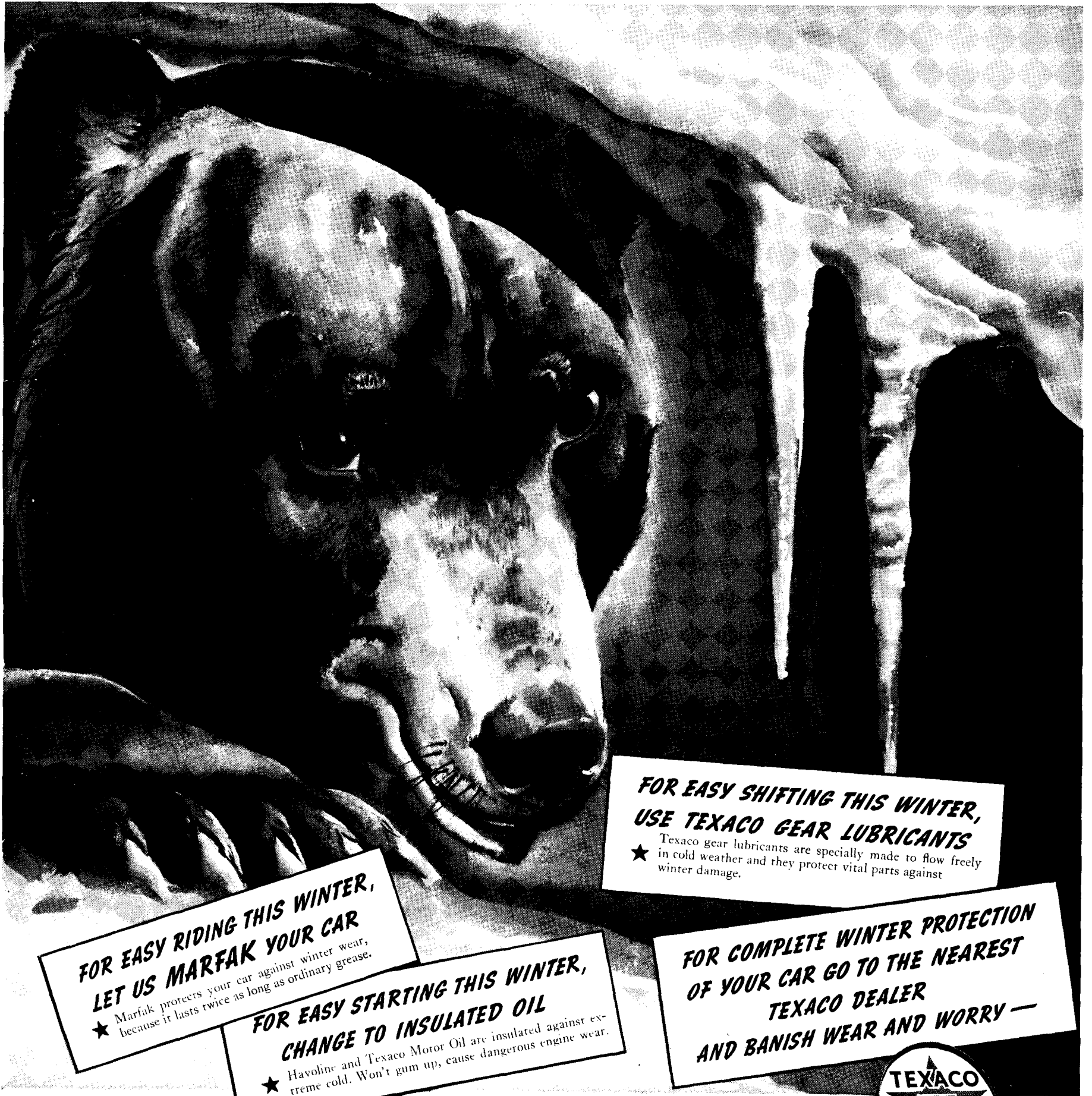
(Continued on page 59)

Joe Brazeal spoke curtly: "Be you the mate? Or am I? The more she blows, the quicker we'll come home. Let her blow!"



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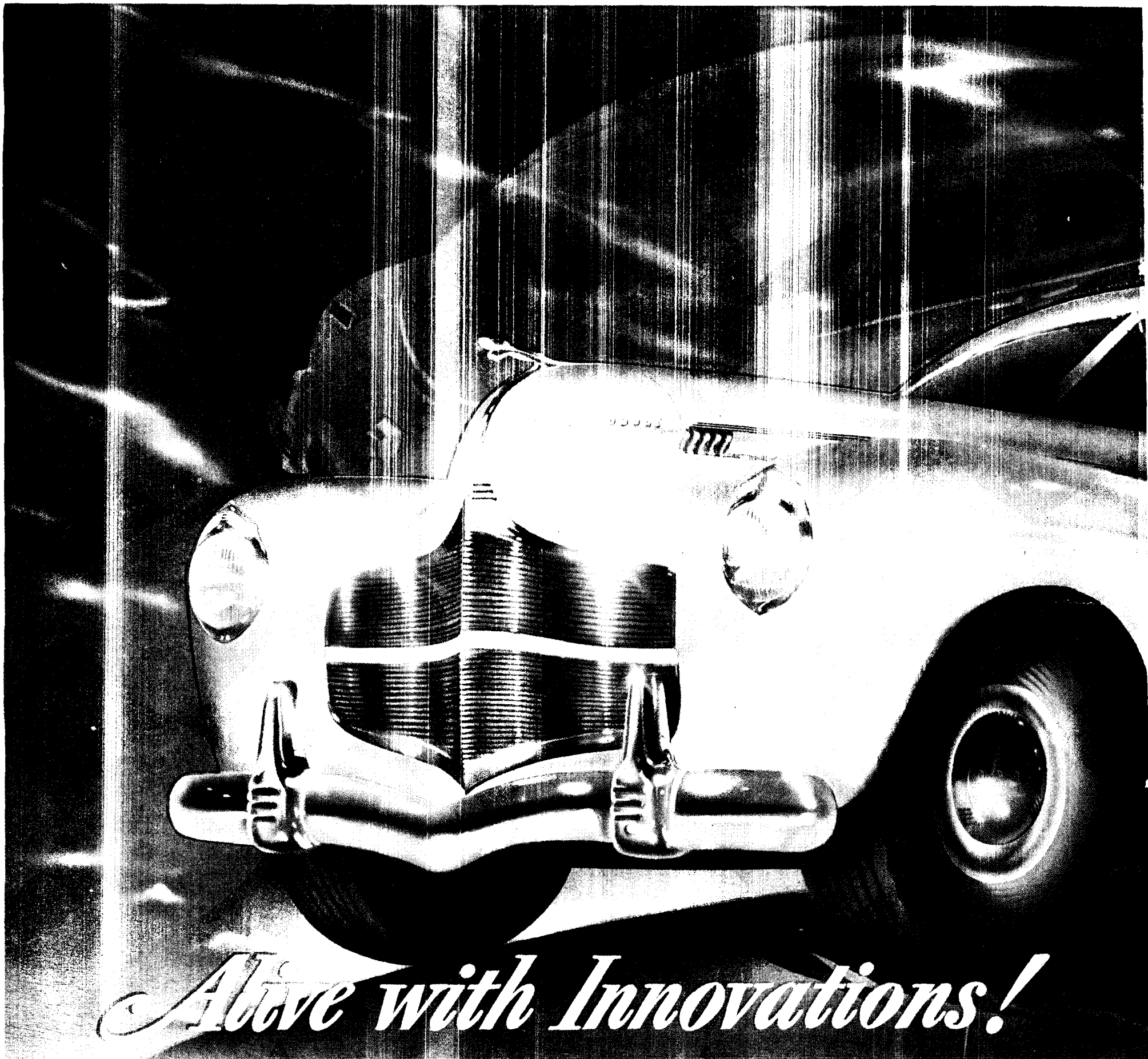
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1940 DODGE *with NEW*

FORGET all your previous ideas about car values! Put aside all former notions of beauty, new ideas, brilliant performance, economy! For here, in the 1940 Luxury Liner, is the most impressive combination of *all* of these that Dodge has ever produced!

This magnificent Dodge is a brand-new car in every way! It's even bigger and roomier than last year... with a new kind of beauty outside and more gorgeous appointments inside than you ever saw in a car at anywhere near the price!

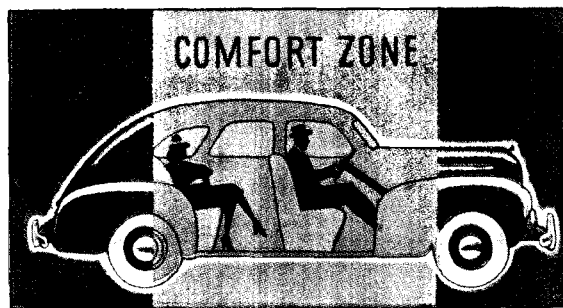
On top of this, Dodge offers one of the greatest engineering advances of the past 25 years. It's the new *Full-Floating Ride*—now made possible for the first time in a low-priced car! Read details at right!

But words can't tell the story of the 1940 Dodge. Go to your Dodge dealer *today* and get all the facts first-hand. And remember, this new 1940 Luxury Liner still costs only a few dollars more than a small car!

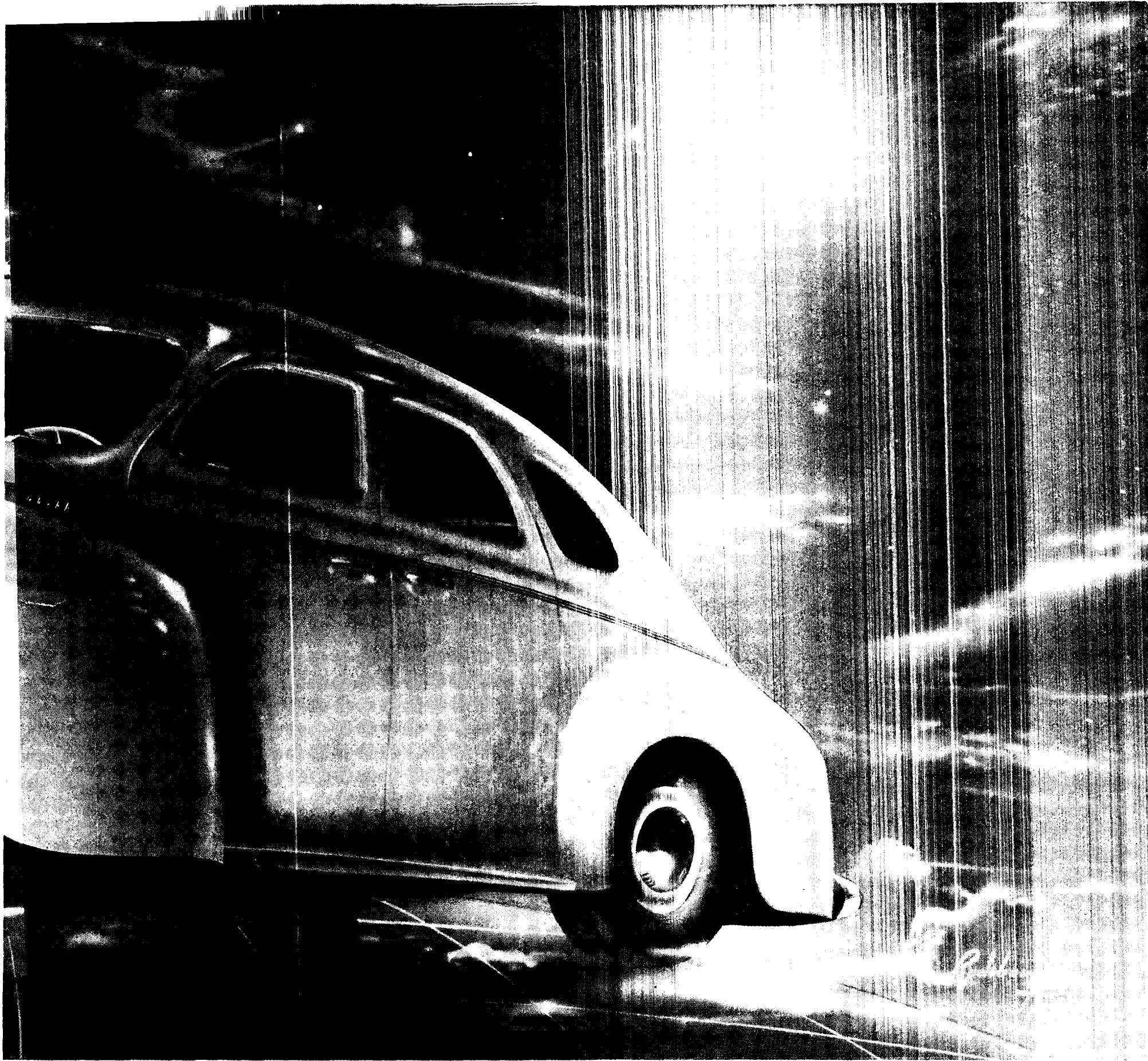
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mitted to passengers above. This year, for the first time, it is an impressive reality—in the new *Full-Floating Ride* in the new 1940 Dodge Luxury Liner! Wheelbase is longer and wheels

are moved backward so *all* passengers ride in the buoyant "Comfort Zone" *between* the axles! What is this amazing new ride like? No one can answer that in words. You've got to experience it for yourself! So why not do that today? Your dealer has a new 1940 Dodge ready and waiting for you to try the new *Full-Floating Ride*! No obligation!

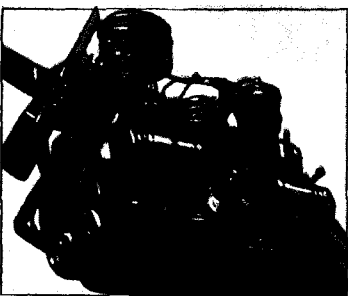


Old Way (left). Say good-bye to the old-style "dog-leg" rear door that made getting in and out of the rear compartment cumbersome, difficult. **New Way (right).** Now, with the new Dodge straight rear door, you walk right in and out—another of the many innovations the 1940 Dodge offers you.



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Why Only Dodge Can Build a Dodge

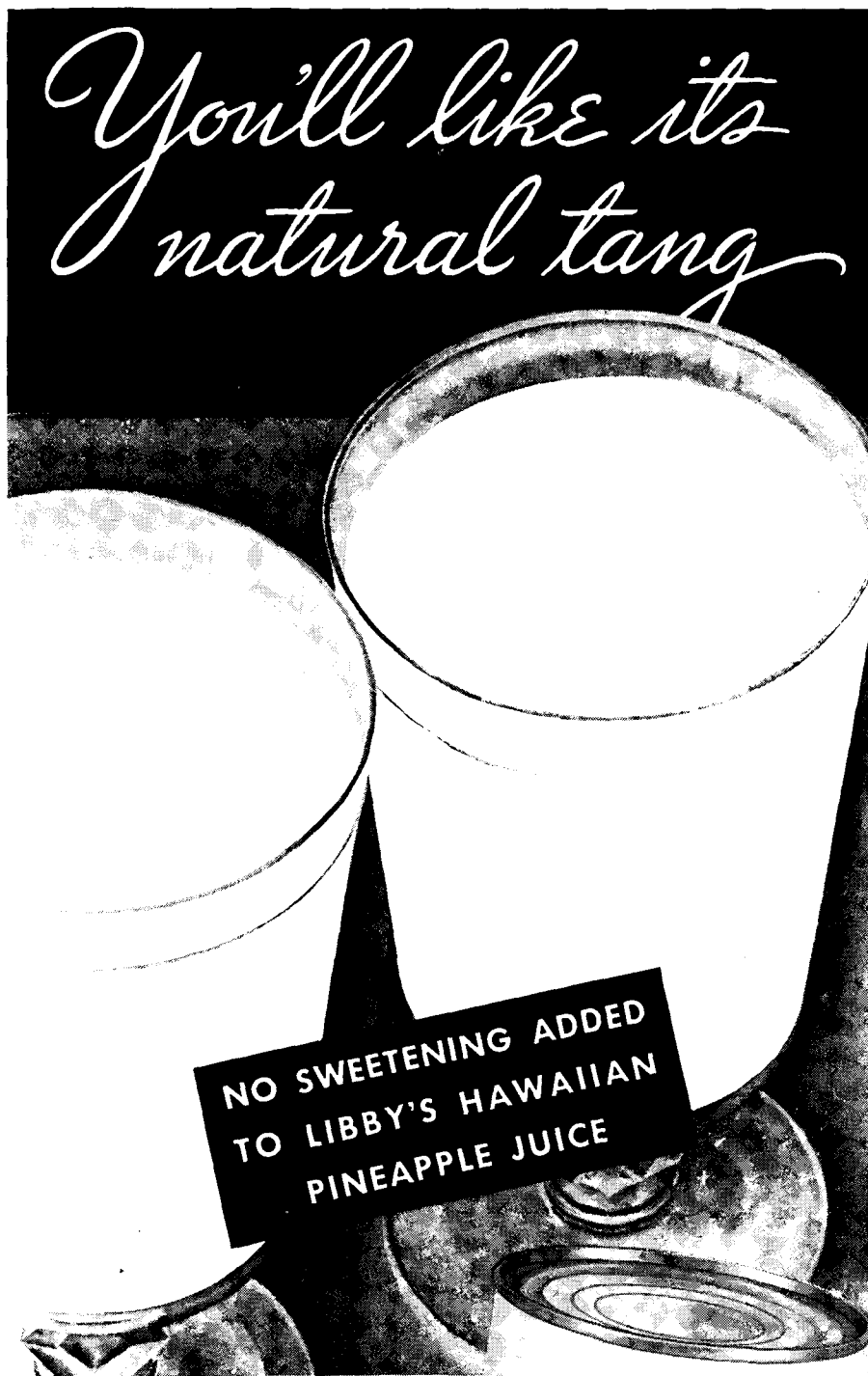
By W. J. O'Neil, President

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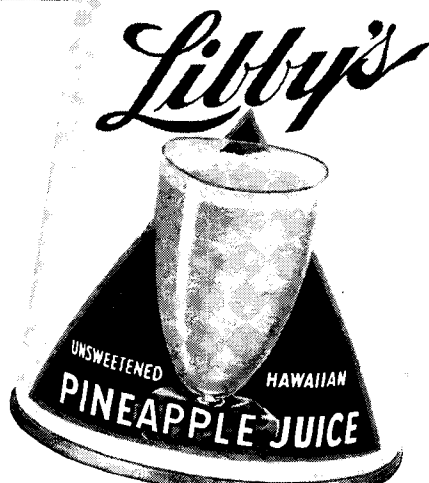


THAT'S WHY Libby's Pineapple Juice is so refreshing—there's no sweetening of any kind added to it; you get the full natural tang.

You get, too, a most thrillingly delicious flavor . . . the winy zest of really ripe Hawaiian "pines." Libby permits only selected, field-ripened fruit to be pressed for juice; packs the fresh juice right there, in on-the-spot Hawaiian kitchens.

Won't you try this tangy juice of Libby's soon? It has the vitamins and minerals you expect in a fruit juice.

1939 WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS! See Libby's Treasure Ship in the Foods Building at New York and San Francisco



LOOK! A FAMILY OF LIBBY'S JUICES



Old Flame

Continued from page 20

He marched off along the beach.

The beach line curved. Captain Stedman followed the new line. Presently he heard small sounds, not of the jungle. The stamping of hoofs. Snortings. Horses or mules, tethered and restless. Captain Stedman marched authoritatively toward that sound. Before he could be challenged he called angrily: "*Quien es aqui?*"

A voice answered, apologetic to the note of command in Captain Stedman's voice. A glowing coal appeared. A sentry with a cigar, soon hideously embarrassed by the sound, professional, aristocratically profane rating he received in fluent Castilian from Captain Stedman.

"*Y estos mulos,*" snapped Captain Stedman at last, "*porque—*"

THE sentry explained humbly: A messenger was expected from far down the coast. He would come in a native canoe, manned by *Indios*, slipping past the watchful enemy squadron and landing here as the nearest safe place to the fortresses. The carriage awaited him, to carry him into the city.

"The carriage," said Captain Stedman haughtily, "will carry me into the city and return for the messenger. Make haste!"

His sword clanked. His uniform was brave in gold braid. The sentry heard the sound and saw the gold. He was abject. In the darkness, any oddity of uniform went unnoticed. The sentry stirred up the *Indio* servants.

A whip cracked. With creakings, with groanings, with monstrous bumpings, the carriage pulled through the incredibly bad carriage trail.

For an aeon of time, Captain Stedman clung frowningly to a handhold while the carriage strove to shake him to pieces and while branches reached down and scratched at the vehicle. Then, quite suddenly, with a wrench that almost overturned it, the carriage came out of the jungle to a paved road.

Half a mile, no more. Then torches flaring smokily in the night. A wall of squared stone, incredibly thick and strong but not unduly high. A cavernous gateway. Sentries lounged comfortably by that gate. Captain Stedman sat up in the carriage and his hand gripped a pistol, but there was no challenge. The carriage went through.

The town surrounded it; a place of dark and blank-walled houses. The streets were black. Just once, as the carriage rattled and rumbled over cobbles, there was a flicker of light. That was a Spanish gentleman with flunkies carrying torches before him.

With a practically snarled order, Captain Stedman halted the carriage. He alighted and barked a command for the servants to turn about and go back to their original post, to wait for the messenger who was to come down the coast by canoe. The servants obeyed humbly, and Captain Stedman was left, in the uniform of a captain in the British navy, at large in the town of Ciudad Vieja, with the English squadron beating hopelessly back and forth before the harbor mouth.

He oriented himself quickly. Considering the darkness, he did it with almost suspicious ease—as if he had done much movement about the town in darkness, while a prisoner here some twenty years before. The houses, though, were hardly changed. They had been built to stand for centuries, and they were almost unaltered. Captain Stedman, hand on pistol, walked to a narrow alley, walked through it to another cobbled street

ahead. And he saw before him the flickering yellow light of torches in movement.

Captain Stedman peered cautiously. Two flunkies, bearing flaming torches of resinous wood. A young man—a very young man—in the elaborate gold-laced uniform of crack colonial horse. Captain Stedman saw that very young man's face, and started. It might almost be said that he jumped. He had never actually seen this young man before, but his features were at least familiar.

An instant later, Captain Stedman stepped squarely into the circle of torchlight before the young officer and said in a clipped tone, "*Señor teniente, una palabra.*"

The young man's hand darted to his sword hilt.

"*Un Inglés!*"

"No alarm!" said Captain Stedman unpleasantly. "I am alone. Had I wished to bring men in to capture the town I could have done it, but my mission is of another sort entirely."

The young man's eyes roved. Captain Stedman was alone. The young man said scornfully, "Ah, a spy, then!"

Captain Stedman tapped his epaulets. "In uniform?" Then he added sardonically: "Nothing so praiseworthy, *Señor teniente*. I've a proposal to make to His Excellency, which he'd do well to consider. I've need of a way to reach him."

The young Spaniard said more scornfully still, "You sound, *Señor Inglés*, as if your errand were treason."

"Precisely," said Captain Stedman with fine politeness—but burning eyes. "And treason calls for privacy, lest tongues wag and His Excellency miss an opportunity."

The young man considered, his eyes contemptuous. Then he spoke in a low tone. One of the two torches went out as its bearer beat it upon the pavement. In the lessened illumination Captain Stedman's uniform was not so noticeable.

"You may follow me," said the very young officer, harshly.

Captain Stedman bowed.

He followed perhaps two hundred yards. A servant ran on ahead and knocked. A great mahogany door creaked open. The young Spaniard walked in. Captain Stedman, his lips tight, followed. A servant indicated a doorway. Captain Stedman entered. A stone-walled room, lighted by a single candle. A barred window. No other door than the one he had come in by.

CAPTAIN STEDMAN stood leaning upon his sheathed sword, glowering formidably, when his enforced host returned. The young man scowled.

"Now, *Señor Inglés*," he said ironically, "here is privacy. What treason do you wish to sell, so I may send due word of your errand?"

"By my uniform," said Captain Stedman cynically, "you will see that I am a captain in the squadron now hovering offshore. I am in command of a frigate."

"The squadron, *Señor*, does not matter," said the young man haughtily. "Our forts and our garrison will blow it out of the water should it make an attack. I am *Señor Don Federico Gomez de Yznaga*."

He paused. But Captain Stedman ignored the hint for his name. He said evenly:

"The boom across the harbor mouth is the only obstacle to the capture of the city. In daytime, of course, your gunners might work havoc among our vessels. But therefore, on the first dark night when the wind is fair—and we

have already waited three days, Señor—we will pass your batteries and take the city. And Admiral Vernon has promised the men that they may sack it when it is captured."

The young Spaniard drew in his breath sharply.

"When!" he said scornfully. "But there is still the boom."

"To be sure," said Captain Stedman grimly. "A monster chain of iron, made fast at either shore and floated upon logs. No one ship, even under full sail, could break it. But it will be broken."

"SO YOU have come into the city," said the young Don Federigo, "to explain your admiral's plan that we may prepare against it. Is that what you wish to say?"

"No. I have come," said Captain Stedman, "to offer to His Excellency to destroy three ships of the British squadron, and very probably cause the death of the admiral. For a price."

"Ah, for a price!" Scorn shone in the young Spaniard's eyes, even as they glistened. "And what is the price and the plan, Señor?"

"The price," said Captain Stedman formidably, "begins with a glass of wine."

The young man spoke an order toward the door. A moment later a servant came in. He carried a single goblet and a huge bottle of wine. One goblet. Captain Stedman's face hardened still more. He poured and drank. The servant backed out of the door, staring curiously.

"And now?"

"The boom," said Captain Stedman, "will be broken by a feat which only English ships could perform. The weight of one ship would not be enough to snap it. But my own frigate and two others, one of which the admiral himself will command for the time, will be lashed together. The three ships will plunge upon the boom, in darkness, as soon as the wind rises. Their full weight will strike at the one instant. It will snap. And behind the three frigates will come the rest of the squadron, fighting past the batteries under cover of darkness."

He eyed the young man savagely. The story was thin. Woefully thin. But Spaniards were never seamen in the fashion of the English. They might—they should—believe that English sailors could perform a feat that no others would even attempt.

"And I offer," said Captain Stedman steadily, "to set a slow match to the magazine of my ship, so that when all

three ships are lashed together, my own ship and the two others will be blown to atoms. Which should end all menace to the Spanish colonies from Admiral Vernon's fleet."

The very young man's lip curled. But he said, "Señor Capitan, this is a matter for His Excellency, not a mere officer of course. You—"

"His Excellency," said Captain Stedman dryly, "has retired to safety some distance from Ciudad Vieja. It is not quite practical for me to visit him to strike a bargain, nor should that bargain be known to more than two or three closemouthed persons. I will write the price I ask and what I will perform. Given His Excellency's promise in writing to pay my price, the thing will be done. But there will be need for haste. If you will take my offer to him with what speed you can make, and return with his reply—"

The young Don Federigo Gomez de Yznaga nodded contemptuously.

"I will take your message," he said icily. "Now I will send you paper and pens. You may write what you please. Meanwhile I shall send to the commandant of the garrison and ask leave. I shall say private business—because it is best that this be not talked of, if it is to be done."

HE WENT out of the room. A servant came in with quill pens, paper and ink. Still standing, Captain Stedman rested the paper on a small table and wrote laboriously. There was no sound from without the building. There was no noise anywhere.

Except—except that presently there came a curious silken rustling. Very quiet. Even furtive. And suddenly a gasp at the door.

Captain Stedman raised his head. His face changed—remarkably. He paled, but his eyes burned. Yet he said steadily to the woman in rich gray silk, swaying in the doorway, "You must leave the city. Tonight. Within the hour. You must!"

The woman was dark-eyed and stately. Once she had been very beautiful indeed. She whispered, "I—I would have known you anywhere!" Then, still looking at him with a warm and luminous intensity, she said swiftly—as if to make the most of every second, "Did you see— But of course. He had to be named Federigo . . ."

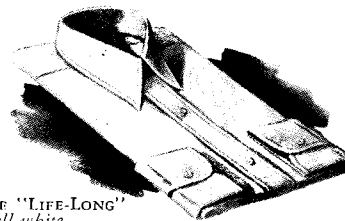
Captain Stedman wrote. But his hand trembled. He repeated, "The admiral has promised that the men may sack the



Eavesdropping on Eve dropping a hint to Adam

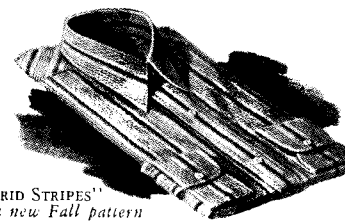
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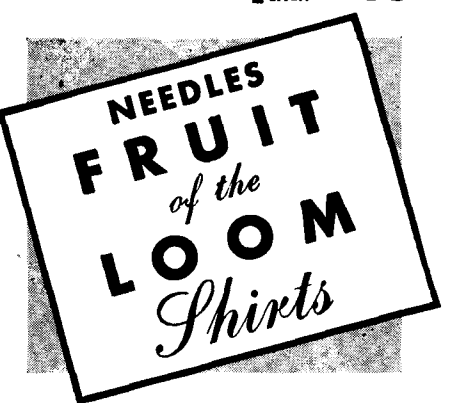


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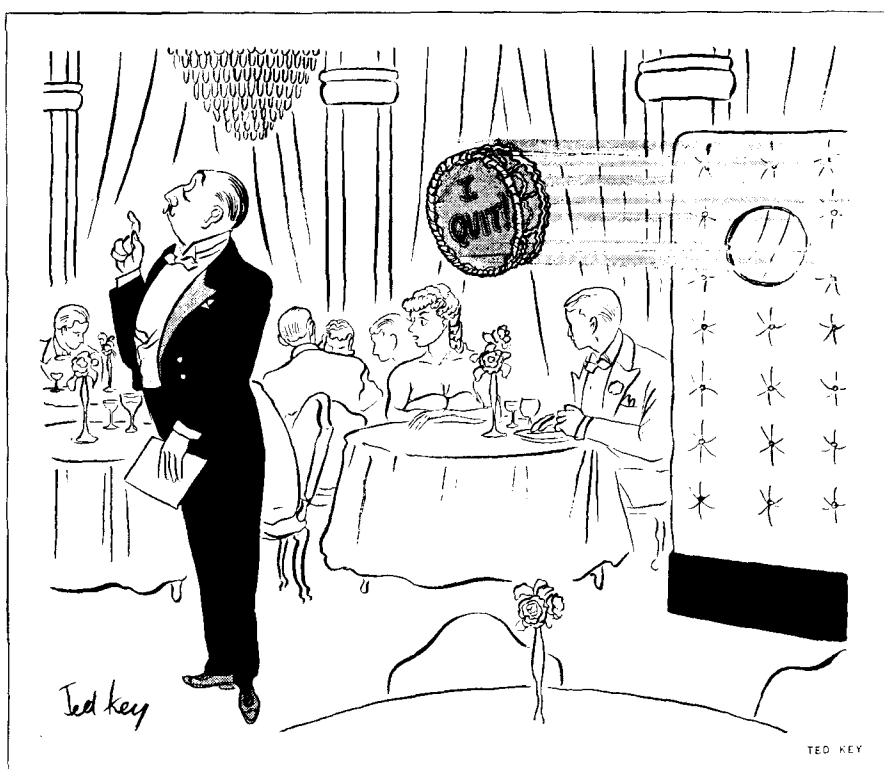
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city if it is taken. You must leave within the hour."

The woman's voice was warm: "Ah, you have remembered! Tell me! Have—have you married?"

Captain Stedman said, "No."

He folded the paper he had written. The writing blotted, but he did not notice. He said desperately, "You must leave the city! Do you hear me? Will you go with—with him?"

She nodded.

"I will go, Tho-mas, since you ask it."

Her eyes glowed warmly, proudly, happily. Captain Stedman took a swift step toward her. And then there was a sound. The young Señor Don Federigo Gomez de Yznaga came in, white with rage. But he spoke first to the woman: "Madre mio, this person is not a guest. He is a traitor, come to ask that we pay him to murder his compatriots. You do not wish to bid him welcome!"

The silk of the woman's dress rustled a little. She shook her head, smiling faintly. But she withdrew quietly.

"And you, Señor Ingles," cried young Don Federigo in white-hot passion, "for a traitor to dare speak to the donna, my mother—"

There was a slapping sound. Captain Stedman's face went quite gray, except for an angry red weal on his cheek. But he said composedly, "For that, Señor, you may have to answer later. For the present, here is the letter to His Excellency. In it I have marked the signal that will tell me my terms are accepted and the method by which I may receive his written promise. I urge that you make haste to submit my proposal to him. I can give him no more than twenty-four hours in which to accept."

"I shall ride immediately," said young Don Federigo, his eyes blazing. "And now, you—"

"I must return to my ship," said Captain Stedman with fine composure, "if I am to be able to carry out the bargain I have offered. I will not need safe-conduct. I will go the way I came. Will you order your porter to open the door for me?"

He walked quietly out of the house.

THE ships of the squadron sailed slowly back and forth before the harbor entrance. The town slept. Even sentries dozed, tranquil in a strong conviction of the impregnability of their walls and cannon. The jungle did not sleep, but the jungle never does. So it was in the jungle that Captain Stedman—no longer immaculate—came savagely out of that almost impassable carriage track and smote mightily with the hilt of his sword, and then took a stunned sentry's musket and with it awed two sleepy *Indio* servants into complete submission, so that they submitted fearfully to be bound.

And it was along the edge of the jungle, on the beach, that Captain Stedman drove a cumbersome carriage with four mules hitched to it, to the place where he saw his own sentry wading out preparatory to swimming. He hailed angrily, and called his boat ashore, and presently sent the barge back to the Valerie with only two men pulling at the oars, but with a written order that would send many more scrambling into the frigate's landing boats.

And the jungle, too, saw the rest of the first landing party crowd into the carriage, handling their muskets carefully. And it saw Captain Stedman irritably allow a definite time for his message to get back to his ship, and then mount the box of the carriage and go crawling down the beach again. Still later, the jungle saw that carriage turn from the beach at another place than the one where three bound, gagged figures lay helplessly. This other place was a not-quite-impossible road, and it led to the fortifications, direct.

But neither town nor jungle saw the rest of it, though both heard. It began with a man's scream, and then a musket shot, and then more musket shots and more screamings, and presently there was the red flare of a conflagration somewhere near the narrowest part of the harbor. And then bugles blew and a confused sound of alarm arose—punctuated with yet more musket shots—and suddenly there was a violent explosion, which was not that of a gun. It sounded like a mine of some sort, exploded to excellent effect. And then on the sea face there was another and much louder outbreak of musketry and cheering—and then the waspish sound of the lighter guns in the forts, firing at targets which by the diminishing rate of fire grew steadily more distant.

All of which had a perfectly clear explanation, as Captain Stedman dourly made plain to the admiral, when the stronger landing party from the Valerie had landed at the sound of tumult and taken off Captain Stedman and his men.

He had carried eight seamen and two marines to the shore windlass that kept the boom chain taut. And the windlass was destroyed, and one end of the log-supported boom floated free, and the flood tide already flowed to swing it clear, so that within half an hour the ships of the squadron might stand in boldly—shielded from gunfire by the darkness—and at daybreak land their men to take the town.

AND all this happened in due course. And by nightfall of the day after Corpus Christi the town of Ciudad Vieja was a place of ruins.

It was very peaceful on the ships of the squadron, though. They lay at anchor in Ciudad Vieja harbor, and Captain Stedman's barge put off from the shore and pulled steadily and strongly to the ship. A pipe wailed plaintively, and the marine guard presented arms with due formality, and Captain Stedman walked dourly aft and up to the quarter-deck, and there uncivilly acknowledged the salute of a young officer whom he knew to be the admiral's aide.

"The admiral, Captain Stedman, wishes you to be his guest at dinner on the flagship," said the young aide.

Captain Stedman curtly nodded. "The admiral will be pleased," said the aide. Then he added slyly, "By the way, Captain. His Excellency the Governor sent a message to the admiral under a flag of truce, to negotiate for our withdrawal. I was one of those who met the dons. And there was a young man among them—and damme, he did hate us English!—who looked remarkably like you. He belonged to the garrison, here, and had left on private leave with his mother, I think he said, not more than a couple of hours before we entered the harbor."

Captain Stedman said truculently, "And why, sir, do you mention this?"

The young aide laughed. "Why, damme, sir, he looked so much like you that I remembered hearing that you'd been a prisoner in this same town some twenty years ago. I thought you might feel some interest in this young Don Federigo who hates us English so fiercely."

Captain Stedman said formidably, "I believe your boat is waiting for you, sir."

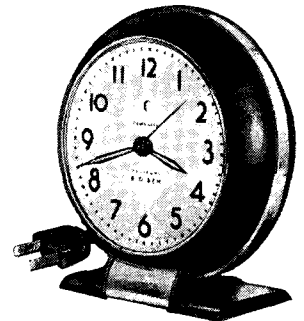
He watched grimly until the boat from the admiral's ship had left the Valerie. Then he went stiffly below. In his own cabin he stared blindly at the blank wall. The admiral's message meant honor and promotion and glory, and all that a man could desire of reward from his country and his king. But Captain Stedman's hands clenched. Then they beat themselves helplessly together until the blood flowed, while his face was twisted and wringed in a hopeless, raging grief.

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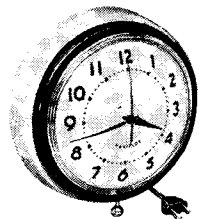


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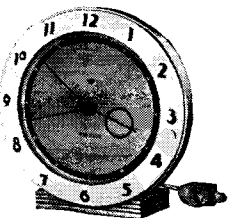
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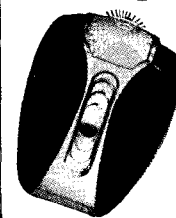
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We Will Meet Again

Continued from page 17

Peter said, "Why should I be?"

"I could've said I knew the guy, see? I started to, but I was afraid I'd get in trouble some way." He squinted up at Peter. "I could still say that if it'd help any."

"You did all you could, Freddy. Forget it."

And for a moment Freddy Bascom was silent. The car was rolling west over the bridge when he said, "Maybe it ain't any of my business, Mr. Kincaid, but could you tell me who that guy was?"

"He was a deputy sheriff."

"What happened to him?"

"I killed him, Freddy."

FREDDY BASCOM'S mouth jerked: "But you ain't in jail!"

"It was manslaughter, and there's bail for that. I didn't mean to kill him, you see. I hit him and when he fell he smashed the back of his head."

Freddy Bascom shook his head in wonder. "You put the slug on him—what d'yah know about that? He must have got tough with you, huh?"

"In a way. He tried to bribe me to drop your case."

"My case!—what the hell for?"

"I wouldn't know," said Peter. "That's why I brought you out here. It would have helped if you'd known him."

Freddy Bascom said, "Look. If he was the guy that hired me to deliver that fake package he'd want me to get stuck with the grocery-store job. Right?"

"Yes. And he fits the description you gave me."

"Then it must've been him!"

Peter Kincaid shook his head. "I'm afraid it's not as simple as that. There's

really no reason to believe he hired you—that was only a hunch. And your description could fit a thousand men as well as it fit him."

"I guess you're right," Freddy admitted. "But why would he try to buy you off unless he was mixed up in this someplace? How much did he offer?"

"Two or three thousand dollars."

"Three grand!" Freddy Bascom whistled. "That's a lot o' dough! Hell, the papers said the guy that pulled the job only got thirty bucks an' a bunch o' cigarettes. It don't make sense, see?"

A wry grin pulled at Peter's lips. "No, it doesn't."

"Hey!" Freddy's voice became shrill. "There's something behind this, see? Something big!"

"That," said Peter, "is my idea. But at the moment I'm stopped cold." He braked the car to a stop near the Tavern where he'd first found Freddy. "Thanks, fella, you did the best you could."

"Wait," said Freddy, and there was real concern in his eyes. "It's sort of my fault you're in this jam, and I'd like to help, see? I could go on the stand an' swear the guy I just looked at was the guy that hired me to deliver that package. He looks a lot like him. See?"

Peter said, "No, thanks, Freddy."

"Let me know if there's anything I can do."

"I will. And don't worry about the charge against you. I can still square that."

"I ain't worryin'—you're the guy that's in the jam!"

And that was no lie, Peter Kincaid thought, as he drove away. He stopped at a corner drugstore to phone, and from



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there he went to the small restaurant near the police station. He had been waiting but a little while when Donald James appeared.

There was an uneasy light in Donald James' eyes. He tried to hide it with a grin. "So," he said, briskly, "even after this morning you want to buy a lunch?"

"Why not?" asked Peter. "You won, didn't you?"

"Wait a minute, dope. Our bet covers trials where I prosecute and you defend, and the loser buys the lunch. But this . . . this is different. That wasn't a trial in the first place, and you were . . . well, you were the defendant."

"All right," Peter Kincaid grinned. "So legally I don't owe you a lunch. But I think we should count everything—you win so seldom."

DONALD JAMES spread his hands and scowled. "That's a lie, and a foul one. Where were you on the twenty-third of May, and who was stuck with the lunch check?"

"Guilty," said Peter Kincaid. "Now will you sit down?"

"Why not?"

They ate in awkward quiet. Peter Kincaid was bringing lighter flame to Donald James' cigarette when he said, "I had a reason for asking you to lunch, Don."

"Did you?" said Donald James.

"Why not tell me the truth about Hicks?"

A wary alertness came into Donald James' eyes. "I did tell you the truth," he said, carefully.

"I think not," said Peter, and looked down at his hands. "I've a hunch Hicks was working for Max Sandstrom."

"Yes?"

"Don, there's something about this mess that smells rotten. Why else would Hicks offer me several thousand to drop a case involving only thirty dollars?"

Donald James lifted one hand in a flat gesture. "I know how you feel, Pete, and I don't blame you. But you're forgetting this: regardless of the motive behind that attempted bribe, you're still charged with manslaughter. You can't escape that."

Peter Kincaid said, "You sound like my father."

"And your father's right."

"Granted—but I'm still looking."

"For trouble?"

"Possibly," said Peter quietly. "And now that we've finished with that, will you answer my question?"

Donald James said, "Pete, there's a question of ethics involved here. My ethics aren't my own; they're the city's. Suppose, for example, that you ask me if Hicks did a little work for Max Sandstrom. I can't say yes—that would be unethical. And so I keep my mouth shut. Sorry, but that's the way it is."

Peter Kincaid stood up. "Stubborn, aren't you?"

"Very. And a success at it too."

They reached the walk outside when Peter Kincaid touched Donald James' arm. "Just a minute. I asked a question and you couldn't say yes. Right?"

Donald James nodded.

"But," said Peter, "you could have said no, and I don't remember that you did."

The grave line of Donald James' mouth contrasted, oddly, with the amused light far back in his eyes. "I'm sure I didn't," he said. "Very sure."

Peter Kincaid said, "Thanks, Mug," very softly.

PAULA KINCAID met Peter at the door of their apartment. She was frowning and there was a look of tautness about her stiff carriage, in the swift movement of her hand.

"Pete," she said. "Max Sandstrom called . . ."

"Sandstrom! What did he want?"

"He asked me to have you call him."

Peter's mouth dragged down and red anger came into his eyes. "I'll call him," he said, roughly. "I've got plenty to tell that guy. I've just learned that Joe Hicks worked for him. That means this whole thing was framed!"

"Framed?" It was Stanley Kincaid's question. He appeared, then, in the hall behind Paula. He carried an evening paper, and he removed his glasses as he asked, "What makes you think you were framed?"

"Look! Joe Hicks worked for Sandstrom. Get that—worked for him! And where would a small-time tramp like Hicks get three thousand dollars to offer as a bribe? There's only one answer: From Sandstrom! And that means Max Sandstrom—the harsh line of Peter's mouth broke on anger—"is back of every single thing that's happened! He wants Freddy Bascom convicted!"

Stanley Kincaid said, "Steady, son. You're working yourself up over nothing. Suppose Sandstrom is the man behind your trouble. What possible good will it do to bring him into it?"

"Hear me," Peter's voice rose again. "If he got me into this, I'll drag him down with me. But I'll get him—one way or another—I'll get him. And I'll start by calling him now!"

Peter Kincaid went to the telephone and spun the dial. An impersonal voice said, "One moment, please," and then, crisply, came the voice of Max Sandstrom: "I called to arrange an appointment with you. Would you mind if I came to your apartment?"

"I would," said Peter, harshly. "You can say now everything you've got to say."

"It's a bit difficult to explain . . ."

"Get on with it!"

"Have it this way, if you must," said Sandstrom, and his voice was low and very clear. "You see, it's my fault you killed Joe Hicks. . . ."

MAX SANDSTROM was the country squire come to town—ruddy, wind-browned and stocky. He shook hands with Stanley Kincaid and smiled at Paula.

"I was afraid you'd meet me with a pail of boiling water," he said. "You've every right."

Peter Kincaid said, "You were going to tell us about Hicks. Would you mind getting on with it?"

"He was my man," Sandstrom said. "He worked for me."

"I know that. You hired him to follow me."

"I did," Sandstrom agreed.

"And it was no coincidence that you were in the Stanton Hotel. Hicks was to bring me to that particular booth where you could hear what was said without being seen."

Max Sandstrom smiled. "That's right."

"You lied on the stand," said Stanley Kincaid, dryly. "And it was the baldest kind of perjury."

"My lawyer told me I was a fool to come here," said Max Sandstrom. "I'm beginning to think he was right."

"Why did you come?" asked Peter, steadily.

Max Sandstrom's eyes smiled at some inner thought. "We'll take up the matter of perjury first. I admit I lied, but the preliminary hearing is nothing much more than a gesture anyway. I'd say you'd have trouble making a perjury charge stick. Right?"

Stanley Kincaid nodded. "No argument there."

Peter Kincaid said, "Why'd you have me followed?"

"I'm coming to that," Sandstrom said, pleasantly. "I offered you a job, and in doing that I talked too much. I didn't mention names or places but I told you enough to make it uncomfortable for me—should the information I gave

Challenging Nature



may bring penalties

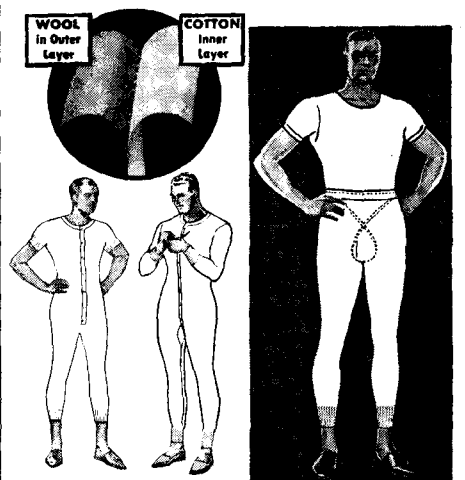


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you find its way to the proper place."

Paula said, "I don't understand."

The look Max Sandstrom gave her was frank and smiling. "I didn't trust him," he said, "I don't trust anyone where there's a quarter of a million involved."

"I see!" Paula said coldly. "You didn't trust him, and so you offered him a job."

There were shadows in Max Sandstrom's eyes, though his mouth was smiling. "You're angry," he said, "and it becomes you. But you're wrong about the job."

Peter Kincaid said, "Go on!"

"I checked your record and found it very good. You looked like the man I needed. However, there was still a quarter of a million involved and the best of men can go wrong for that much money."

"As you did?" Peter suggested.

"Possibly," Sandstrom said evenly. "The things you find in yourself are the things you look for in others. I knew this: certain realtors could profit heavily, at my expense, on the information I gave you. I said little, but it would be enough because it's impossible to plan an expansion as big as mine without the word getting around. I felt justified in taking certain precautions. Hicks was one of them."

Stanley Kincaid said, "He was to report any efforts of Peter's to contact these realtors?"

"That's right," said Max Sandstrom.

"I could have phoned."

"Your phone," said Max Sandstrom, "was tapped."

ANGER came alive in Peter Kincaid then. "You're the guy I should have hit," he said harshly. "I'm a little sorry now that it wasn't you! Get out! Beat it!"

Stanley Kincaid said, "You'd best listen, son."

"The bribe was my fault. We found that Fred Bascom, a neighbor of yours, had been accused of a grocery-store robbery, and that you were defending him. We heard, too, that you could clear him." Sandstrom's smile became thin. "Joe Hicks was acting on my orders when he offered you the money. If you took it you were a heel, and worse. If you re-

fused, you . . . well, you were a man I could trust. One thing happened I hadn't foreseen. Joe Hicks was killed."

Peter Kincaid's face went stiff.

"I had to testify against you at the preliminary hearing," said Sandstrom. "I'll have to testify against you at the arraignment. That doesn't matter. I'm going to fix this through the D. A.'s office."

Stanley Kincaid said, "Can you?"

"I can," Sandstrom said.

"And when this is over—I can still use an honest man." He went past Peter to the door and stood there, dark strength balanced on widespread feet. "I'll do the groundwork today and if you'll come down to my office tomorrow we'll tie things up."

Peter Kincaid said, "We'll be there."

"And don't bother looking for the bug on your phone," said Max Sandstrom. "It's been taken off."

Then the door closed.

PETER KINCAID and Stanley Kincaid reached Max Sandstrom's office at two the next afternoon. Sandstrom said, "You're right on time."

"Why not?" Peter Kincaid picked a chair near his father's. "I'd like to get this settled."

Max Sandstrom's eyes were thoughtful and he rubbed one brown hand against his cheek. "We'll have to wait a little," he said. "My man hasn't come back from the D. A.'s."

Stanley Kincaid said, "I don't like this."

Sandstrom looked at him. "Know any better way?"

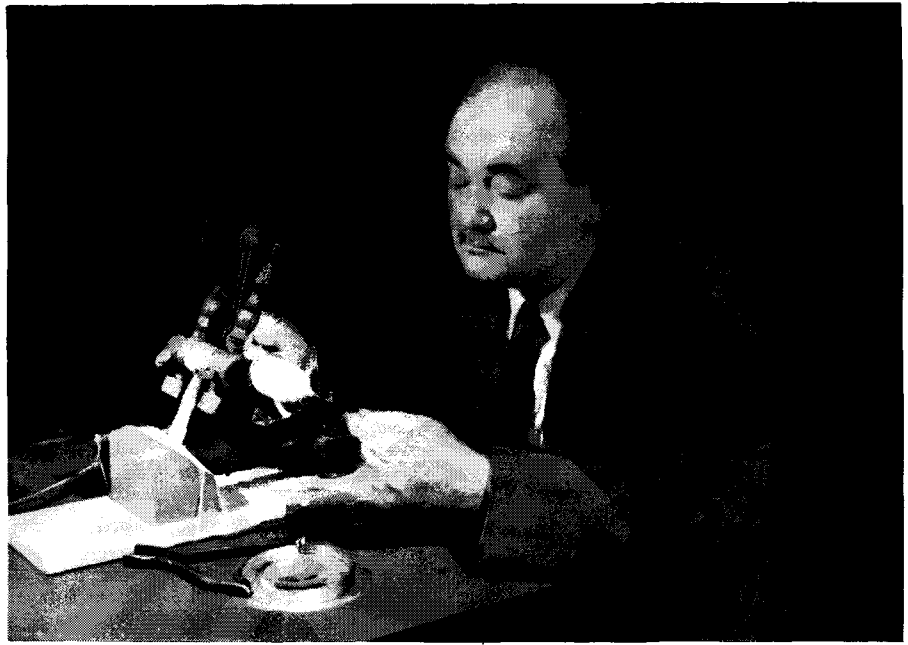
Stanley Kincaid lifted his shoulders in a weary shrug but didn't answer.

There was a muffled knock on the door then and a thin, tall man in rumpled gray came slowly in. He blinked at Sandstrom and smiled sleepily. There was respect in his voice but none in his eyes.

"I'm a little late," he said. "Kurt was busy."

Max Sandstrom nodded. "This's Sam Krause. He's been talking to Kurt McRae, the district attorney."

Sam Krause gave Peter a thin, damp



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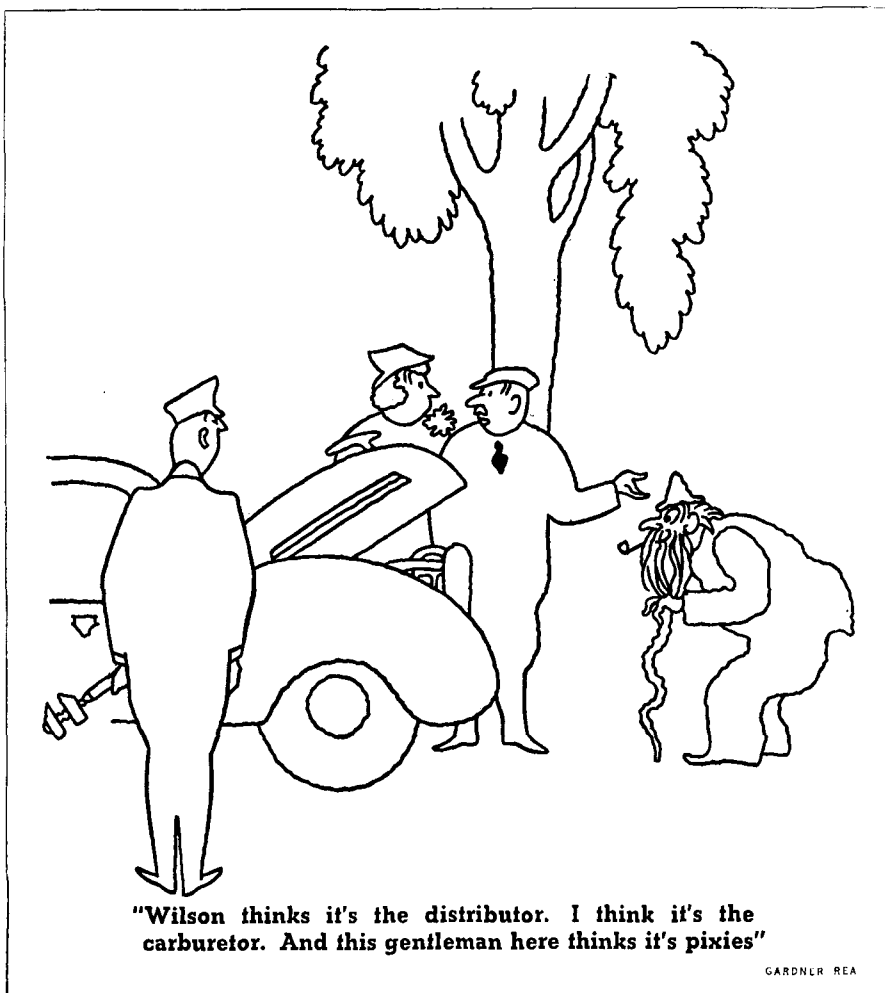
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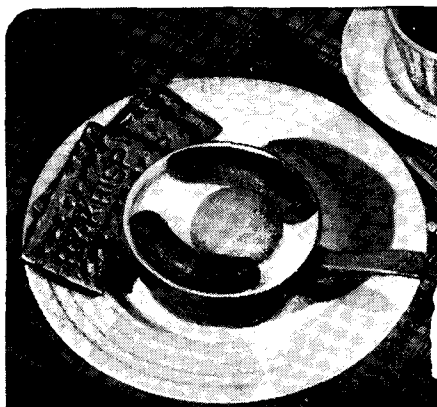
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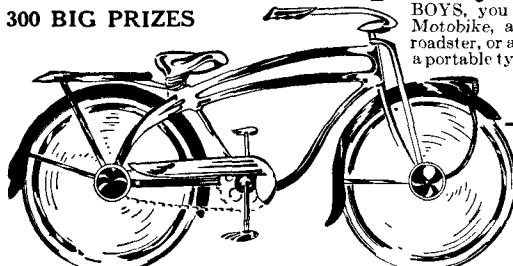
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hand, and bobbed his long head at Stanley Kincaid with the air of a man hurrying through a task. He took a chair near the desk then, and turned wet eyes upon Sandstrom.

"Kurt wanted to send Kincaid to the pen," he said in a quick, husky voice. "He says Hicks was a cop and the papers'll raise a howl. I had a time with him."

"Yes?" said Sandstrom.

"I did the best I could," Sam Krause licked his lips. "Kincaid's got to plead guilty—Kurt won't have it any other way. A guilty plea gives Kurt a chance to save his face. He gets a conviction for the record, an' he can say he saved the county the expense of a trial. It'll make a good show that way, an' nobody'll get hurt."

"I'm not going on the stand," said Sandstrom.

The corners of Sam Krause's mouth lifted in a grin. "You won't have to open your mouth. Kincaid makes his plea. The judge gives him a year an' then suspends sentence. The whole thing won't take ten minutes." He lifted one hand. "I had to promise Kurt everything but the city hall, but it's a sweet fix. Yeah, it's the only fix. Kurt can be nasty when he wants to be. It's this or nothin'!"

Max Sandstrom stood up. "There you are," he said. "We go through the motions and that's the end of it. Kurt may be tough but he won't double-cross me."

Stanley Kincaid said, "We can go now, son."

And they did, passing through dark-walled halls and down to the street.

"I'll drive home tonight," Stanley Kincaid said. "I'll be back in a day or two and I'll stay till after the arraignment."

"I think—" The controlled line of Peter's lips broke on bitter laughter. "I think I'll get as drunk as anybody."

Peter Kincaid turned homeward, alone.

THE afternoon was long, and the night was endless. Paula found no sleep. And though Peter said nothing she knew his silence was born of a stubborn try for rest. The thick dark of the bedroom was torn at intervals by the light of a flashing sign across the way. It formed a faint square of blue upon the ceiling.

Peter rolled and the pillow smothered his half-hearted groan. Presently, he lifted his head.

"You still awake?"

"Yes." Paula moved close to Peter for the warmth of his body.

She said, "Pete . . ."

"What is it?"

"Talk to me. Tell me about everything."

Peter sat up and leaned past her to reach the night table. His lighter clicked and in the splash of yellow light his eyes were dark with concern. He forced a grin.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

"Not now."

The lighter blinked out and there was only the warm glow of his cigarette tip. "Let's start with Sandstrom," he said slowly. "All right?"

Paula said, "Let's."

"This really began with Freddy Bascom," said Peter. "I knew he was innocent, and I got his case. Then Sandstrom had Hicks offer me a bribe . . ."

"Sandstrom wanted to know if he could trust you."

Peter said, "Yes, it's as simple as that. Max Sandstrom wasn't interested in Bascom, in spite of what I'd dreamed up. But Sandstrom *did* get me into this. And he's the only guy who can get me out of it."

"But I don't see—"

Peter Kincaid crushed out his cigarette. "You may as well know the whole story, Paula. It goes like this: Kurt McRae, the district attorney, hasn't done much since he's been in office. There's an election coming up, and the papers are riding him. Kurt McRae needs convictions for his record if he's going to be re-elected. Got that?"

"Yes, Pete."

"McRae can convict me—he can easily prove I killed Hicks. He wanted to push the case as second-degree murder. Joe Hicks was a deputy sheriff, and that makes this case important. A conviction might even win the election for McRae. He knows that."

"But if . . ." Paula began.

"Let me finish," said Peter. "That's only one side—McRae's side. Sandstrom doesn't want this case to go to court. He stands to lose a quarter million if the facts behind Hicks' death are made public; and he'll fight to keep the case out of court and out of the papers. He's the biggest man in the state, politically, and while he couldn't force McRae to drop the case he did force him to compromise."

"I'm to plead guilty at the arraignment. The judge will give me a year, and suspend sentence. McRae will get his conviction, though there'll be no trial, and Sandstrom won't have to go on the stand. D'you see?"

Paula sat up quickly. "I don't like this, Pete!"

"Nor do I," said Peter in a dry, slow

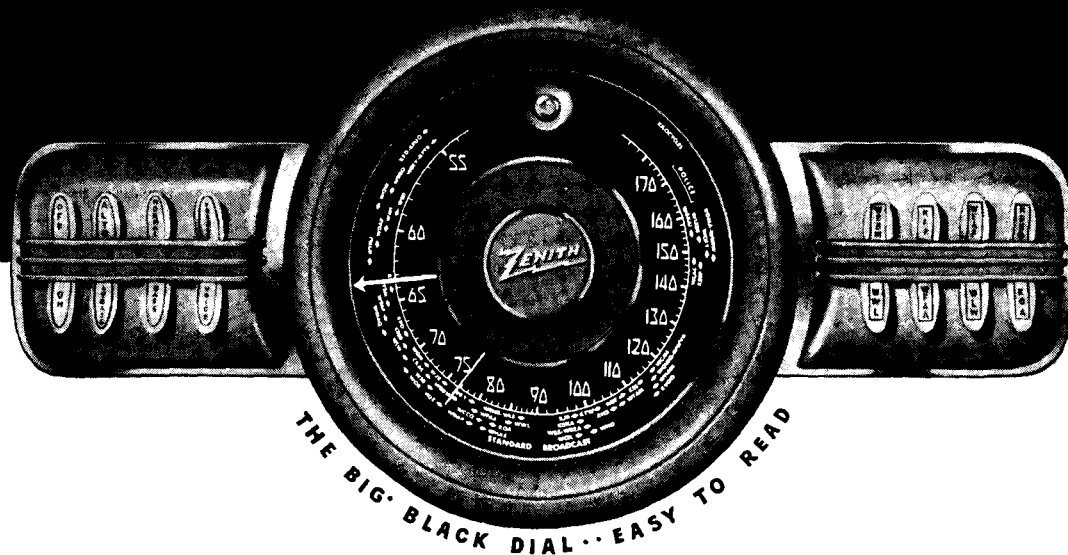


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voice. "I can't appeal a plea of guilty. And I'm over a barrel if anything goes wrong."

"Fight the case, Pete!"

"I'll go to prison if I do." He found her hand. "I mean exactly that, Paula. With both McRae and Sandstrom against me I wouldn't have a chance. I'd go up for second-degree murder just as . . . as sure as there's a God."

"NOT prison," Paula whispered, "not that—"

"Then I plead guilty," said Peter, huskily. "I've got to trust Max Sandstrom or . . . go to prison. I haven't any choice." He fumbled for another cigarette. "He'll see that everything works out as scheduled—he's still got that quarter million at stake."

"You're whistling in the dark now," said Paula.

"I'm not. I'm sure Sandstrom has fixed this."

"You want me to believe that," Paula's voice was low and grave. "But I want to know what would happen if something goes wrong."

"I'd get three or four years—maybe more."

"No!" Her arms were tight around his shoulders. "I couldn't stand that, Pete. I couldn't—"

Peter said, "Steady, Paula."

A silence came between them that was still and deep. Their fear was suddenly real and alive and had caught them both up. It was Peter Kincaid who finally spoke.

"This will sound silly," he said, "because nothing is going to go wrong. But if it does . . . if I did have to go to prison, would it wreck our marriage?"

"You know it wouldn't!"

"Think, Paula," said Peter, and a harshness came into his voice. "Four years can seem a lifetime."

"So long"—the words came at the end of Paula's breath—"so terribly long. I don't think it would make any difference, Pete, but—please God, no!"

"Anything could happen in four years."

"It won't, Pete. I promise you it won't!"

Paula could not have meant the promise more. They both clung to it, for they were troubled and alone and it was all

they had. There was so much they could not know. They tried, but words are as thin as smoke and a promise is a fragile thing. . . .

"Do you love me?" she asked.

"You know I do," he answered.

And they left it at that through ten long days. Toward the end Paula stopped trying to hide her concern. It was enough that she didn't speak of it—she thought of little else.

On the tenth morning Peter said, "This is it."

There was nothing else to say. Breakfast was a pretense, only a cup of coffee. These few moments were precious. They wanted to use them, and still they were afraid. And rather than put their fear in words they waited in silence until it was time for Peter to leave.

"Well?" He looked down at her. "Wish me luck?"

She lifted a glass. "Go with God. . . ."

Peter inclined his head. His crooked grin was warm, as warm as the kiss he blew her from the doorway. And then the door clicked softly shut and he was gone.

Paula was grateful for that simple parting. But now she was alone and there was no reason to hold back. She found the bed. The sheet was cool; the room was still. And she lay there waiting for tears to come, wanting them for the relief they would bring.

THE sheriff's office was warm with a musty heat and quiet at this early hour. There was no one behind the counter. Peter Kincaid could hear the soft hum of voices from an inner room. Presently, a round-faced man looked out to say, "Be with you in a minute." It was several minutes before he came back and even then he did not hurry.

"The name," said Peter, "is Kincaid—Peter Kincaid."

The man nodded. "Yeah. Sit down. You're early. Bill Jordan won't be down for maybe ten minutes."

"Thanks," said Peter Kincaid.

Bill Jordan came a few minutes later—a well-padded man of forty who wore cheap dark clothes, and chewed a frayed cigar. He signed a paper at the desk, and then turned to Peter Kincaid.

"Let's go," he said, and his voice was harsh, but not unfriendly. He looked



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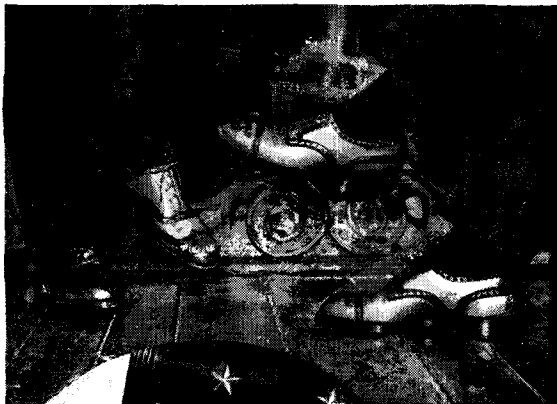


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down as Peter Kincaid pushed his wrists out, stiffly. He laughed. "No cuffs," he said. "You come here on your own."

"Thanks." Peter's voice was dry.

The man chuckled, and led the way to a parking lot at the side of the courthouse. He backed the car out with the blithe carelessness of a poor driver. Once in the traffic, he glanced at Peter and his bright blue eyes were appraising. They rested on Peter's shoulders, on his hands, his face.

"Ever been in the ring?" he asked.

"No," said Peter. "I'm a lawyer—or was."

"How'd you get that busted nose?"

"College football."

"Is that right?" Bill's tone was disappointed. "I asked 'cause I fool around with the fight game a little. Got a couple of boys—a welter and a heavy—but they ain't much. What I need is a light-heavy. You got a nice build, a long reach, 'n' you're smart. You must pack a hell of a wallop the way you dusted off Joe Hicks..."

HE PAUSED because Peter Kincaid was suddenly rigid. He looked at Peter but his blue eyes lacked understanding. "I was hopin' you'd get out of this jam," he said. "Then you 'n' me could get together. But I guess you ain't interested?"

"No," Peter said, raggedly. "I'm not."

Bill shrugged. "That's the way it goes—good boys are hard to come by. We could make ourselves some dough. Nothing fancy, but anybody can use a little extra dough. Say ten or twenty bucks at first, and I'd bill you as a killer..."

He looked again at Peter Kincaid, hopefully, but Peter did not meet his eyes. "Y'know," Bill said, "I ain't so sure but what you ought to get a medal for what you done to Joe. Nasty little tramp, wasn't he?"

Peter Kincaid didn't answer, for at that moment they pulled in behind the Criminal Courts building. At the side entrance, Bill made one last attempt.

"Here's my card," he said, "just in case you change your mind and want to pick up that dough fightin' prelims. You can find me at Tony Fusci's gym..."

Peter took the card and crushed it in his hand. He held it so until he was checked in at the desk. And then, in a small waiting room, he tore the card. The fragments fell whitely and he made something savage of the act—but there was no satisfaction in any part of it.

Several reporters were talking in undertones beneath a high, unshaded window. Their voices reached Paula Kincaid in echoes softened by the brightness of the empty courtroom. One of them—a slim, redheaded boy—looked again and again at Paula.

It might have been that her small figure was pathetic in its aloneness. Or perhaps he was wise enough to understand the fine quality of her wide dark eyes, and know her for what she was—a stranger to this place of criminal justice. And, knowing that, he must have been angry that she should have to wait in numb, enduring patience, as a street-walker might, or a drunkard's wife.

A door finally opened. Peter appeared there, tall and slim and good in Paula's eyes. His glance reached out to her swiftly, in mute apology. He smiled before he looked away. That was the last—he did not look at her again.

The court officials filtered in and Paula watched them patiently, living only for the moment when the judge would appear. Judge Morgan, bluff and hearty and gray; Paula knew him from other trials.

And when he did appear Paula was not ready. The redheaded reporter had come, just then, to sit beside her, and his request for permission had drawn her attention away. They bumped elbows as they stood up.

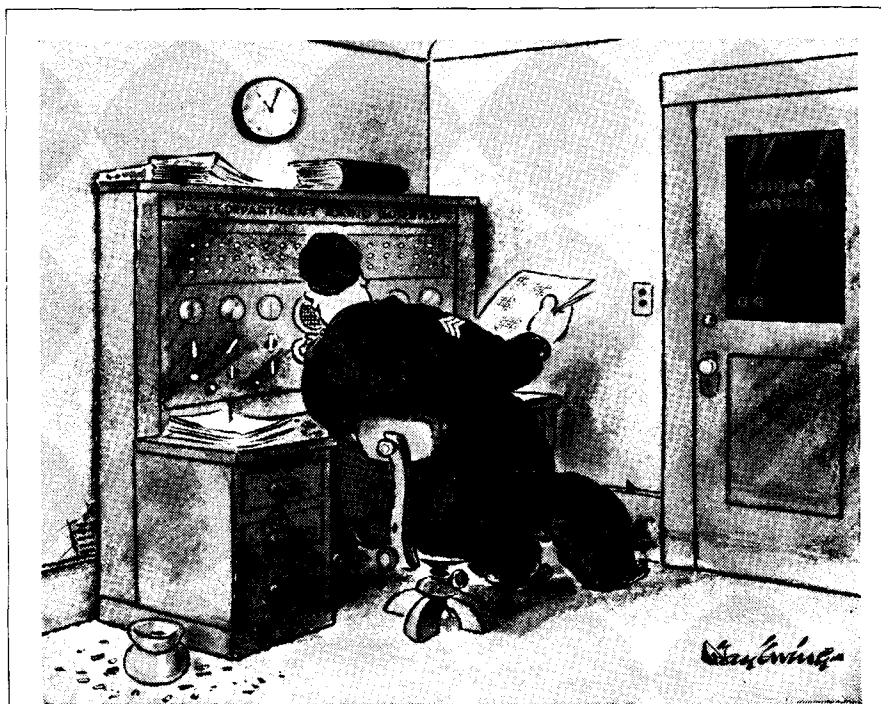
And then the bailiff was droning, "Oyez! Oyez!" and the words were loud in the quiet room. Paula's eyes went back to Peter. His face was strained and pale. His hands were white on the table edge.

THERE is something frightening in the way such courts handle a case. Swiftly, they are ground out one after another—and justice is often a straggler in the rapid ebb and flow. Thirty, fifty in a single day. The need for haste is urgent and if, at times, an error is made it can be quickly forgotten in the unending flood.

... That Peter Kincaid, hereinafter referred to as the defendant, did willfully strike and thereby cause the death of one Joseph Hicks, hereinafter referred to as the deceased...

The dry voice went on and on. Peter was a murderer, no different than the murderers who had gone before, or who might in this same day stand, as he stood, to hear their lives destroyed by simple words.

(To be continued next week)



"Car nine... Car nine... Hullo Finnegan. X in the lower left-hand corner! That's two you owe me!"

JAY IRVING

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT-FEEL RIGHT

they're *Walk-Fitted*

The World is Like That

Continued from page 15

position. He was a youth of perhaps twenty, generously built, with a mop of red hair. He was dressed in golfing wear, and had stretched himself comfortably upon the satin and lacy surface of the bed, cramming half a dozen small pillows under his head, and so being enabled to smile amiably at the women over his cigarette.

"Norma," Jocelyn said, in a tone that did not attempt to disguise her displeasure and shock. Norma laughed, unembarrassed, and the young man immediately sat up.

"Yep; I'm getting your pillows and whatnots all mussed," he said. He yawned and flung his long athletic arms in the air. "Boy, am I sleepy!" he said. "I played thirty-six holes. I was so tired I was an emergency case, but I just heard Norma was back and so in I came, and weaving my way busily upstairs I just dodged what's-her-name — Mattress."

"NORMA, your father wouldn't have liked to come in and find you this way," Jocelyn said, still too much disturbed to know quite what course to take. "Haven't you better comb your hair back and come into the other room?"

"No; she hadn't," said the young man easily, grinding out his almost finished cigarette on a tray and rising to his feet with a fresh series of yawns and stretchings. "For I'm on my way. You'll think about joining the Double Beds Club, won't you, Norma? We need you. I've not been introduced—Miss Britton? How d'you do, Miss Britton? I'm Charles van der Lipp, three words. My mother thinks it's a French name and she often pronounces the Charles the French way. But it's Dutch. I'm a little Mynheer, eating klopjes and skating on the Rembrandt van Rijn. Goodbye, my darling," he said to Norma. "I love you with your hair that way. I'm so glad to be free of your boudoir! *Que Mam'selle est ravissante dans mes bras!* I don't speak French, Miss Britton," the caller went on politely, "so I don't know what that means. I learned it from my uncle. He said it at the telephone once when I was sleeping in his room. Is it bad? Everything French is, isn't it?"

"Miss Britton doesn't speak French either," Norma said, turned about on the dressing-table bench, and facing them in a cloud of dark hair. She was laughing with mischievous satisfaction at Jocelyn's discomfort.

"Oh, doesn't she?" asked Charles. "What a break for us! I'll get a phrase book at the dime on my way home. Now brace up, girls, I'm going. Ah, don't, dear. It's war. I'm off to serve the colors. I think they're red, white and blue; one's never sure."

He was gone, and Jocelyn had destroyed any effect her dignity had hoped to produce by bursting out laughing at him. It was impossible to do anything else. Norma, after an uncertain glance at her, laughed too, following her lead. But Norma was only faintly amused; other elements in the situation seemed to her more important than its humor. She frowned like a frowning baby.

"Did he actually walk in here as he said?" Jocelyn said, as equably as she could, when he was gone. "Do you know him very well? He shouldn't," she went on, shaking pillows and jerking covers straight, "do a stupid thing like that. Musing things up with his dirty golf shoes!"

"I happen to like him very much!" Norma said icily.

"You are a silly little fool, and I am another to keep a job like this," Jocelyn

thought, "but there is something about this whole madhouse that fascinates me." Aloud she said, glancing at a tray containing two small glasses, "You sent downstairs for cocktails?"

"Certainly!" Norma answered haughtily.

There was a silence. Jocelyn sat down and looked at the other girl.

"Norma, that's not nice," she said. "If you don't know that, he should."

"I suppose you know what is nice?" Norma murmured to her own reflection in the mirror.

"I seem to know what isn't," Jocelyn answered, a trifle more sharply than she had intended to speak.

Norma began to speak steadily, in a sort of drone.

"I won't be spied upon, and reported, and talked to," she said. "I don't do anything anyone else doesn't do, and I've not three heads, and there's no use people following me around and making out that everything I do is monstrous! I'm perfectly able to manage my own affairs if I am only sixteen; I'll be seventeen next month, and when I'm eighteen I'm of age. If people are nice to me I'll be nice to them, but if my father thinks for one second of an instant—"

"Why, she is a mere infant!" Jocelyn thought, watching her part and fluff her hair, and pout as she surrendered it to the ministrations of Mattress who at that moment came into the room. And she tried to remember the impression this girl had made upon her only a few hours ago; only this morning, when Norma had first arrived the very incarnation and picture of sophistication and coolness, and had successfully impersonated, if only for a few moments, a woman of the world in the person of a girl not yet seventeen.

"Norma, suppose you had a daughter of sixteen—" Jocelyn began patiently.

"Which I haven't!" Norma snapped, seeming to feel this a rather apt reply.

"Which you haven't. But if you had, and she was—well, pretty, and was some day probably to be very rich, would you let her go about alone to parties and restaurants and dances?"

"Certainly, if I trusted her and if she wasn't a fool," Norma answered warmly.

Jocelyn laughed, and they went downstairs to dinner with no further words.

THE dinner party consisted of the bridge foursome, two college boys who had come over to pay their respects to Norma, and who were so shy and inarticulate that they needed a great deal of encouragement, and the pretty, talkative girl who had brought them along. Covers had been accordingly laid for nine, and Jocelyn found herself facing her first formal dinner quite composedly, settled as she was among the young people and not obliged to speak during the entire meal, if she felt so disposed. But glib as the girls were, and politely responsive as were the boys, they did need some help, and Jocelyn was presently guiding the conversation with all the skill at her command, and was rewarded by more than one flash from the group, and by a sudden description of a submarine's machinery by young Buddy Taylor that amazed them all.

She noted that only one of the boys took a cocktail; the pretty girl, Janey Trent, observing that it gave Mamma fits if she did. Philip had been in the group when they came downstairs, looking handsome, Jocelyn thought, in his dinner jacket; he smiled at her once or twice absently as he talked to the other women during dinner; he did not once

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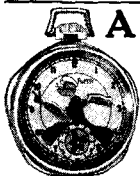
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address her directly. She was glad to be more or less ignored, because the glitter and elegance of the whole scene was rather breath-taking to her. The handsome, richly furnished, old-fashioned rooms looked their best at night, when soft lights illumined only their better points; there were fires everywhere; on the table, candles shone in silver candlesticks, and the low-spread flowers and the chocolates and nuts were in silver swans. She had dined on the previous nights in a smaller dining room; if she had seen this room before it had been so darkened and swathed as to be practically unrecognizable.

In this stately setting the clear, bright skins of the girls, their curled, shining heads, their fresh gowns and the handsomer gowns of the women, made what was to her a dazzling picture. Jocelyn wondered what her little group would want to do after dinner, but they left her no doubt. They played a wild game of bridge; they turned on the radio and danced; they finally subsided in a sort of heap upon a particularly deep and soft davenport, discussing their costumes for the Brice party and advising Norma as to her own.

Later, in bed, just as sleep claimed her she started back into a moment's consciousness. Kent! Kent! She had not thought of him for hours. And in that fact alone lay ample reason for her remaining at Hill Acres. It was such a relief to forget him, to return to the thought of him rested and fresh! He was out of her life now, and no harm done. No harm done. She had run away from the harm of that night in Piedmont; she had never been so close to capitulation before.

What sudden impulse had saved her? What strain of Puritan coldness and strength had come down to her, to show her that scene in the cabin in all its reality—a young woman with everything to lose, a man indifferent to her for so long and now again impassioned, a wife in the background with her rights also to be considered?

Why had Kent, who had been for so long a figure of glamor and romance, become so simply just an attractive man, torn between wife and sweetheart, undecided which he must follow? And herself, by what lucky chance had she seen herself infatuated, blinded, just one more foolish woman believing that today's wrong might become tomorrow's right, that stupidity might bear the fruit of wisdom?

Alone in the dark she felt her face flushing with shame.

"Well, it's over," Jocelyn thought, turning on her pillow, settling down to sleep. "I hope I never see him again. I wish I might never think of him again."

A night wind stirred at her curtains and went through the room like a ghost. But she did not hear it; she was sound asleep.

THE burning consideration of what she was to wear to the Brice party was absorbing Norma when Jocelyn went into her room at ten o'clock the next morning; they discussed it thoroughly, and took up the discussion afresh when Janey Trent came in. There was the Parkers' baby party on the second, too; Jocelyn, with one eye on the clock, was delighted to see how time slipped by while the young ladies idled over their breakfast, while Mattress set Norma's curls and helped her dress. Every hour that Norma was amused was an hour gained.

Any simple ideas that Jocelyn might have had of Watteau costumes or coroneted Queen Elizabeths were dashed when the girls explained their own views of the subject. Jane was going as a baby smiling in the basket shouldered by a peasant mother. Jane's legs would

do the walking; the upper part of a bowed female figure in gay rags would be fastened in front of her, and her own head and arms would protrude from the basket supported on the dummy's shoulders. The man who was taking Jane was going as a notorious criminal whose name had lately appropriated the headlines; he would not only wear prison stripes, but have a shaved head, a face painted yellow, a revolver from which blank shots would occasionally be fired to enliven the proceedings and a string of filthy cans hanging from his belt, from which he would occasionally offer his dance partners cuts of dry bread, canned beans shoveled forth on a strip of shingle and cigarette stubs. "We must save all our stubs for him!" the girls said enthusiastically.

THESE details drove the girls into ecstasies, but still the question of Norma's costume remained unsettled. Charles van der Lipp, it seemed, was escorting Norma. Norma, nearly seventeen, seemed young to Jocelyn to be included in this party at all, but it was becoming increasingly evident to her that the heiress to the great industry of the Lockey Motor Cars was subject to few of the rules that restrained other girls.

"You wouldn't like Carmen, Norma? It would be lovely with your dark hair."

"Darling," said Norma to her chaperon patiently, "I went to a party as Carmen when I was three. I remember Gran gluing a little cigarette to the corner of my mouth."

"You must have been simply divoon," said Jane.

"I ate the cigarette and threw it up," Norma said, with a certain twist to her mouth that meant that she thought she was being funny. Jane laughed hysterically, and another girl who had come in to join them laughed in an excess of appreciation.

"They all know she's important; they've all been warned to make much of her," Jocelyn thought. "Good heavens, into what a false atmosphere money like that puts a girl! Little Van der Lipp is here to bag her before anyone else gets her for the dance; everyone flattering her, trying to amuse her! Well, she's pretty, she'd probably have a beau if she were clerk in a cafeteria and lived out on Shotwell Street! But it's funny."

It was by this time almost decided that Norma should go as a fish bowl with real fish swimming in it. Jocelyn would have been incapable of imagining such a thing, much less would she have known where or how to find it. But once again the power of unlimited money was evinced; when she telephoned the San Francisco costumer there was instant reaction to the name of Fordyce, and it was promised that the very best that Lewis could manage should be sent down for inspection the following morning.

Norma was now in a state Jocelyn particularly disliked—a smug, elated mood that said that Norma Fordyce was smarter and more ingenious than anyone else, and had been more places and seen more of life, and that she could show these backwoods peninsula people a good many things that would surprise them. She was laughing a great deal, often finishing her laugh with tears in her eyes; she was getting noisy, and the addition of two strange boys to the party, when they all went downstairs for a one-o'clock luncheon, did nothing to quiet Jocelyn's uneasiness or improve Norma's manners. Her hilarity rose to shrieks; she grew silly; she extended affectionate overtures to the boys, and accepted their familiarities in return. Ponny, who was an enormous fellow, caught the small girl up by the hands and swung her around in a circle

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(SEE PAGE 51)

until she and her clothes were a whirling blur, and it was Blick, the rougher and noisier of the two, who finally caught her, held her to steady her on her feet, and smoothed down her disordered clothing with a remark or two that Jocelyn felt in very bad taste, to put it mildly.

"Ponny, stop!" Norma screamed, as his big hands gave her frothy underskirts a straightening jerk; Blick, laughing good-naturedly at his brother's boldness, as Jane was, added a comment that rather sobered both girls with its vulgarity, and the four sat down to their luncheon in suddenly gloomy spirits, Norma sending more than one tentative glance toward Jocelyn as she did so—half defiant, half afraid.

When conversation recommenced it was at a rather more rational level, but Jocelyn frankly did not like or trust the confident, coarse, big Sears brothers, and when Norma proposed to go and spend the following night with their mother, she seized her first opportunity of slipping off to telephone Philip.

"No; not to that house," he said. "Tell her I said so. That is, unless you go along! Much more of this and I'll have her committed to an asylum. I don't think she ought to go to the Brice show, myself, but my mother says you'll be there, and she'll keep an eye on her. But don't stand any of that Sears nonsense; that woman would be so glad to get Spotty compromised with one of those big bruisers she'd turn hand-springs. Patsy Carter telephoned me this morning; they're nice people. They want Spotty for dinner, but I said you'd call for her at half past ten. That's tonight. But go easy on that Brice dance. I understand it isn't going to start until about midnight. Kids that age, and they go to bed after dinner and sleep two hours before the party!"

Jocelyn went back to Norma to remind her amiably that a court tennis match was going on in the city and that her father thought they might all like to see it; he was going to try to be there, and as Norma coldly turned down the Sears brothers' suggestion of a ride, it was finally decided that they should go into town for the tennis.

Philip met them there, and carried the younger crowd, which by this time had swelled to about a dozen, off for dancing and what was called "tea," and Jocelyn had a free time in which to report to affectionate Mrs. Buck, to telephone her aunt in Sausalito, and to pick up some small things she had left behind her at the boardinghouse. At six she was herself picked up by the Fordyce car. Philip was staying in town for a club affair to-night, the others had all scattered, and

Norma was alone. She said at once, at her weary and sulky worst, that she wished Miss Britton would not tell tales to her father; there was no possible reason why she should not stay at the Seares' house tomorrow night; she liked the Seares very much and her grandmother liked them and so did everybody else. And again she repeated that she considered the suspicions of the grownups disgusting.

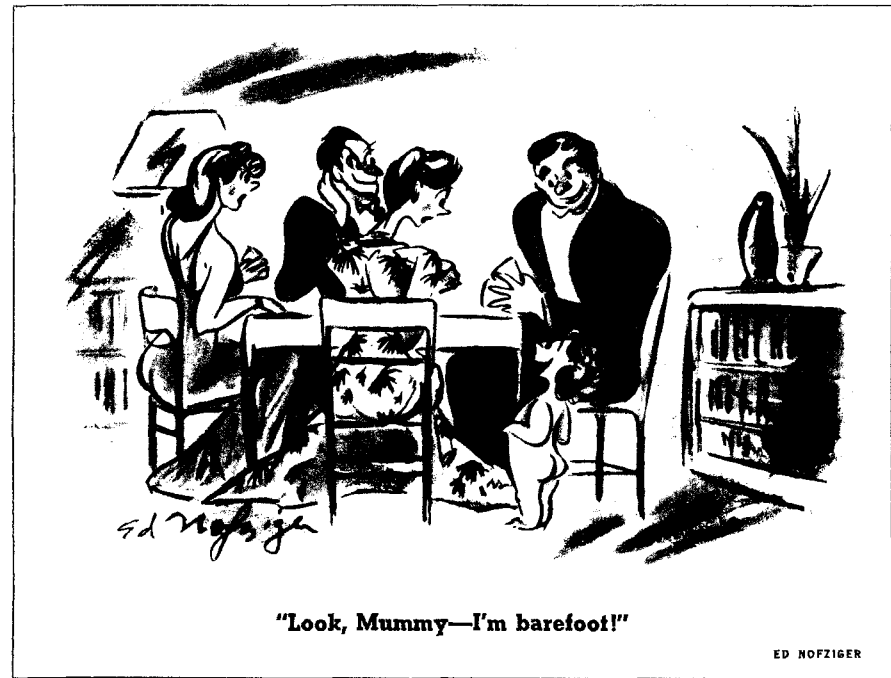
Jocelyn chatted along comfortably, quieting her, and presently interesting her, and they were friends again as Mattress dressed her mistress for the Carter dinner. Jocelyn accompanied her to the actual drawing room, saw a gracious, quiet woman and some girls and boys take joyful possession of her, and then went thankfully home for the blissful quiet of a solitary dinner in her own room, and the utter restfulness of a book.

SO ANOTHER day went by without mishap, but on the eve of New Year's Eve she heard by telephone from a woman who haughtily described herself as Mrs. Pauncefoote Sears, and who laughed quite shrilly at the idea that Janet von Sturnberg's child could not come to her house without a chaperon. Mrs. Sears described this situation as impossible and too delicious, but she was eventually convinced that it was quite within the realm of possibility and any deliciousness it might have possessed was angrily altered into stupidity.

"Stupid to disappoint the poor kid!" she ended the conversation pityingly. "I only want to warn you, Miss Britton, that I am her mother's closest friend, and she may not find this so very amusing. I don't mind tonight, of course; it's just a lot of children, but believe me, you'll merely drive the child to some silly or desperate step! I know that blood!"

"And I know your type, too," Jocelyn thought, hanging up the receiver. "And if any more women tell me they're the countess' closest friend I'll believe she was pretty popular! I wonder how far these dear old friends would go if Norma were somebody's penniless niece just on here for a visit!"

The next day was the great day that preceded the Brice fancy-dress dance. It began with hysteria on Norma's part because her costume, when duly filled with fish and water, proved far too heavy for her to support, and frantic costumers were at the house by eleven o'clock to see what could be done. The scaly, great fish head was perfect; the mermaid's shining plated tail was perfect, but the glass tank was too heavy. Norma cried bitterly in despair, and was for asking



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Jane for Jane's costume. "She must have thousands!" she whimpered, when Jocelyn shook her head at this idea. No; she mustn't spoil Jane's fun. There must be some lovely fancy dress in Norma's wardrobe that could be furnished up for this occasion.

Oh, yes; Norma had costumes. But she hated them all; she hated this silly dance; she hated everybody! She had a Portuguese costume, complete with embroidered cotton pockets and white blouse, the full striped skirt as gay as Lusitania itself. She had a Dutch costume ornate with round silver buttons, starched crown-shaped cap, gold earbobs. She had a Turkish lady's robes, delicate tissues superimposed upon delicate tissues: sari, gondola slippers, diamond for the left-hand side of the nose.

None of these would do. Norma feverishly telephoned in one direction for a friend's snake suit, all diamond stripes and scales; failing that, telephoned to another friend to borrow a "Miss America" outfit consisting only of a span's length of bathing suit and silver brassières. Discouraged in these attempts, she flung herself on her bed, refused her luncheon and sobbed.

AT THIS point the costumer arrived with a new idea: a light harness, a fish tank cunningly made of a transparent bowl within a bowl; no glass at all, only a micalike material almost as light as paper.

"It may break!" Norma protested, smiling through her tears.

"But how delightful if it does!" exclaimed Charles van der Lipp enthusiastically. Charles and other friends had been coming and going all day; they had sympathized deeply with Norma's trouble, consumed endless trays of sandwiches and cocktails and were now ready to rejoice with her in a brighter hour. Charles would reveal to no one what he was to wear, but the others enjoyed comparing notes and discussing the ingenuities of their plans.

A car was sent to San Francisco for the special purpose of collecting forty Japanese goldfish with wide, feathered tails. The cost of all this appalled Jocelyn; the fish head and tail had come to more than four hundred dollars, and several tanks had been tried and abandoned before the final one was complete. But there was no one she could ask about it; Norma's father was away in Yosemite; her grandmother had been out playing poker until half past three that morning, and as she too intended to go to the fancy-dress ball, she had requested not to be disturbed until six in the afternoon.

Twenty youngsters were to dine at the house in simple evening dress, some afterward going to their own homes to dress, one or two dressing at Hill Acres. Jocelyn had a firm word with Norma about cocktails before dinner, but most of the others indulged freely, and it was nine o'clock before they sat down at the table.

Even after that they made no hurry. They played bridge; they called the local moving-picture house to ask what was playing. The time between half past ten and half past twelve must somehow be whiled away; no one wanted to be early at the dance. It was almost midnight when Norma went upstairs to take off her gauzy silver and white dinner dress, undergo a careful process of beautifying from Mattress and get into the fishy disguise. When they started, Riggs, the under butler, mounted seriously up to the front seat of the car, with the goldfish tank held steadily in his hand; Jocelyn maneuvered Norma with her scales, and tail, bowl and fish, beside the chauffeur, into a jump seat, and managed to insinuate herself in behind her. Charles had left them half an hour earlier to dress; they were to pick him up.

When he came down to the car at the Van der Lipps' pretentious gate a mile away, he and Norma began to laugh so violently at the impossibility of his getting into the car that for a while there was no prospect of getting started at all. But eventually Charles, who represented an artichoke with Hollandaise sauce, hung on, half in and half out, and driving carefully, not to spill the fish or dislodge Charles, the chauffeur eventually landed them safely at the Brice mansion. It was close upon midnight now but they were not the last; cars were wheeling about in the black winter night, and the first horns were blasting in the New Year.

They reached the Brices' and advanced up the steps; Jocelyn was quite unnoticed in the uproar of enthusiasm that greeted the artichoke and the fish bowl when they went in.

As with every fancy-dress party this initial outburst of admiration exhausted the interest shown in the fantastic apparel of the latest arrivals. Other extraordinary effects were coming in: a raja on an elephant, with six dancing girls, a Popeye nine feet high, Snow White and all her dwarfs. In no time Norma was merely one of a pushing throng, laughing, good-natured enough, but too much crowded together to notice anything except individual comfort and appearance. The fish bowls were crushed together, and the water in such danger of spilling and ruining a hundred stately gowns and period slippers that Norma was easily persuaded by Jocelyn to slip home with her, hurry into exquisite evening wear fresh from Paris and return to the dance to enjoy comfort and the consciousness of her own beauty undisguised. The fish the obliging Charles carried out into a strange pantry and confided to a strange caterer's man, and the fun was resumed with as much vigor as if it had not been interrupted.

Norma paid her respects to the hostess and was greeted by some old friends. Then Jocelyn, who was moving inconspicuously about the revels, noticed to her uneasiness that the girl was drinking cocktails with anyone and everyone, and in the special company of Pauncefoote Sears was growing excited and noisy. There was nothing to be done about it; her grandmother was there, clicking chips in the comparative quiet of a card room, snatching cards with agitated hands, groping for the cigarette or the drink that was always at her side. If anyone should check Norma it was Mrs. Fordyce; but Mrs. Fordyce had lost heavily the night before, and was determined to get her own back tonight, and her granddaughter's activities interested her no whit.

IT WAS about three o'clock when Charles van der Lipp found Jocelyn, who was leaning against a window sill in the dimly lighted conservatory looking out at the bare lawns and the moon, and wishing that there might be an end to this wild scene of noise and drinks and music and decorations and jaded girls and men whose make-up had sweated into their hair and their collars.

The girls and boys who had discussed this dance with Norma had all spoken of its lasting until dawn, and ending with scrambled eggs and coffee served in the disheveled ballroom. No hope there. But the older women, including Norma's grandmother, had said lightly that a girl Norma's age would only "look in" on the fun, only have a "little glimpse" of the brilliant pageant; girls who were not out were not supposed to stay too late; and Jocelyn was wondering if she might not approach the excited, perspiring, smoke-scented, liquor-scented child who was her charge, with the suggestion that it would be a good idea to go home. She was wearied beyond bearing with the whole scene; the

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costumes that had cost so much care and time and money had lost all their appeal; the brimming glasses of champagne seemed to have been circulating through the milling and dancing crowds forever.

"Miss Britton, could I speak to you a minute? Would you step out here?" Charles van der Lipp said. Jocelyn looked at him in surprise; his tone was serious. She had liked this ridiculous boy from the first, even though her first view of him had been the prejudicial one of finding him sprawled in his dirty golfing clothes on Norma's bed; she followed him into a sort of backwater of hallway, and as she saw his expression laid a hand on his arm.

"Charles, something's wrong? What is it?"

"I'm a skunk for telling on them," he said unhappily, in a furtive, cautious manner. "But it's Norma. She's an awfully decent little kid, and I kind of hate to see her get in wrong."

"WHERE is she? What's she done?" Jocelyn's thoughts leaped at once to drunkenness; Norma had been fairly on her way to it when last she had seen her. Two thirds of the youngsters in the room were by this time silly with drink, and some of the boys had frankly, as the girls expressed it amusedly, "passed out."

"She and Peggy Wilson and Ponny Sears and Larry Bickford said they wanted to go down to Santa Barbara and swim and have breakfast. They said they all felt too hot."

"Santa Barbara!" Jocelyn said in a sharp whisper. "Why, they couldn't! That's three hundred miles!"

"They went off about ten minutes ago in Larry's car. They were all laughing, and they said they'd get there about eight."

"Charles, you're not serious!"

"Well, that's what they said."

Jocelyn looked distractedly about.

"Where's her grandmother? I must see her grandmother!"

"I went to find her first. But they said she felt kind of sick and they'd been giving her lemon sours, and they thought she'd gone home."

"Charles, don't say anything about this, will you? Peggy—but Peggy couldn't have gone! She's older than Norma. She'd know better."

"I know. I swore I wouldn't tell. But I got so worried."

"Don't tell anyone until we know, Charles. They may be around here somewhere. Let's look for them everywhere. And then I'll go home and see

if Norma isn't there. She was terribly tired and—and excited."

"I know," Charles said wretchedly again. "And she's such a nice little kid."

As miserable a half-hour as Jocelyn had ever known ensued. She threaded the thinning crowds, crossed endless hallways and shining floors, peeped into corners from which absorbed couples eyed her resentfully, went into the banquet room, the dressing room, the card rooms. Norma was nowhere to be seen. She could not see either of the Sears boys or the Wilson girl either, and the terrifying conviction that Charles had been right deepened with every minute.

She found her coat and went home, dreading to go up to Norma's room for fear of destroying her last hope, knowing well that she would find there what she did find there: quiet lights, perfect order, Norma's bed turned down to display luxuriously pale pink linen sheets, pale pink fluffy blankets, pale pink satin puff; Norma's pale pink nightgown, heavy with delicate lace, also waiting, and Mattress half asleep before the fire.

Jocelyn went to Mrs. Fordyce's room. But that was empty, too, and Mrs. Fordyce's maid, sleepily appearing in her nightgown and wrapper, reported that her mistress had telephoned—or someone had telephoned for her mistress, that she would stay that night with Mrs. Royce.

BACK in her room, desperate, Jocelyn stood perfectly still for a long minute, her hand to her cheek, her forehead knitted into a frown, her eyes seeing nothing that was about her.

Presently she said aloud: "I may be a fool!" But with rapidity and decision she went back to Norma's room. It was now four o'clock in the morning; things had an odd, stale look, as if night had gone on too long. After a brief talk with Mattress, Jocelyn returned to her room, changed her clothes, put on her heaviest coat. Mattress had a packed suitcase ready; she gave the maid only a final warning about not alarming the house, not saying anything to anyone until she had further directions and descended to a waiting taxicab.

"Mills Field," she said to the driver.

"What plane are you taking, lady?" the man asked. "I don't think you can get one now until seven."

"There'll be a plane waiting. I ordered one," Jocelyn said briefly. "Don't lose any more time, please. I have to be in Santa Barbara at eight o'clock."

(To be continued next week)



"Fred's hair has been falling out awfully bad lately. Isn't that the sign of a mild winter?"

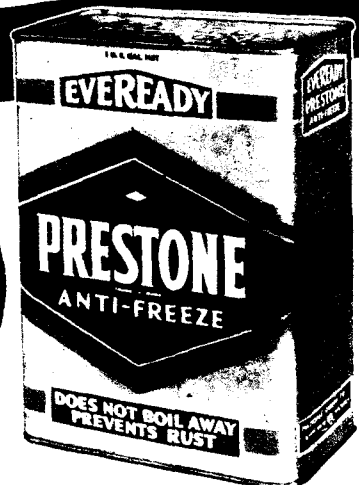
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By
Quentin Reynolds

During the past twenty years Tom Thorp has officiated at every big football game from New York to California. He never lost his temp

IFOR THOMAS

THINGS are always happening to Tom Thorp. You wouldn't think so to look at him, because Tom is a placid, plump gentleman who looks as though he would really be at home only behind the comic section of a Sunday paper or behind a very large steak, both of which he devours in huge quantities. But fate just won't let Tom retire behind either the comic papers or a steak. Things keep happening to him.

There was that time in Massillon, Ohio, for instance, when Tom was a streetcar conductor for a minute and a half. He was playing professional football then, on a team which included such giants of old as Tom Reilly, Andy Smith, Red Salmon and Willie Heston. They had played five games in five days and all of them were very tired but reasonably happy. The last game of the season had just been played and now they were going to get their full season's pay. But an unfortunate incident occurred which made them even more tired. When they went for their pay they discovered that one Blondy Wallace, the treasurer of the team, had just had a rush of larceny to the head and was now on his way to some place called South America.

This was back in the days before professional football got religion. It was, in fact, a common phenomenon for team treasurers to get rushes of larceny to the head, so Tom and his mates were not very much surprised but they were terribly hurt. Also hungry. Also broke. But our Tom was and is a resourceful citizen and also an observant citizen. He noticed that streetcars ran through the streets

of Massillon and he reasoned with considerable acumen that where there were streetcars there must be motormen to run them and conductors to collect the fares.

"You'll be the motorman," Thorp said to big Tom Reilly. "I, being able to count, will be the conductor. Besides," he added, "I have never been a motorman and would not know how to make a streetcar move while you worked on streetcars for three years in New York."

"Who, me?" the startled Tom Reilly gasped.

"Yes, you," Tom said and drew him gently but firmly to the carbarns where he told the head man of Reilly's experience as a Broadway streetcar motorman. The head man was flattered to hire a motorman who had appeared on Broadway, so he checked them both in and said, "Take that car out right away."

The One-Run Motorman

Reilly hopefully, but with little confidence, mounted the front of the car while Tom hopped on the back platform. Tom gave him two bells which he rather vaguely remembered meant "Go ahead," but for some time nothing happened. Meanwhile Reilly was pulling and pushing every gadget he could see, trying to start up this pesky steed.

The head man said suspiciously, "Don't you know how to start it?"

Tom broke in smoothly, "The cars Reilly worked on were different. In New York they run them with steam. Just explain how this works and he'll be all right."

The head man explained and Reilly started the car. It gathered speed because the carbarns happened to be at the top of a hill. Reilly, hoping to slow the thing down a bit, pushed another lever which had the same effect on the car as a smart bit of needling would have on a thoroughbred horse. It leaped into space like a startled fawn and now careered down the busy street at a forty-mile-an-hour clip. He couldn't slow it down; he couldn't stop it. Frantic curses from drivers of milk wagons, brewery trucks, laundry vehicles and hearses followed the path of this juggernaut.

"Stop it!" Tom shrieked.

"I can't," Reilly yelled back. "We'd better jump."

But they were going too fast to jump. On they went clear through the city, and the famed ride of Lady Godiva never received so much attention from a startled populace. There was one white-faced passenger in the car. He finally caught on. Then he weaved to the back platform and pulled the trolley from the cable which furnished the car its motive power. Slowly, reluctantly, the car slowed down.

"We had better go," Tom said sadly.

He took Reilly by the hand and they left Massillon very quickly. Then they hitchhiked back to New York and lived happily ever after. Tom was never able to ride a streetcar again. His friends thought that he just liked walking. Tom was very happy when the subway made its appearance in New York. This had no terrors for him. But even today the sight of a streetcar makes Tom blench and tremble just a little bit. It's about

Tom Thorp divides his time between football and race tracks—he's steward and referee and tops at both his businesses

He wrote racing for fifteen years for the New York Journal and then retired to manage James Butler's stable of horses. Then he became a steward. Every time a new track opens, the owners try to get Tom Thorp. Not the slightest breath of scandal has ever touched Tom. Not one decision of his has ever been questioned by the public or by racing writers. When he sets a jockey down, even the jockey has to admit that Tom was right. Today, nearing the sixty mark, Tom Thorp is a jovial, husky, ruddy-faced gentleman who likes to sit around a steak and talk about football and racing, and maybe now and then, with a note of pride, about his brother Ed Thorp, who died a few years back but who is still very much alive to Tom, and in fact to just about everyone who knew him.

But to get back to the young Tom Thorp who was an All-America line-man at Columbia back in a year called 1902. In those days they usually had a squad of twelve men on a college team. Eleven of them played and the twelfth was the doctor. A thorough search of the archives revealed the disquieting fact that one Tom Thorp played a few games for Manhattan College in 1901.

Rules for a Referee

"You see," Tom said amiably when I asked him about that, "back in those days the eligibility rules weren't so strict. We used to lend players to other teams and after all I'd been to La Salle School which was very close to Manhattan so why shouldn't I do the good Brothers at Manhattan a favor."

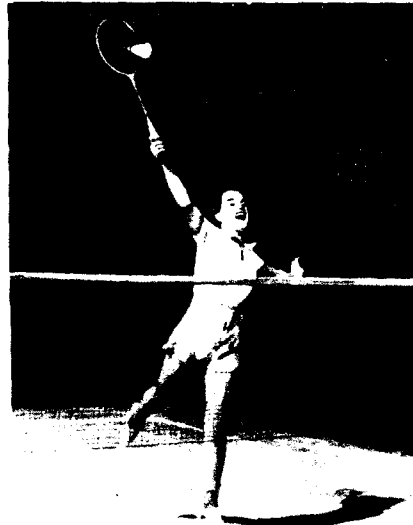
After his college days were over, Tom became a traveling professional player. He would play for anyone, any time, for anything, for he liked football. He still likes football. The Massillon, Ohio, episode soured Tom a bit on the professional game so he turned to coaching with considerable success. He coached at Fordham and he still recalls and has great affection for the man he thinks to be one of the all-time greats, George Walsh, the picture actor. He coached at Stevens College and at N.Y.U. and at Columbia. However, it isn't as a coach that Tom will be remembered. He'll be remembered chiefly as an official who never really lost his temper.

"That's all there is to officiating," Tom says. "Know the rules, don't let the game get out of hand and don't get mad no matter what the kids or the coaches say to you."

Sometimes it isn't easy to maintain a judicial calm with 50,000 temporarily maddened spectators yelling for your scalp. There was that time in Pittsburgh, for instance, when undefeated West Virginia came to play the Panthers in what was then a great traditional game. It was a very rough, tough game and Tom and his brother Ed (conceded by coaches to have been the best official who ever lived), who were handling the game doled out penalties galore to both teams. As the game ended, both teams started slugging and both stands poured down to join in the fun. To make it worse, both coaches stormed onto the field headed for Thorp and Thorp. Both coaches thought they'd gotten the worst of it, a sure indica-

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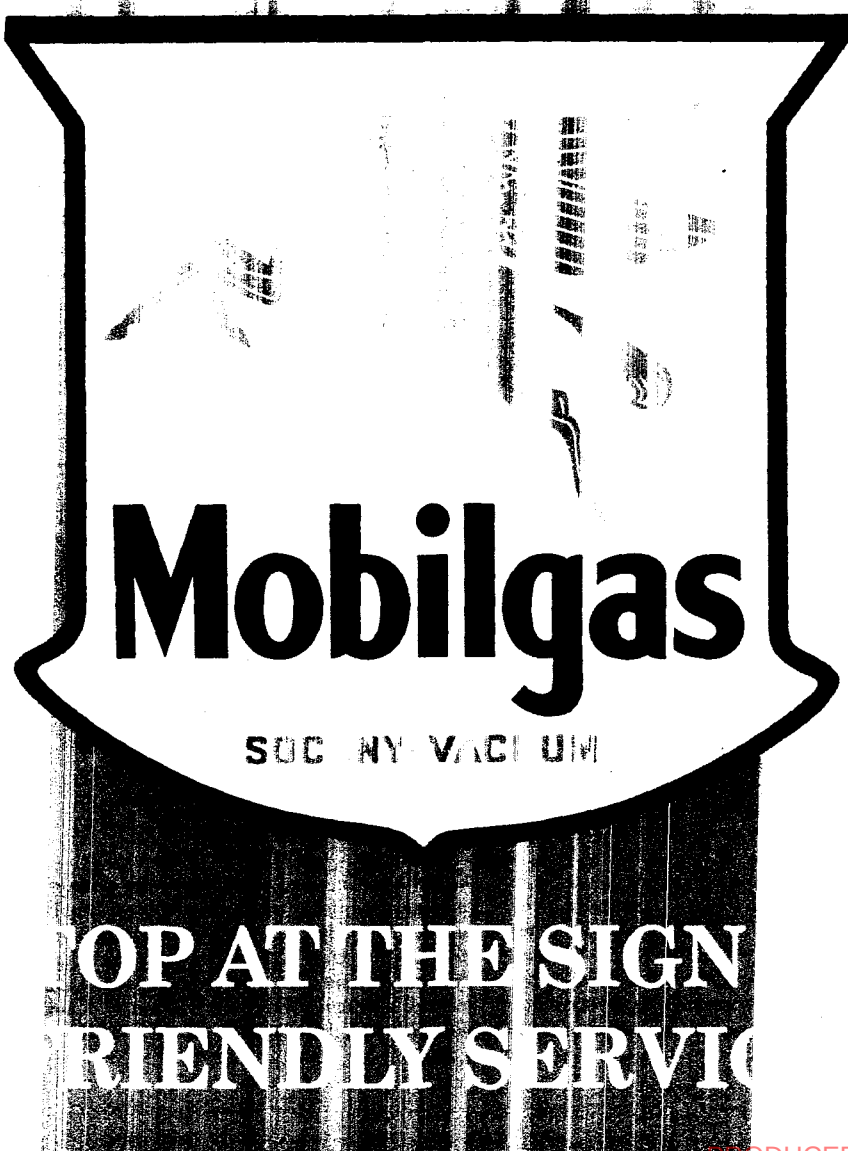


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tion that the officiating had been fair. They began to berate Tom and Ed. The crowd gathered about and began to throw at first, verbal, then actual, punches.

"What do you say, Ed?" Tom roared and Ed yelled, "Let's go, Tom."

Tom and Ed began to cut the kind of a swath through that crowd that a scythe cuts through a wheat field. They could fight, those two laddies. One huge man in civilian clothes fell before a sweeping right of Tom's but he jumped up to remonstrate, "I'm the police chief."

"Get out of our way then," Tom hollered and resumed his merry mauling.

Reserves came finally to form a cordon around the battling Thorps. The chief said, "We are going to escort you off the field and to your hotel. Otherwise you'll get killed."

"No Thorp ever called on a cop for help. We'll go alone," Thorp said, and he and Ed stalked majestically through the crowd and out of the stadium. The hotel was two blocks away and the streets were jammed with still hysterical spectators. The police chief hurried his men after Tom and Ed and finally caught up with them.

"You two are under arrest," he yelled.

"What for?" Tom demanded.

"For fighting without a license," the chief said. "You're in custody until you get to the hotel."

Things like that are always happening to Tom Thorp. There was an aftermath to the story. Tom and Ed were having dinner that night when the Pitt coach walked into the room. He wanted to apologize, he announced, for what he'd said, and he wanted to ask the Thorp brothers to officiate at next week's game. They did, and when they walked out on the field a mighty cheer went up from the stands, the first and only time football officials have been cheered.

"People are fair," Tom says, "but under the stress of a game they aren't themselves. For a while they get crazy. I used to myself. Afterward they realize how foolish they've been."

The Golden Rule Goes, Too

When professional football got over its growing pains to become a stable, well-organized affair it was inevitable that Tom Thorp be asked to officiate at the big games. He has officiated every Sunday now at either the Polo Grounds or some other professional emporium ever since the National League was formed. The Giants were in a tough game one day against the Chicago Bears. One of the Chicago players in a truculent mood was doling out an awful lot of profanity with his blocks and tackles. Now Tom is tough in every way except his speech. No milder-tongued man ever lived. In addition, Tom is highly religious and he winced at this continuous flow of profanity. Finally he could stand it no longer. He merely motioned the player out of the game. The player protested vigorously but Tom only pointed to the Chicago bench. The player went off muttering and the Chicago coaches screamed at Tom, "What rule did he violate?"

They kept it up. Red Grange, then a Chicago coach, in particular kept calling out to Thorp, "What rule did he violate?"

Finally Tom, far out in the middle of the field, turned to Grange and bellowed in a voice that the whole Polo Grounds heard, "The Golden Rule."

After the game, when Tom was changing his clothes, he heard someone at the door roaring, "I want to meet that Irishman who put a man out of the game for violating the Golden Rule."

It was John McGraw, shaking with laughter. "Tom, I hope you never become a National League umpire," he said. "You'd be throwing ballplayers out of games every day."

When football officials and coaches gather on Saturday nights after games the talk inevitably comes around to Tom Thorp. One will say, "Where was Tom Thorp working today?" Someone will answer, "At Philly. He worked the Penn-Cornell game." That'll remind someone of a story connected with Tom and some former Penn-Cornell game. I have heard Chick Meehan, former N.Y.U. and Manhattan coach, talk for two hours and do nothing but tell the Tom Thorp stories that in football circles have become legends. Tom is perhaps the only official for whom coaches have a universal affection.

Last year Lou Little got Tom to officiate at one of his spring-training sessions. He held a regular sixty-minute game between his varsity and his reserves. After it was over and Tom was taking a shower, "Doc" Barrett, the Columbia trainer, suggested that he give Tom a rubdown and a massage. Tom was agreeable.

Only Kids Get Tired

When it was all over "Doc" came out with a bewildered look on his face.

"Forty years I've been massaging athletes," he said in awe. "But I never see anything like Tom's legs. Why, it's like massaging the legs of an iron deer. They ain't legs he's got."

For more than thirty years those legs have been carrying Tom about football gridirons. It is a fact that the referee of a football game runs about three times as far as any player on the field, and he's in there for sixty minutes. Today Tom, nearing sixty, has the legs of an active athlete of thirty.

"Get tired during a football game?" Tom asked in surprise when I suggested that it must be quite a strain. "Why, that's ridiculous. First of all I'm too interested in the game and too busy to think of getting tired. Besides, I'm no kid. Only those kids get tired."

For the moment let us be crass and vulgar about money matters. Tom is well off, wealthy perhaps. To begin with, he acts as steward at Narragansett Park, Rockingham Park, Suffolk Park, Oriental Park in Cuba and Tropical Park at Miami. He has at various times worked at nearly every other track here and in Canada.

A steward's job is simple. He has to see that everything connected with every race, every jockey, every trainer, every owner and every horse is strictly on the up and up. For this he receives \$100 a day. Tom works about 290 days a year. The ordinary fee for officiating at football games is \$100. For big contests it may go as high as \$500. During the football season Tom always makes an agreement with whatever track he is associated that he shall not work on Saturdays. On Saturdays and Sundays he officiates. Anywhere. Any game. Sometimes he is assigned to work a small game where the fee will only be fifty dollars.

"Why don't you give up officiating?" I suggested naively to Tom. "You'd make more dough sticking to racing. Besides, look at the long sleeper jumps and the strain on you and..."

"Are you crazy?" Tom Thorp asked with a horrified look on his face. "Me give up football? Why, good heavens, man, if I ever gave up football I'd die. Racing is fine, it's a wonderful sport, but football is... well, good heavens, man, you know how football is. It's in your blood. Why," he added, "I never heard anything so silly in my life. Give up football, why..."

Well, I've known Tom Thorp a lot of years and it was the first time I ever saw him at a loss for words. I guess if he had to give up football it would be a bad thing for him. I know it would be a bad thing for football.

The Japanese Invasion

Continued from page 16

the country every year, mainly from floating canneries off the coast; that whole islands in the Gulf of Georgia, between Vancouver and Victoria, are being taken over by Oriental farmers against whom whites cannot compete.

The Japanese, who seldom take anything sitting down, deny all these charges. Victor Okano, the aggressive little president of the Japanese Young People's Association, says that Canadian-born Japanese are quite loyal to the empire; that hardly any get military training in Japan; and that the record of Japanese as law-abiders is far higher than that of the whites—which is true, according to statistics.

Another spokesman for the white alarm-viewers is Grant MacNeil, radical member of the Canadian parliament for a Vancouver district. He says that "dummy companies, operating under English names but controlled by Tokyo interests" are interested in copper mines on the Queen Charlotte Islands, off the coast. He adds that other concerns, owning timberlands on Vancouver Island, are financed with Japanese money "with a few Canadian names as a front."

There has been a lot of talk about these copper and timber holdings. The copper property was rumored to be the nucleus of a huge plant to refine copper and ship it direct to Japan. Very little, however, is being done with this property. The mine soon became surrounded by legend. The Japanese—all reservists—were said to be excavating tunnels for gasoline and bomb storage. Near by, it was feared a possible submarine base was being surveyed.

No Japanese can buy a lakeside lot without starting the story that the place is really a seaplane base. Every Japanese timber holding is looked on with suspicion. The Orientals are accused of slyly depleting British Columbia's timber supply, while the Japanese in Japan cleverly save their own timber for the future. This story loses some effect when it becomes apparent that nothing would suit white timber operators more than to sell Japan ten times the amount of British Columbian timber they now sell.

Headed for an Oriental Majority

Greatest real cause for alarm among the whites in British Columbia probably lies in the rapid natural increase in Japanese population. Today, one out of every thirteen British Columbians is an Oriental. In our Western states the proportion is more like thirty to one. In Canada, the Japanese increase at three times the rate of the whites and unless something occurs to change the trend, in time they will have a majority.

This steady, irresistible growth is what people mean by "peaceful penetration." Stopping Japanese expansion into various lines of work and commerce is like trying to deflate a balloon by poking it—shove it in in one spot and it bulges out in another. As fast as the Orientals are barred from one trade or profession, they invade others.

In 1896 there were only one thousand Japanese in Canada. Five years later there were five thousand. In 1908 seven thousand arrived and British Columbia began to sit up and take notice. Many of the invaders had put in a few years in Hawaii and were partly Westernized. They went into fishing and lumbering and were soon offering heavy competition to the whites in these industries.

White labor started to protest. Not much happened, although a mass meeting in Vancouver got out of hand,

burned the lieutenant governor of the province in effigy—for hiring Orientals in his coal mines—and wrecked a lot of Japanese property. Things rocked along, with feeling growing higher, until war came in 1914. Japan was an ally of Canada and enmity was submerged. How Canada's entry into Europe's new war will affect Japanese-Canadians remains to be seen. Japan is no ally of Canada now.

But as the soldiers returned in 1918 and saw little brown men doing "white man's work" resentment flared again.

The Japanese early got into the fishing industry at the mouth of Fraser River, the world's greatest salmon stream; around the Skeena and Nass river mouths farther north. By 1919 they controlled more than half the industry. Then license restriction was forced by the whites. The adaptable Japanese turned to lumbering, mining and farming.

British Columbia Fights Back

White lumber and mine workers followed the example of white fishermen—by means of a minimum wage law. The Japanese, because of his physique, wasn't the equal of the white man; he got two bits an hour, against forty cents for his rival. A legal minimum of forty cents forced out the Oriental; there was no object in paying him as much as a white man, when he couldn't do as much work.

That left farming and general business. Into both lines the Japanese entered with enthusiasm, backed by their consulate and their own co-operative societies. The societies organized classes in farming and financed ex-fishermen, ex-lumber workers, ex-miners, in land purchases. Japanese farms spread rapidly up the rich Fraser River Valley, overflowed and spread up the Okanagan Valley, farther east.

Today, two thirds of the berry and truck lands in these fertile valleys are Japanese operated; eighty-five per cent of all the berries grown in British Columbia are Japanese grown. And the little brown people are going into dairying and fruitgrowing.

Children, as they grow up, increasingly go into business in the cities. Substantial sections of Vancouver, Victoria and other towns are being increasingly invaded by Japanese stores, banks, mercantile enterprises. Young Japanese-Canadians are forced into commercial life or farming because today they cannot enter many professions. They are barred from being doctors or pharmacists, for example. They may not work for any government contractor, or on any timber operation leased from the government. They cannot join most labor unions. No political jobs are open to them. They are barred from teaching, even in schools predominantly Japanese. They cannot get licenses to do hand logging.

Most of the restrictions that hit the Japanese hit the Chinese, too. But the Chinese are ceasing to be a problem—they are dying out slowly. Only a few—merchants and students—are admitted. There is only one Chinese woman to every ten Chinese men, and deaths far exceed births. Among the Japanese, on the other hand, there are seven women to every ten men, and as the new generation comes along, the sexes tend to become equal in numbers. And, under a "gentlemen's agreement" one hundred fifty Japanese immigrants are admitted each year.

The prize for which the Japanese are



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prise number that was to be the picture's finale.

As the full orchestra came in, a section at a time, listeners and audience alike learned for the first time that China Boy had finally entered the hallowed halls of classical music. If Mr. Williams could believe the script, he had been inspired by the lovely Miss Mona Hardwicke and had written this for her in his earlier and hungrier days. Now, a famous composer, he was officiating at its concert debut.

The wood winds, strings and brass were all in there with imposing breaks and counterharmonies, building it up for the final sock chorus where Ding-Dong was to take it away. It was fine, solid swing, but as a salon piece hardly anything to keep the Philadelphia Symphony awake nights.

THEY finally shot the likker to Ding-Dong, who lifted his reed and was away. He grabbed the melody, warming it over on a first chorus, and then sent it soaring off, cloudbound and hanging his hat on every lick as only Ding-Dong Williams could do it. The carriage trade and the critics' eyes glazed and after a while that familiar glazed expression crept into them. It was gut-bucket, strictly barrelhouse jive from off the cuff, and they loved it.

When Ding-Dong hung it up there on his last weird, crying note they were all on their feet, shouting and stamping and crying themselves hoarse. There had never been anything like it.

Miss Mona Hardwicke, not one to be cheated out of any footage, had been loitering in the wings, anticipating just such an emergency. Now she came rushing across the stage and, very impromptu, threw her arms around her beloved. It was only by using his elbows in close that Ding-Dong finally broke out of the clinch and made his bow to that wildly clamoring audience.

"Cut!" screamed Dr. Folke.

Both the picture and the broadcast were officially ended then and the crowd swarmed up on the stage, surrounding the musicians and players. Eventually the publicity men managed to herd them together and steered the audience, cast and critics onto a neighboring stage where a buffet dinner and bar had been set up.

The party was well under way before Mr. Ancil Steinberg suddenly discovered that Mr. Ding-Dong Williams was missing.

They found him alone on the deserted symphony stage, wild-eyed and haggard, frantically turning over chairs and searching the curtains.

Someone had stolen his clarinet.

IT WAS past midnight when the imported doorbell chimed in Mona Hardwicke's apartment. Miss Hardwicke opened the door personally.

"Why, Ding-Dong!" she gasped. "This is a surprise!"

Mr. Williams' vague eyes were deeply troubled. "I hadda come," he said.

She stared at him, something warm stirring within her. She had known that something like this was going to happen. She had felt it.

"Come in, Ding-Dong," she said softly. "Come right in."

Mr. Williams took a tentative seat on the edge of her divan, looking nervously about the room.

"I'm waiting, Ding-Dong," Miss Hardwicke murmured presently. "Tell me why you are here!" She seated herself beside him.

Mr. Williams stared at her in rising alarm. He licked his lips and, when the words just wouldn't come, gazed unhappily at the ceiling.

"I know," she said. "People don't always need words, Ding-Dong." Her voice was fading into that famous di-

minuendo. "When something bigger and stronger than themselves sweeps into their lives..."

"I beg pardon?" he asked anxiously.

She was practically in his arms. "I'm waiting, Ding-Dong," she whispered. Still nothing happened. "Waiting!" she repeated.

"I didn't mean to be any bother," he said then. "I just came to get my clarinet."

"Clarinet!" she gasped. "Clarinet!" Mr. Williams nodded unhappily. "One of the prop boys said he saw your maid pick it up."

The lady's volcanic personality surged to the surface then. "Marie!" she screamed. "Marie, come in here!"

A frightened sepia party thrust her head into the room.

"Have you seen this person's clarinet?" Mona demanded.

"Yes'm," the maid said uneasily. "I—jus' kinda picked it up to give muh boy frien' for a souvenir."

"You get it this minute!" her mistress shrieked. "Now!"

When his precious licorice stick was safely restored, Mr. Williams glanced at his erstwhile leading lady. "I'll be going now," he said.

"You sure will!" she cried. "But not until you take this, too!"

She slapped his face soundly then and the bewildered killer-diller was still holding his hand to his cheek when the door burst open and the apoplectic countenance of Dr. Gustav Folke was framed there in the doorway.

"So?" he roared. "The minute the picture is finished, this giffs!"

Miss Hardwicke took only one quick look at his stormy features and threw herself into his arms. "Gus!" she sobbed. "This—this man forced his way into the apartment and... and..."

THERE was no denying Mr. Williams was the picture of dismay. Dr. Folke stared at him and then, no longer able to withstand Mona's appeal to all that was fine and strong within him, he kissed her tenderly on the brow and whirled on Ding-Dong.

"You dog!" he cried. "That I should make you an actor to behave so! In my native country we settle such things with sabers!"

He was working himself up into such a fine fury that the last was accompanied by a challenge slap to Mr. Williams' jaw.

That last slap was just too much. Ding-Dong let out a low cry and slapped Dr. Folke right back. The burly director hurled himself on the hot man and in sheer desperation Ding-Dong laid about him with his clarinet. There was a sudden dull *thud* and Dr. Folke slid limply to the floor. Mr. Williams tucked his clarinet under his arm then and went out into the night.

The next morning, he stared wide-eyed at a banner line that read: **KING OF SWING AND DIRECTOR DUEL OVER STAR!** He learned he had left just ahead of the police, thoughtfully summoned by the neighbors. Dr. Folke had been carried off to the receiving hospital still muttering deliriously of duels and challenges. Taken to headquarters, Miss Hardwicke had promptly sobbed out the whole dramatic story to the press.

How, after eight weeks of spurning Mr. Williams' repulsive overtures, he had forced his way into her apartment under a pretext, and when the director—who was practically a father to her—had unexpectedly appeared and endeavored to protect her, the enamored reed man had suddenly gone berserk, assaulting Dr. Folke with his clarinet.

The lovely picture star, the papers continued, a pitiful sight in her disheveled and hysterical condition, had been taken to a rest home. The district

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Here was trouble that not even a generous check or Jennifer's reputation as number one glamour girl could settle.

There were plenty who had reason to kill the man Hollywood called the greatest director of all time. Try any Hollywood husband with a pretty wife, suggested Sonny Cook. But you couldn't wisecrack your way out with the police. You had to have facts and too many pointed in a direction that made Jennifer's eyes widen with terror.

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attorney was expected to summon Mr. Williams for questioning that morning.

Ding-Dong gulped, realizing that in faraway Seattle Angela must be reading this same recital of his amours.

There was, he saw bleakly, only one thing a man could do.

He disappeared.

BY THE eventful night that American Symphony was to have its world premiere even Mr. Ancil Steinberg had to admit that he had been completely baffled by the disappearance of Mr. Ding-Dong Williams. The strange case of the missing clarinet with its lush overtones of exotic loves and glamorous lives had been a nine-day sensation in the press until the Hays office had advised a certain star and director that they would do well to forget the whole thing.

Even then Mr. Williams remained in the Missing Persons file. Angela had boarded a plane when she had read of that now famous duel, bitterly assuring herself that she was only taking that air liner that she might tell a few jive men some things for their own good.

But when on her arrival she had found that Ding-Dong had disappeared and she had received a play by play of the picture from the frantic Mr. Steinberg, she learned that love was one of those things you couldn't do without. Like sober little men who played the clarinet.

Her tears were something more than Mr. Steinberg, a good family man, could stand. He had promptly called the newspapers, offering a twenty-five-thousand-dollar cash reward for the return of Ding-Dong Williams.

Spurred on by that handsome figure, the search for Mr. Williams became the biggest thing since the Movies Are Your Best Entertainment campaign. Ding-Dong was variously reported as having been seen loitering in Platteville, Wisconsin, and leading a tavern combo in Kewanee, Illinois. On one particularly bleak day he was reported washed ashore in both Vancouver and Ensenada. In Calcutta, India, some local cats and alligators conducted a memorial service, burning a suitable effigy on a pyre.

Now, riding out to Carhay Circle where a morbid world was to witness Mr. Williams' first-only-and-farewell appearance on the screen, Mr. Steinberg was still vainly endeavoring to console Angela. Exhausted by weeks of alternating hope and despair, she had finally given up for keeps. It was, she said bitterly, simply retribution for driving a little man into a career that he didn't want nor know what to do with.

"If I hadn't broken our engagement," she said listlessly, "gone away when he needed me most—"

The producer shivered at that familiar refrain. "Don't," he pleaded. "The thought we gotta hold!"

Angela bit her lip and, staring out into the arc-cut night, said nothing.

Presently the town car halted before the canopied entrance to the theater. The long runway was lined with bleachers, filled these past eight hours with autograph seekers and wake attenders. A hushed silence fell as Angela's presence was announced over the loud-speaker. Several men removed their hats.

In the foyer a fife and drum corps struck up the national anthem. Attired in Revolutionary War costumes, complete to the knee breeches and white wigs, they were Mr. Steinberg's idea of a suitable backdrop for something so epic as American Symphony. Coming down that blurred lane of faces, he explained to Angela, whose blond hair and delicate coloring had only been heightened by the simple black evening dress: "I tried to keep it dignified, y'unnerstand. He woulda wanted it that way."

She nodded wanly, not even glancing at the fife and drum corps as they passed. The smallest of the fifes, a somber-looking party whose doleful brown eyes stood out in contrast to his powdered wig and tricornered hat, looked longingly after her. Of all the white-stocking combo, he alone kept tapping it out with his left foot.

Angela, waiting in the foyer, suddenly noticed that trade-mark of the get-off man and her eyes filled. For a moment her moist gaze was on that small number two company of George Washington.

Those dewy eyes were too much for the fife artiste. He forgot himself for one fatal moment and, as the band played a bravissimo chorus, he gave out with a sudden lick. For a moment it lunged there in the air, a wild, desolate thing, and then, starkly realizing that all was now lost, Ding-Dong went the whole way.

MUSICAL history was written there in the forecourt as he played the first hot-fife passage ever found in the Star-Spangled Banner. All the anguish of eternal parting, suitably accompanied by haunting riffs that could mean only unrequited love, came wailing over the melody.

The fife solo came to an abrupt halt when a slender young lady in a black evening dress threw her arms around the soloist. "Ding-Dong!" she cried. "Oh, Ding-Dong!"

"I couldn't help myself, Angela," he said forlornly. "I just hadda see you once more so I paid a fella to let me take his place. Then when I saw you I hadda give. I—I'm sorry, Angela."

"Sorry!" she cried, kissing him with that old feeling. When they parted she saw that he was still bewildered. "I'm not mad at you, Ding-Dong," she said, coloring gently. "You're not real bright but I love you."

Holding her in his arms, Ding-Dong wondered why anyone would want to be bright. This was enough for him.

A Man of Parts

Continued from page 32

she had loved Cap'n Ned with a blind wonder; but as the years passed, though she still loved him, some of the wonder died. He was a monotonously simple man, lacking variety even in little things. She was at first tenderly amused because for him life was never complicated. Sometimes when she was perplexed and asked his advice, he gave her his rule:

"Why, just do what it looks like you ought to," he bade her. "Then no matter how it comes out, you won't have to be sorry after."

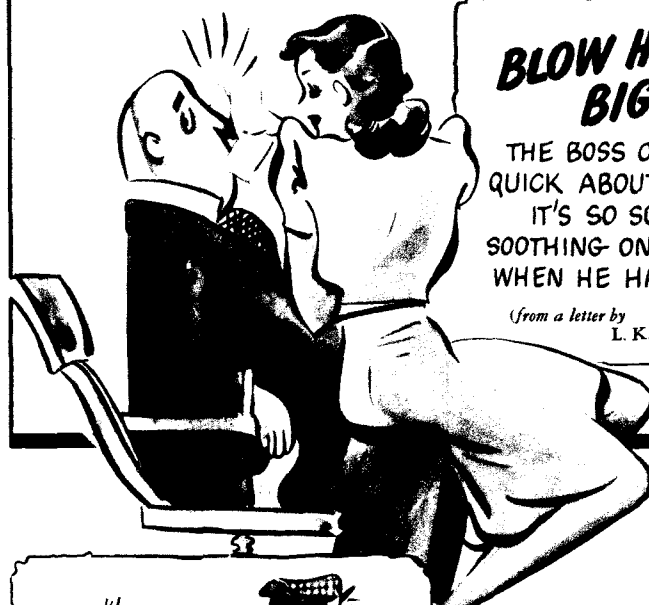
Mary laughed at his simplicity; but

they were happy together as the years slipped by. Even Aunt Sade had begun to weary in her expectations of disaster, till old Peter Stirk, mate of the Mary Harvey, fell into the hold at Newport News and broke his hip; and Cap'n Ned left Peter to mend in the hospital there and signed Joe Brazeal to take his place.

Joe was a tall, lusty, black-haired, laughing man years younger than Cap'n Ned, with broad shoulders and a quick, gay tongue that laughed more at others than at himself; but the crew of the Mary Harvey hated him from the first.

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BIG BOY!**

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QUICK ABOUT KLEENEX—
IT'S SO SOFT AND
SOOTHING ON HIS NOSE
WHEN HE HAS A COLD!

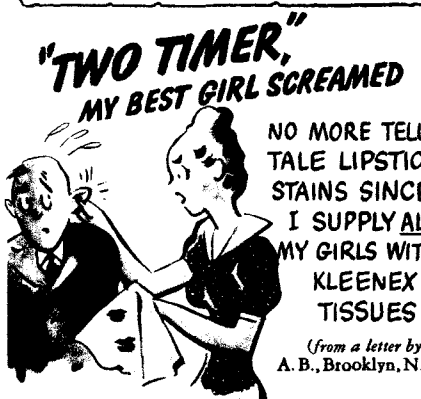
(from a letter by
L. K., Chicago, Ill.)



I'M ALL A-TWITTER...

...SAID BUTCH THE BURGLAR,
WHEN HE SAW HOW KLEENEX
MADE DULL, DINGY SILVER
SHINE LIKE NEW!

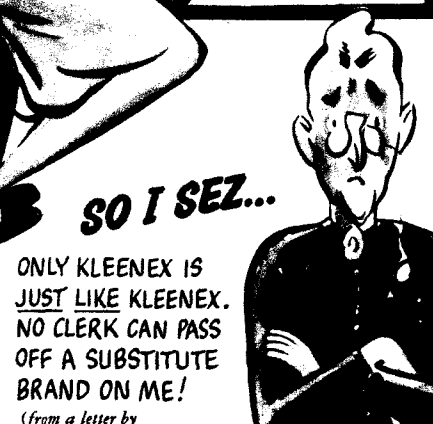
(from a letter by L. H. G., Philadelphia, Pa.)



**"TWO TIMER,"
MY BEST GIRL SCREAMED**

NO MORE TELL-
TALE LIPSTICK
STAINS SINCE
I SUPPLY ALL
MY GIRLS WITH
KLEENEX
TISSUES!

(from a letter by
A. B., Brooklyn, N.Y.)



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OFF A SUBSTITUTE
BRAND ON ME!

(from a letter by
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MEANT DIRTY LOOKS...**

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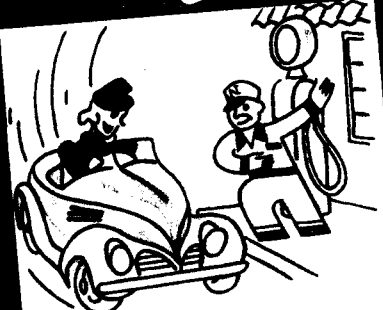
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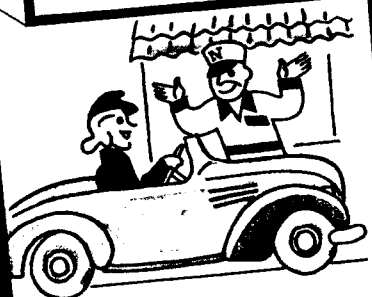
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Uncle Willie Clogg particularly disliked him.

"As if there wa'n't anyone in the Port good enough to go mate aboard her," he said petulantly; and before they reached home on that voyage, Joe made matters worse by getting sick, and blaming Uncle Willie's cooking. He was running a high fever, had perhaps a touch of ptomaine, when they tied up to the dock; and Cap'n Ned as a matter of course bundled the mate into a taxi and took him home and put him to bed.

Aunt Sade Clogg was at the house that day with Mary—as she often was—and she helped undress Joe and ease him. Then she came home, and Uncle Willie told her what he thought of Joe.

"Well, I don't wonder't he can't stand your cooking," Aunt Sade declared. "But Cap'n Ned's crazy, to take him into his house. That young rascal's a sight too good-looking, if you ask me." Aunt Sade always tagged her remarks, "If you ask me," and ignored the fact that no one ever did so. "I never did see a pretty man yet that was worth the rope to hang him."

When later she heard that Joe would board with Cap'n Ned till it was time for the Mary Harvey again to put to sea, she told Uncle Willie:

"Of all the witless things to do! Cap'n Ned going on forty-five, and Mary just touching thirty. And he goes and brings that young rake-hellion and sticks him right under Mary's nose. Cap'n Ned's a simpleton, if you ask me!"

She made it her business to come to the house oftener now. Her watchful eye for a while discovered nothing to satisfy her expectations; but once when Cap'n Harvey went to Houlton on business and was gone three days, leaving Joe and Mary alone together, Aunt Sade spoke her mind to him.

"Cap'n Ned," she said severely, "you'd better stay t'home more, if you ask me!"

The skipper chuckled. "Didn't ask you, did I, Aunt Sade?"

"Well, it's high time you did," she assured him hotly. "Tain't fitten, the way you leave Joe there alone with Mary, and no knowing what might be going on."

"Worried about Mary, are you? I ain't fretting about her."

"The more fool you!"

He nodded. "Mebbe! If fool I am, then fool I be."

And his tone silenced her for the time; but the day of her triumph came. On the Mary Harvey's next sailing day, Cap'n Ned left the house after breakfast to visit the bank and do other necessary business; and Aunt Sade saw Uncle Willie start for the dock, and then she stopped by to ask whether Mary would go to see the schooner depart.

SHE came to the kitchen door as she always did. There was a glass pane in the door, and when she stepped upon the porch—quietly, just in case—she saw Joe Brazeal and Mary by the kitchen sink inside. She saw Mary in a silent fury fighting to be free, and Joe holding her, seeking her lips with his; till he found them, held them hard.

Aunt Sade threw open the kitchen door and stepped boldly in. "Well!" she exclaimed, in an almost contented tone. "This is fine goings-on, if you ask me!"

They broke apart, and Mary stared at her in some consternation. Then, "Oh, my land!" she gasped and fled, and Joe Brazeal laughed.

"Jealous, Aunt Sade?" he demanded. "Want a kiss yourself? You just come here to me!"

Aunt Sade gave him a piece of her mind; and then she went straight to the dock, found Uncle Willie in his galley and told him all about it.

"And you've got to tell the Cap'n, Willie," she insisted. "I'm a mind to,

myself; only I'm kind of scared of what he might do." Then she said suddenly: "Sh! Here she is this minute, bold as brass!"

Mary had indeed just come aboard. She and Cap'n Ned passed the galley arm in arm and went down to the cabin. Aunt Sade exclaimed:

"You'd think she'd be shamed to show her face! Coming aboard here as high and mighty as a trotting horse, head up and tail erect! I'm a mind to tell Cap'n Ned myself. You tell him, Willie. You hear me?"

Uncle Willie said doubtfully: "Well, I'll see, Sade!" Confronted no longer by suspicions but by facts, he too was afraid what Cap'n Ned might do. The skipper had always been a mild enough man; but now he might not be so mild.

UNCLE WILLIE had boxed Ned Harvey's ears when Ned was a boy peeling potatoes in his galley long ago; and he had been shipmates with Cap'n Ned ever since, and had loved him ever since, in a querulous and angry fashion that showed itself in steady recrimination and complaint. He did not at first dare tell Cap'n Harvey what Aunt Sade had seen; but he came near it when one day Joe Brazeal complained more violently than usual about his victuals. Uncle Willie said stoutly:

"Come into the galley yourself, if you ain't suited! From all I hear, you've made yourself free in other folks' kitchens before now!"

Joe grinned derisively. "Not in Aunt Sade's, Uncle Willie," he said. "She's safe enough!" And he mimicked the old woman: "If you ask me!"

Uncle Willie said darkly: "You'll talk too much one of these days, and then I'll say my say."

Joe chuckled. "So do, Uncle Willie. Any time. So do!" There was defiance in his eyes, and Uncle Willie was angry enough to speak truth; but Cap'n Ned said gently:

"Now, Uncle Willie, if Joe don't like the stew, cook him up something else."

Uncle Willie grumbled; but he obeyed. Nevertheless he saw to it that Joe had other just causes for complaint as the voyage proceeded; and when they were presently homeward bound in ballast, riding light and high, Joe more than once was driven to violent language. The climax came on a November morning when the Mary Harvey was plowing sullenly, under light winds, through a sullen winter sea. At breakfast there was definitely something in Joe's oatmeal that had no place there. He picked it out with his fork and called it by name, and he cried furiously:

"Willie, you thumb-handed grease pot, I'll stuff it down your throat!"

Uncle Willie flamed to meet Joe's flame. "You lay a hand on me, and I'll rip you two ways with a bread knife," he cried in shrill rage. "You'd best be glad I don't put worse than that in your victuals. I've be'n a mind to, more'n once."

Cap'n Ned said slowly: "Easy, Uncle Willie. Don't talk that way to Joe."

The old man turned for once in anger on the skipper. "It's high time someone talked to him," he exploded. "Him making love to yore Mary all the time he's home, and you a-letting him!"

Joe started to his feet; but then Joe sat down again and fiddled with his spoon. Cap'n Ned for a moment did not speak; but he looked at Uncle Willie so long that the cook was confused and blundering, babbling meaningless words. Then the Captain said in grave reproof: "Your tongue always was hung in the middle and loose at both ends, Willie. It's time for you to act your age!"

Uncle Willie was abashed, but not silenced. "Ask him!" he challenged. "Ask him your own self!"

The Captain did not obey; but Joe

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Brazeal grinned in calm defiance. "Sure I have," he said. "Why wouldn't I? Mary needs some love made to her, by a man that knows how. Why wouldn't I? Why wouldn't she?"

Uncle Willie looked at Cap'n Ned hopefully; and the skipper did come to his feet.

"You're signed for the voyage, Joe," he said. "I'm master aboard here, and you're mate. I can do as I'm a mind to, to you; and if you lay a hand on me back, I can jail you for it, once we're ashore." And he said: "That don't give you a chance. So I'll wait till we're ashore, standing even, man to man. Then I'll tell you . . ." His calm tones tightened. "Then, by Hooker, I'll tell you you're a liar, and I'll beat it out of you."

Joe chuckled. "I can't hardly wait, old man," he said. "I'll go on deck and pile some sail on this old tramp. Always did hate to keep a lady waiting."

AND thus matters rested aboard the Mary Harvey all that day, till at dusk the sudden gale capsized her and Joe Brazeal was caught in the cabin below.

The sky was black. Black Bork, the only Negro aboard the Mary Harvey, had the wheel. They were on an in-shore beat, a rocky island—Cat Island on the charts—close aboard. Black Bork watched the sky, and he watched the island toward which they slowly drew; and when his fears compelled him, he spoke to Joe Brazeal.

"Near time to come about," he said. He noticed that the mate looked sick, as though his dinner had set badly. "Plenty wind in that cloud, and no time to shorten sail after she hits."

Joe Brazeal spoke curtly: "Be you the mate? Or am I? The more she blows, the quicker we'll come home. Let her blow."

Lucius Trees and Will Furnold, on deck forward, muttered doubtfully, watching the rising cloud; and Lucius came to Uncle Willie and urged him to call Cap'n Ned. "Let him have a look at things," he advised. "He'd shorten sail."

But Uncle Willie shook his angry head. If the skipper wished to play the cowardly fool, let him. So Lucius went down into the forecabin and spoke to the men below. He went below and woke the sleepers there. They came on deck one by one; they ranged themselves ready, watching the sky, watching Joe Brazeal, waiting to leap into action at the word to shorten sail.

After a time, Joe, pale and staggering, without explanation crossed to the cabin companion and went below; and within three minutes afterward the thing happened. The men on deck had felt no wind at all when the Mary Harvey's topsails caught it and she heeled. Far down she went, and with a hiss under her bows she slid ahead and gathered speed. . . .

Cap'n Ned had, save for an hour at noon, stayed all that day in his cabin. He thought he could not meet the mate without violence—which must for the present be deferred. He was lying in his bunk, his arm across his eyes, neither asleep nor awake, when he felt the wind hit her.

He leaped for the door, and fought through. He scrambled up to the deck and stood erect, and the buffet of the wind knocked him to his hands and knees.

The schooner was already almost on her beam ends. No time, no time! What could be done must be done quickly, recklessly, sacrificing a part to save the whole. The wind was howling like a wolf; black water came in a thrusting flood across the deck like a stampeding herd.

There was an ax in cleats by the galley. Cap'n Ned fought toward it. Cut

throat and peak halyards! Cut and ease her any way at all! Only thus could she be saved. No time to give commands. No chance in this roar of wind even to be heard. Cap'n Ned gripped the ax helve; he fought to climb the deck, now almost perpendicular.

Loose gear went cascading past him. A flying block struck him on the head; then the peace of oblivion enfolded him.

And the Mary Harvey, like a tired animal lying down, the shifting ballast growling in her hold, slowly capsized.

When Cap'n Ned knew anything again, he knew that his head was a bursting ball of pain. Then he knew that he was cold, and there was water sloshing all about him, and the hard ribs of the longboat under him. He raised his head above the gunwale, and driven snow sliced at him like knives. The boat lifted sickeningly. It poised, it pitched forward and came down hard on sand; and then hands were dragging at him, lifting him, hauling him free. . . .

"All here, men?" Cap'n Ned asked.

For a moment no one spoke; then Uncle Willie Clogg said: "All, only the mate." He made a spitting sound.

"Where is he?" Cap'n Ned demanded.

Black Bork said, teeth chattering: "He'd gone below two-three minutes before it hit us, Cap'n. He hadn't come up when she rolled over."

Cap'n Ned spoke in crisp, astonished reproach: "You left him aboard?"

"She capsized," Lucius said, in careful explanation. "Nought else to do. He's gone, Cap'n Ned."

Uncle Willie muttered: "And blamed good riddance, too."

The skipper considered, reducing all this in his mind to a simplicity with which he could deal. They huddled on the sand, in a boulder's lee. Cap'n Ned said: "There'll be matches in the boat, in the keg. Dry. Someone rustle wood, start a fire. What's this land?"

Lucius answered him: "Cat Island. We wa'n't a quarter mile off the island when the blow hit us."

"The mate's in her," said Cap'n Ned, thinking aloud. "If she capsized, and him below, he just might be alive. There'd be some air in her still, if she's bottom up. We'll take the boat and go off and get him. The rest of you rustle wood and get a fire going. It'll need four at the oars, to get out to her." He stood up. "Who's coming along with me?"

After a minute—no one answered—Lucius Trees said sullenly: "I'll fetch the matches." He went toward the boat on hands and knees.

"The wind's from us to her," Cap'n Ned reflected. "I can make it out to her alone if I have to. Guess I'll have to."

He followed Lucius toward the boat. Lucius, crawling back toward the boulder where they sheltered, met him halfway. "I got the keg," he reported. "Come back, Skipper."

"Get your fire going," said Cap'n Ned. He reached the boat. He set his hands to the heavy craft and bent his back and heaved. She slid upon the sand. She floated free.

He waded out, stepped in, sat down. Then a man came beside him. Cap'n Ned looked up at this man.

"Coming, be ye, Uncle Willie?" he inquired.

The old man sighed. "Oh, aye," he said. "I'm as big a fool as you."

THE Mary Harvey was no longer a live thing, graceful, sentient, beautiful and strong. Topside down she floated, her bottom out of water hung with weed and rough with barnacles and slippery with snow and swept by every sea. They brought the boat into what lee she made. Trailing gear gave them a hold to which to make fast; and Uncle Willie shouted angrily:

"He ain't here, Skipper! If he was

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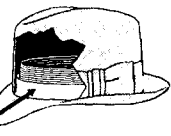
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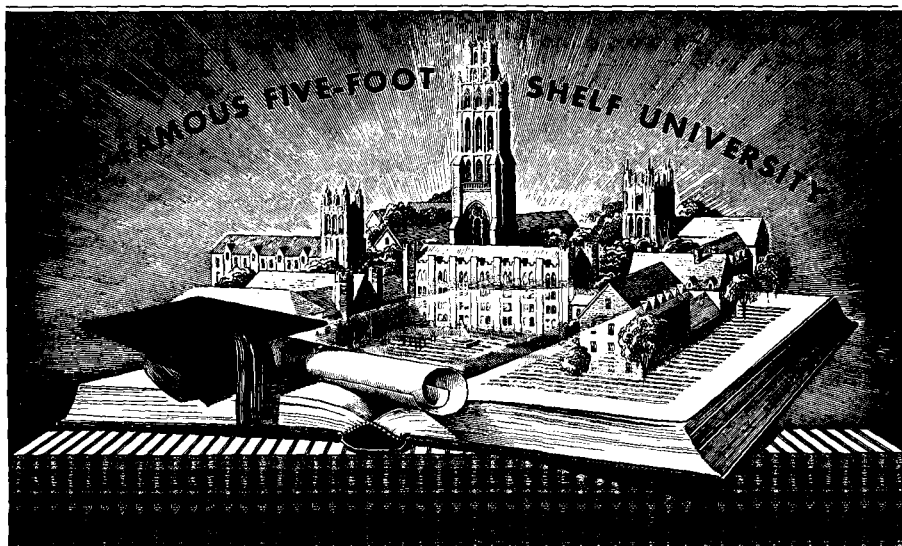


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alive he'd be hanging to her somehow. Ain't you satisfied?"

"He might be inside," Cap'n Ned insisted. "There's air in her to keep him alive. I'll cut a hole through her bottom. You hold the boat alongside till I climb aboard."

"She'll sink and suck you down!"

"Then she'll sink and suck me down." Cap'n Ned scrambled out of the boat.

"What about him and Mary?" Uncle Willie bawled, but the gale tore his words to shreds. Maybe Cap'n Ned heard them; but if he heard he paid no heed.

The footing was precarious, and the wind made ax work difficult. It was a long business. Cap'n Ned lost all count of time. His wet clothes froze in an icy armor that crackled as he toiled. Uncle Willie in the boat whipped his arms for life and warmth, while above him on her bottom the ax clacked suddenly, monotonously on.

Cap'n Ned cut through the planking and found a stout oak rib directly in his way, half his work thus wasted. He shifted his vantage and the wind played tricks on him, teasing him to brace himself against it, then suddenly drawing back so that his own weight made him stumble toward a fall. Once he noticed the glare from the shore where the men there had built a fire and heaped it high with fuel; but he had no time to look and yearn.

Uncle Willie saw the fire and was colder for seeing it so far away. Then after a long time he saw Cap'n Ned, above him on the rounded bottom of the schooner, lie down prone, and shout into the hole he had cut, and dip his head as though to listen. And then the skipper leaped to his feet and cried in a great voice: "Aye, Willie, he's there. He answered me!"

He worked with a slow patience, not with fury now. After a long time, Joe Brazeal, who had thought himself a dead man, crawled out through the hole that Cap'n Ned had cut.

THAT great fire they built on Cat Island had been seen from the main, and by the time Cap'n Ned and Uncle Willie and the mate fought back to shore help was there. An hour later they were all dry and fed and warm, and soon asleep thereafter.

In the morning, the others were at breakfast when Cap'n Ned joined them; but he did not sit down. He stopped by

Joe Brazeal, with money in his hand. "Joe," he said, "you signed on for the voyage. Well, the voyage is ended. Here's your pay. Now Joe—just you step outside with me."

Joe Brazeal grinned. He stood up, inches taller, inches broader than the other man. He stuffed the money in his pocket. "Sure," he said confidently. "Why wouldn't I?"

The men, in a wary silence, followed them outside to watch; and an hour later, on the train for home—Joe had stayed behind—Uncle Willie sat down beside Cap'n Ned and sighed contentedly. And then he chuckled.

"Why wouldn't I?" says Joe, the old man remembered with a relish. "Well, Cap'n, he found out why wouldn't he! You wa'n't more'n half his size—but he must've thought there was six of you, before you got through with him."

CAP'N NED looked at his knuckles. They were well skinned, but they would heal. He did not speak; but Uncle Willie asked curiously:

"Only thing I can't see, if you was going to half-kill him anyway, you went to a lot of trouble to get him ashore. I'd have left him there, if it was me." He chuckled again. "Guess Joe'd just about as soon you had."

The skipper said mildly: "What you're talking about is shore business. I aim to handle shore business on shore. At sea, my job was to get all my crew safe to land."

Uncle Willie nodded. "That's all right, but what about him and Mary?"

The Captain said in mild impatience: "For a man your age, Uncle Willie, you're a fool. Joe kissed her—once; and she kind of liked it. I guess any woman would, with a good-looking man like him." He considered his knuckles. "Not that he's as good-looking as he was," he reflected, and he added: "But Mary come and told me all about it, before we sailed. I'd already signed Joe on, so I had to keep him for the voyage. She was kind of mad at me because I didn't handle him then. Same as you. But I guess now you'll both be satisfied."

"Told you, did she?" Uncle Willie echoed; and he nodded. "Might have knowed she would," he decided. He cackled mirthfully. "But say, that'll fret Aunt Sade no end!" Then he added contentedly: "Well, Cap'n Ned, I've always said you was a man of parts, and I guess you be."



"One of you guys run back to the diner and see if they got your stove fixed yet!"

DICK SHAW

Our Own War Birds are Best

Continued from page 11

our leaders say, "we can outbuild any of the others."

Reasons: a smart, compact, alert, highly efficient nuclear industry, and a tradition of mass production. Also, a plenitude of domestic and easy availability of foreign raw materials—including the so-called "critical" materials, such as manganese, chromium, tin, rubber. Practically every known material is used in some degree or manner in airplane, engine and instrument manufacturing.

Russia is the only other major power with raw-material resources equal to ours. Germany, able to tap this friendly market, thus has an advantage she did not have in the last general European war; and on strictly military grounds is now more formidable.

36,000 Planes a Year?

Our present expansion program, under the \$300,000,000 budget, will build up by the end of 1940, barring war, to 5,500 planes for a peacetime basis. The Navy goal is better than 2,000. All told, including Marines, our air power in 1940 will still be less, numerically, than Germany's when she began to fight. It will, however, probably be a stronger force than Germany's was then—faster, more up-to-the-latest-minute combat ships.

This basic force is well covered by contracts already let. It has been taken in stride by our aviation industry, even while it was fulfilling huge orders for England and France. Our present setup, without expanding, simply by pushing to utmost capacity, could build 1,000 planes a month. Naturally, this does not mean a thousand of the giant 4-engine bombers; it means a normal percentage of all types.

There are more than thirty factories existing in the United States for the manufacture of airplanes. All could build military craft in time of war; less than half now do so. Four or five major plants now build military aircraft engines; dozens more could be turned to this work if necessary. About 40,000 skilled workers now make up the human side of our aviation industry; and you can look for a 1917 shipyard gold-rush type of swelling here, if we fight.

American airmen believe that, under war pressure, we could expand and increase our aircraft industry within two years to 36,000 planes a year; literally swamp our enemy in the skies.

The bottleneck of such a wartime aviation industry would be in neither planes nor motors; but instruments. This is the really serious and difficult side of the picture. Modern terrifically fast planes require a multiplicity of instruments. There are literally scores of gadgets in every cockpit. Most are precision instruments; requiring delicate, skilled, painstaking craftsmanship, allowing no room for "mass production."

That is the technical and industrial picture of our war birds. Now, the active side:

The Air Corps is retained within the structure of the War Department. It is split into two phases; both, in peacetime, under The Chief of the Air Corps, at present Major General H. H. Arnold, who has been flying as long as the Army has had planes to fly. He bears a nickname based on his outstanding personal characteristic—an eternal urchin grin. Nobody except bootlickers would think of calling him anything but "Happy" Arnold.

The first phase of the Air Corps is Administrative: charged with all the hard, important business of supplying

planes, food, trained pilots, clothing, fields and places to live.

The second phase of the Air Corps is Fighting: all the combat units are grouped into what is known as "The General Headquarters Air Force." This force has only one thing to worry about—readiness to slam the enemy with all its might on "M" Day and thereafter until he cries uncle in whatever his native tongue might be.

American airmen, by the way, believe that one result of the next war we mix into will be a separate and independent Air Force in the United States—the air arm taken away definitely from both Army and Navy.

In war, the GHQ Air Force would operate directly under the Army highest command—General Headquarters. It has, thus, a large measure of autonomy as a part of the whole team—the other members are the ground and sea forces—which, under the commander in chief, sets out to accomplish our war plan.

The GHQ Air Force is now commanded by Major General D. C. Emons, another military early bird. You may as well get used to the terms of its composition—they are air-force words you will be coming upon a lot in news from abroad and home these days.

The GHQ Air Force is divided into three "Wings." These Wings, based in different strategic locations, are each commanded by a brigadier general. The First Wing is at March Field, California; the Second at Langley Field, Virginia; the Third at Barksdale Field, Louisiana. Each Wing, for tactical purposes, is broken down into Bombing and Pursuit "Groups." These "Groups" are made up of "Squadrons"—which is the popular unit of romantic movies and fiction. Groups also have Reconnaissance squadrons. All these lesser units are spread over the country's military airdromes.

We're Strongest in Pilots

In man power, the present expansion program calls for a build-up to about 45,000 enlisted men; and less than 5,000 commissioned officers, of whom probably one third will be reserves on active duty. You can see that we shall have fewer active pilots than planes; although, of course, we shall have inactive reserves to call up if needed. This is not good. There ought to be two or more pilots for every plane if you are going to get most good out of your air force. It is understood that German air tactics are to keep bombers going over enemy cities in waves, by merely servicing and refueling the planes every time they come home—and sticking in a fresh pilot to take them back to action. Planes can be used constantly up to the limit of their mechanical endurance—they don't have "nerves" to break.

It is in the quality of our pilot man power, however, that we have riches as great as our industrial background. Military air experts of all nations with whom I have talked admit that the American flyer is in a class by himself. In detail these attachés offer different reasons for this; but it all sums up to American youth's tradition of mechanical experience and familiarity, self-reliance, initiative, abundant health and wits sharpened by mixed blood from good base stocks.

In the first year of the last war we trained more than 4,000 pilots at home, hundreds more at Allied fields abroad. If we really spread ourselves in a big war we can probably train 50,000 pilots a year. They won't be as "safe" as pilots trained in pressureless peacetime; but

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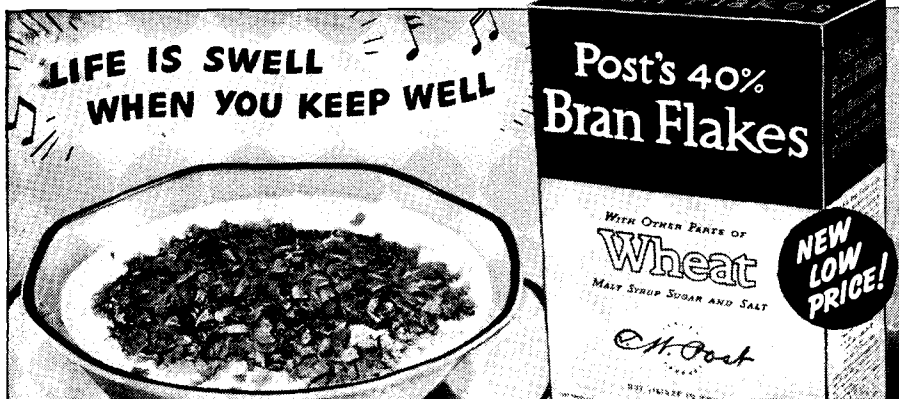


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they will be better grounded in fundamentals than any foe they meet. A sound basic instruction method and tradition is perhaps the wisest, smartest achievement of our Army and Navy during these years of controversy and speculation over air power. No American boy, for example, has gone to a tactical unit from his primary school without at least 215 hours of best possible supervision and coaching. Italian and British lads were lucky to get 125 hours.

Right now the Air Corps is set up to train 5,000 pilots a year—thoroughly. Nine civilian air schools, in favorable areas, and under the eyes of Army inspectors and Army-trained instructors, are giving 65 hours of primary flight per man to cadets over three-month periods.

In classes of approximately 400, these students are graduated every six weeks to Randolph Field to finish their primary work in another three months. Thence, to Kelly Field for three months of advanced training—after which they are ready to go to tactical units—and learn how to be military pilots.

Our Major Types of Planes

Most of us, thinking of the Air Corps, think of a great blob of planes—of the formations that have made hen tracks in our city skies on parade days. If you have read this far, you now know that on the business and human sides it is not as simple as that. Nor is it with reference to the planes themselves. For even the planes are complex and have as many characteristics and types as Joe's coat had colors.

Costs of military planes are as varied as their sizes and types. It may take only \$17,000 of your tax money to buy an advanced trainer; but as much as a quarter of a million dollars to pay for a four-engine bomber. One of those man-made streaks of lightning, a single-motor pursuit, will cost between thirty and forty thousand dollars. A medium bomber will cost about \$100,000. These figures are for planes with engines. The latter cost \$6,000 and upward. The Air Corps, after it gets the planes and engines, outfits them with instruments and guns. This may cost as little as \$2,500, complete, for the smallest plane; for the Flying Fortress the guns and gadgets cost about \$40,000.

Remember when we were kids? We had a game of walking along the street testing one another's savvy by calling the names of approaching cars from the shape of their radiators? Today, the millions of American boys who build model airplanes, and know more about flying than any of us, do the same with regard to aircraft. The appearance of each type, and models within types, vary quite as much as automobiles did before they were all streamlined. And the functions of the types, their places in the general scheme of air force and warfare, vary also.

Here are our major combat types: bomber, pursuit, reconnaissance.

The fundamental purpose of war—whether you sail, walk or fly to accomplish it—remains the same: you must meet the enemy and take him. The war preparations of the United States are founded on defense, like those of all other nations. No country ever admits arming for offensive war; but the principle is synonymous, because the best defense undoubtedly is to seek your enemy and cripple him before he gets started, or as soon thereafter as possible. At least, so the brass hats say. Thus, Hitler defended Germany by invading Poland; and the Allies are defending themselves by invading Germany.

So the basic arm of the American war birds is the long-range bomber; with which they can knock off any enemy bases that could possibly be set up against us. Our present expansion pro-

gram, for example, includes a great base in northeastern New England—from which the transatlantic airdrome at Botwood, Newfoundland, would be within range. Conceivably, some day Botwood might be in unfriendly hands. Defenders must think of everything. Thus—two other great new bases, Puerto Rico and Panama, from which can be reached fields that European aggressors might seize or set up in South America.

Bombers make up 24 per cent of our expanded Air Force. They are attack, medium and heavy.

The attack bomber is of limited range. It helps the ground soldier in his fight on the battlefields. It can help him by attacking enemy trenches, or by smacking the enemy behind his front lines. It is extremely fast. It has four machine guns forward, and a crew of four. It may carry demolition bombs, for use against such objectives as ammunition dumps or railheads; or fragmentation bombs (similar to shrapnel) for use directly against enemy foot soldiers.

Just as there is no sense in taking a four-engine transport when you want to fly from Washington to Baltimore—you'd get there before you could climb high enough to be at an efficient operating level—there is small profit in taking a "flying fortress" against a comparatively near enemy, when a lighter plane would do. So we have medium and heavy bombers which differ little except in range. The Flying Fortress carries a crew of 11, with complete living quarters, powerful long-range radio, automatic pilot, heating and ventilating systems—and 8 guns, in addition to its bomb load, to fight off pursuit.

The medium bomber will carry a ton of bombs, at speed up to 300 miles an hour, within a range of 1,200 to 1,500 miles. Say, Vladivostok to Tokyo—650 miles each way.

The Flying Fortress will carry the same bomb load over a range nearly twice as great; say London to Moscow. Fewer bombs, more range, of course; less of both, more speed. Over a shorter distance the heavy bomber can bear a load of five tons.

We Bomb with Precision

This brings up an interesting point; bombing accuracy. Air men say that optimum bombing altitude is from 8,000 to 12,000 feet; optimum antiaircraft altitude is 5,000 to 9,000 feet. If your war birds can unload their eggs with supreme accuracy, range is far more important than load. For example, it has been estimated that about 200 direct single hits on certain critical targets would cripple the entire industry of the United States.

It is small comfort to know that a flight of enemies able to come over with sufficient mass, break through all land and plane defense, and bomb with sufficient accuracy to accomplish this fantastic end is in this generation inconceivable.

For two reasons, our Air Corps is far ahead of foreign bombers: First, because our pilots are trained from the beginning and at all times in "spot" bombing instead of in "area" bombing. Experiences in China, Spain and Ethiopia, and known training practices abroad, prove that most air forces are trained to let their bombs go in the vicinity of objectives, and if you hit the exact objective, well and good. Our practice is to bomb for the precise bull's-eye.

As well as by the nature of your training, bombing accuracy is conditioned by the quality of your bomb sights. The American bomb sight is the envy of the entire air world. It is our most closely guarded military secret. It is used by our Air Corps, but really belongs to the Navy. The record sheets

of our bombing practices are almost as jealously hidden; just like the gunfire accuracy score of our Navy, which is known to be far superior to that of the British or Japanese.

Our precious bomb sight is made in a small factory in the East, run by the two civilian engineers who developed it. Details of the shop's location and name are not bandied around; yet recently it received a letter from the Japanese asking for a quotation on the bomb sights in lots of 500!

The bombs carried are of two main types: explosive and chemical.

Explosive bombs may be armor-piercing, demolition or fragmentation. The first is for use from very high altitudes against armor-protected targets. The demolition bomb—which may vary in size from 100 pounds to 2,000 pounds, is the one most generally used against land targets—factories, power plants, bridges and the like. A direct hit by a 2,000-pound bomb will destroy any known military work or building. Fragmentation bombs are smaller, and break into numerous bits, like shrapnel—deadly against troops.

Chemical bombs may be either incendiary or gas. They are lighter than the explosive bombs; their purpose is obvious.

Observation, or reconnaissance planes, are high-speed ships, well-armed, single- or twin-motored, usually with crews of two. Their functions are plainly suggested by their names. All National Guard aviation is "observation."

Pursuit planes, the other large group of combat planes besides bombers, make up 22 per cent of our air force; 44 per cent of its actual fighting weight.

Pursuits might be of single or twin motors. They are the wasps and hornets of aviation. They go up, sting and drop back to their nests for more poison. They may carry from two to four machine guns, usually synchronized to fire forward through the propellers. With reduced throttle, at cruising speed, the pursuit might have a range of several hundred miles; but "all out" they can stay in the air only about an hour. A condition of this sort is not likely, even in repelling a mass bombing attack.

Six hundred bullets—or "rounds," in the military term—are carried for each machine gun. The gun fires at the rate, normally, of 1,200 rounds a minute. Synchronization through the propellers cuts down the firing speed a little. However, if the pilot kept his hand on the button he could discharge all his bullets in little more than half a minute. Combat situations in which he would have to do this are unimaginable. In air fighting, at terrific speeds, you are lucky to "get on and hold your target" more than a few seconds at a time.

More ammunition might be carried.

But it is heavy. Added weight cuts down the finely balanced performance of these delicately adjusted, sensitive airplanes. Thirty seconds' worth of bullets doesn't sound like much—but it's really enough.

Pursuits operate in three ways:

By "patrol," in which they cruise near the troops or cities or objectives they are protecting and attack enemy aircraft which they discover. By "air alert," in which they cruise similarly, but are directed by radio orders from the ground. By "ground alert," in which they wait, tuned up, ready to take off instantly when enemies are reported.

Pursuits have very high speed and a high rate of climb. Exact performance is confidential. But I can tell you that our latest pursuits match any in the world. The German Messerschmidt bettered 450 miles per hour; so did the Heinkel. These ships were believed "stripped," and fitted with "one-flight motors"—that is, engines especially doped up and refined for the record tests, useless for routine military work.

The Messerschmidt speed in actual service is probably much less than its record would indicate. This plane carries eight machine guns—a fire power of 4,800 bullets.

War a Stimulus for Science

Meanwhile, we have in our Air Corps a pursuit that will fly, under standard loads and conditions, well over 400 miles per hour.

The United States Army Air Corps now holds most of the important world's records for military aircraft performance. Recently it broke six international and fifteen national marks. None of the American flyers who made these records believe they will long survive the war. Out of the present catastrophe, whether we get into it or not, will come tremendous aviation progress; perhaps an entirely new, now even unguessable, conception; certainly a flood of new records. It is ironically true that from the gross, vicious wastage of war has usually come stimulation for science, for medicine, for engineering—in the last war, for radio.

Many historians, from time to time, have pointed out the number of wars that have been won without bloodshed (Munich is a recent example); and remembering this, all flyers are praying air force may prove even more potent than its wildest enthusiasts claimed it would be. They talk no bunk about saving the world for democracy, or for state socialism; they take no political sides. Put gravely now, in Washington and on American flying fields everywhere, our airmen are hoping—and some, studying the first weeks of this war, are even betting that the very threat of unleashed air power will preserve future peace.

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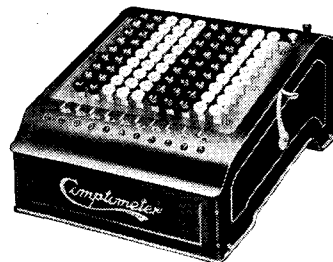
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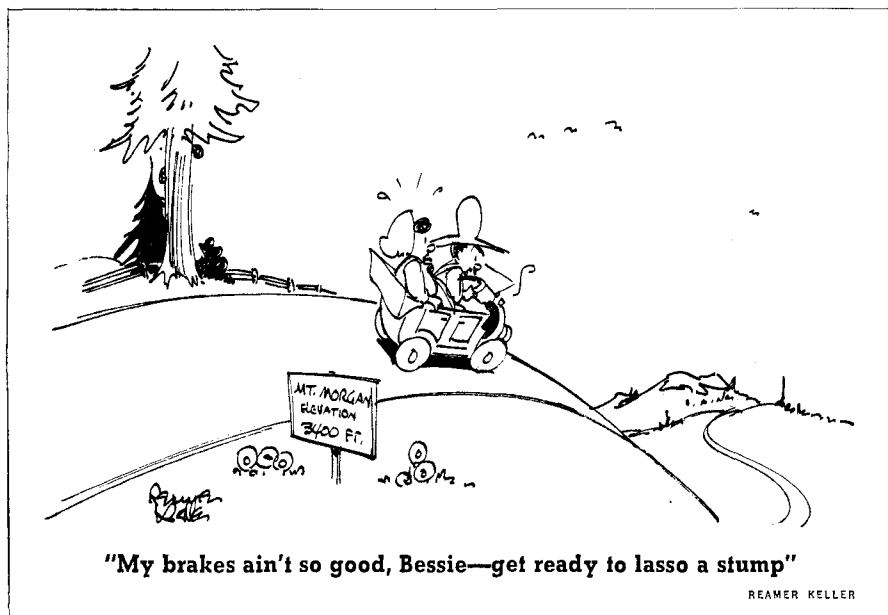
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2. "Off I went on a taxicab chase through the fog, only to discover that I'd lost him again! And my boat sailed at midnight! To warm my chilled spirits, I had the driver take me to Boodel's for a Canadian Club. There, in the bar, was my elusive Britisher!"

3. "'How did you know you could find me here?' he asked. I explained I'd merely dropped in for my usual evening custom of a Canadian Club and soda. 'Amazing!' he exclaimed. 'My custom, too!' When we parted on the steps of the club, I still had time to make my boat. And thanks to our mutual admiration for that whisky of yours having drawn us together, I could go home and report that my mission had been successful. I say, three cheers for the cheering flavor of Canadian Club!"



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